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# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes  
Published at Augusta Maine*

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See story, "An Independence Day Adventure," on page 3.

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# EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

## Systematic Movement to Correct Physical Defects and Improve the Health of Farm Children

**F**OR many years the welfare and health of the children in our large cities and especially of those in the crowded tenement sections have been receiving an ever increasing share of public attention and bounty with the result that they now are being solicitously cared for at school and at home by health officers, school boards, teachers of hygiene, district nurses and agents of social service and other charitable associations. The children and their parents are given health instruction; school lunches are served free or at a nominal price; playgrounds and recreation parks are maintained at public expense; fresh air and vacation funds provide picnics, a day's outing in the country, at the seashore, the lakeside or on the water, and even vacations of a week or more on farms. All this is, of course, as it should be, for the benefit of city children who manifestly need such help.

But how about the country children? The care of their health and welfare until very recently has been entirely, and for the most part still is left to the discretion and resources of their parents, apparently on the assumption that, because of the healthfulness of their living conditions, Nature can be relied on to do the rest. How fallacious this assumption is, even as applied to progressive and well-to-do rural communities, was lately brought to light in a convincing manner by the report of a physical examination of all the school children in a Kansas county which in enlightenment and prosperity fairly represents that State and probably exceeds the average for the Nation. It appears by this test that, although the farm children average considerably better than city children in health and physical development, the percentage of undernourished, diseased and physically defective among the former is surprisingly large; so large as to demand public attention and remedial action. The disclosure came about in the manner and with the results which are briefly summarized as follows:

One of the local Red Cross chapters in Kansas with its left-over war funds established a public nursing station, and the nurse in charge, accompanied and assisted by a doctor and a dentist, examined every child in 123 country and town schools and sent the parents reports of the condition and hygienic needs of their offspring. Charles Moreau Harger, in a recent article in *The Outlook* (New York), thus epitomizes the result of this health survey: "The examiners made records of 3,632 children, and they found that 2,317 were defective—over 63 per cent. Of the defectives 836 were underweight, with other defects, and 1,237 were suffering from malnutrition. That is, one-third of the children of this community were undernourished. When the larger towns were eliminated, one with many Mexican children, the percentage of malnutrition showed a decrease, but the rural districts alone had over one-fifth of their children thus affected. Only 878 children (24 per cent.) were normal and without physical defect."

At the outset the examiners encountered opposition and resentful criticism by the country people for meddlesomeness in needlessly, as was generally believed, extending the investigation to include children reared on the farms amid sunshine, fresh air and green fields, and provided with an abundance of food—natural conditions ideal for child life; but these same people for the most part had the good sense and candor to change their opinion when informed of the actual facts relative to the health of their children. Of this Mr. Harger writes:

"The survey startled the county, and things began to happen. One result was an indignant protest from some parents who declared that they would see their own physician about it—which was exactly what the nurse wanted. She had the figures to show that this was badly needed, for there were reported 216 cases (7 per cent.) of defective vision; 23 cases (1 per cent.) of defective

hearing; 125 cases (4 per cent.) of adenoids; 819 cases (28 per cent.) of defective tonsils; 1,071 cases (37 per cent.) of defective teeth. What could be better than that the home physician and dentist should get busy? \* \* \* \*

"That it paid was demonstrated when the latest re-examination was made and it was found that these defects had been corrected; eyes, 99; adenoids, 109; tonsils, 215; teeth, 440. More care has been given to the children of the county in the past year than ever [before] in its history—which was precisely the object of the movement."

Although efforts varying in effectiveness for the physical betterment of children are being made in other rural communities, the survey in the Kansas instance, which we have cited, was so thorough and systematic, and so largely productive of beneficial results that the lesson which it teaches is of inestimable importance in two respects: first, because the exact data which it furnishes show the necessity for a general and systematic movement to improve the health and remedy the physical defects of children throughout the country, even in the best rural sections, and, second, because it demonstrates what can be accomplished by such an undertaking and just how to go about it. It is to be hoped, also, that it will be given nation-wide publicity and thereby serve as a means of promoting the cause of rural child welfare which is beginning to attract public attention.

The root of the trouble with the health of farm children is the unconscious neglect by the parents of those small ailments and defects in their offspring which escape notice or are thought to be of a trivial nature but in the course of time, if not remedied, grow to be serious and permanent infirmities. These parents are not blamable for their lack of medical knowledge. The remedy consists in authoritatively bringing the children's defects to the attention of their parents of whom a large majority undoubtedly would, as in the Kansas county, take prompt action to have them corrected. For the most part the problem resolves itself into the simple matter of periodical examinations of the children and advice to the parents; but in addition to this clinics should be maintained at public expense for the free treatment of defective children whose parents are unable to pay for the required medical or surgical service.

### Let Our Independence Day Resolve Be to Clean Up America

**D**OUBTLESS the coming Fourth of July will be celebrated generally as a gala-day featured with festivities so long customary as to have lost much of their original significance and ceased to be profoundly impressive; and even where the program includes an oration the latter probably will consist of the usual spread-eagle harangue, designed to flatter our national vanity and tickle the ears of a pleasure-seeking throng, rather than a rational discourse on the present-day calls of patriotism. There is need that a larger element of seriousness be infused into our observance of Independence Day, and it behooves patriotic citizens on the coming anniversary, instead of boasting our greatness and triumphs, rather to take note of the civic virtues that made us a great people, and to search out and examine our national weaknesses and faults that menace our present and cloud our future.

The Fourth-of-July orators delight in gloryfying the well-known prowess of our soldiers and the victories of our army and navy in battle with foreign foes, which within reasonable bounds is a fitting tribute to the valor of our troops and properly gratifying to our pride. But their eloquence would be of greater service by going a step further and pointing out the more dangerous enemies in our midst whose insidious activities disturb the peace, harass the community, jeopardize life and property and are subversive of law and good government. It is against these internal forces

of destruction that the people should be warned and urged to do their utmost to combat them. A wave of crime has spread over the land and is rampant in all our large cities to the extent that murders and robberies are of almost daily occurrence by day as well as by night in the principal business streets. In several cities the terror of this outbreak of lawlessness has reached almost panic proportions; the detective and police forces have been largely augmented, and the authorities with the active support of citizen law and order organizations have inaugurated drastic measures for the suppression of crime and the detection and punishment of the perpetrators.

At the present writing (June first) Chicago is the storm center and has been through the past month during which, in addition to the alarming frequency of hold-ups, burglaries and other crimes of violence already obtaining, the murders, assaults, riots, incendiary fires and blowing up of buildings perpetrated in connection with the strike of the building trades unions caused an actual reign of terror of such magnitude that the Chief of Police, a Chicago judge and the *Chicago Tribune* call it "war by an organized group of criminals against law and order." It is asserted by the law officers and the Citizens' Committee that these crimes were incited by the leaders of the strike, 150 of whom were arrested therefor in one day's raid, among them the presidents of three labor unions who are indicted for murder.

As proof that this terrible deluge of crime was instigated by the strike leaders for the purpose of gaining their ends by frightfulness the Chief of Police cites the significant fact that immediately following their arrest robberies, burglaries and other crimes dropped to a figure that the Police Department could successfully cope with. But he emphatically declared that "The war in which the Chicago Police Department is engaged today is not a war upon organized labor. It is a war upon hired assassins, paid vandals and unscrupulous blackmailers." And he explains that "For several years past a gang of professional thugs have gradually gained executive control of a number of Chicago labor unions. Through intimidation and violence they have worked their way into the inner councils of certain unions until they have become absolute dictators of the terms on which a man may work, for whom he may work, when and where. This grip is so tight that by systematic blackmail of workers and their employers alike they have accumulated large sums of money, which they have used in bribery and corruption on a scale so enormous that they have been almost immune from successful prosecution."

Because of the intolerable corruption and tyranny of these union labor bosses, building operations were nearing a standstill in Chicago. At this juncture the labor unions and the employers by mutual agreement submitted all their differences as to wages and working conditions to former Judge K. M. Landis. He rendered a decision which was approved by the public and accepted by the employers and by a majority of the workers, but was objected to by these union bosses because it deprived them of their precious opportunity for graft, and therefore they ordered a strike, and attempted to carry it through by intimidating both workers and employers. As the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger* comments: "The labor unions need to clean house if they do not wish to be destroyed by a small minority of traitors in their ranks." Not only the labor unions but the entire nation needs to clean house; and this is a job in which the people as well as their law-makers, judges and other public officials must take a hand. The prevailing tendency of the past quarter of a century to make it easy for criminals must be reversed. Public opinion should be led to demand more stringent laws and severer penalties, less leniency by judges in sentencing and fewer pardons.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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# An Independence Day Adventure

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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**A** DISTANCE-MUFFLED boom roused Vale Chatsworth from sleep. Stirring lazily, he reached under his pillow for his watch and glanced at the time. It was five-thirty.

"Early enough," he yawned, "but then, better to get well out of the city before the youngsters start their Fourth of July celebrating."

Then suddenly galvanized into life, he sprang up, stripped and jumped beneath his shower, after which he clad himself in summer dannels, crush hat and threw a linen duster over his arm.

Then he stole cautiously from his room and to the garage.

But his sister was waiting for him. Clad in an extravagant silk kimono, her hair tastefully arranged, she sat beneath a giant elm tree which towered over the garage.

She regarded him with a stern, disapproving look.

"I've caught you, you see! So you really meant all you said last night! Where is your gallantry? Where is your consideration for me?"

"Now, Tessie, what's the use of starting all over? I purposely tried to get out early so that we wouldn't have another row over the matter. You must excuse me to Virginia Tremont. Tell her I'm in jail for speeding, and then I can avoid her the whole time she is here, for I positively refuse to play escort to her. If she were a pretty, silky, feminine sort of a girl who'd faint into my arms at the sight of a mouse and then regard me as a hero, possibly I wouldn't mind, but from her letters in which she tells of her escapades, she's too independent a person to suit me."

"But she is beautiful, and sweet and spirituelle and all that, Vale. I've told you that, many times."

"Too independent," returned Chatsworth. "Remember the time she was robbed when in New York and instead of telegraphing home for money, she went to work as a stenographer! And, again, the time she went out West with several shop girls, unchaperoned, and lived like them—and well, you know her style. That's too independent for me. Should I marry her, as you've indicated you'd like to have me do, she might coolly leave my house and set out to earn her own living if I didn't toe the mark."

"Would you have us slaves to you?" demanded his sister. "This is a free and independent country—we even set aside a day to celebrate our independence—and if you want to be free, isn't it only natural that women should want to be, also?"

"Oh, don't argue that stuff—I'm sick of women's rights. Men and women will never agree on the subject, of course, because a woman cannot understand a man's feelings in that respect. I'm satisfied that you have all the liberty except such liberty that tends to loosen the marriage tie. A man doesn't feel right if he can't feel that he is the sole breadwinner of the family, and while it is all right for a woman to know that she can make her own living, the longer she keeps it to herself, the better. When she takes away from a man the feeling that she is not dependent upon him, he loses that feeling of protection and compassion for her helplessness which are his two strongest emotions—next to love. Virginia Tremont don't need a man's protection and consequently needs no gallantry from me. Now, I'm through preaching and I'm going," and with the words, Vale smiled an impudent smile to take away the really serious import he meant his words should have, tossed the motor luncheon set (which he had given orders to the servants to have ready for him) into the machine and with a roar of the engine, he tugged backward down the drive and bounced into the street and was off.

He smiled, a little bitterly, as he recalled his words. His sister was expecting Miss Virginia Tremont, a college friend, who was to pay her an extended visit. Virginia was something of a tease, adept with her pen and had written many satirical things regarding the species male in the college journal. She probably didn't mean them, being just a young woman, but Chatsworth, being a fellow near thirty and a practicing lawyer, blamed her for these satirical writings—having seen a great deal of unhappiness resulting from too rampant regard for the sanctity of marriage. Worst of all, however, and this his sister Tessie did not know, he had seen, inadvertently, this mischievous line in a letter which Virginia had written:

"You say that you will insist that your brother, Vale, constitute himself our escort and bodyguard. My dear, don't let these lords of creation think we need their attentions and escort. We can have splendid times just by ourselves."

This was really the cause of his grouching, and never having seen a picture of Virginia he decided she must look like a hatchet-faced suffragette.

He wasn't supposed to see this letter, but as Tessie always passed him Virginia's letters to read, he got into the habit of reading them without invitation.

The machine swung through the quiet city streets in the fresh, sweet morning. The cloudless night before had emboldened the householders to decorate their lawns and fling their flags to the breeze, so these flapped with soothing washes, bunting fluttered and Japanese lanterns shimmied on their wires. Occasionally a deep boom came from the distance, now and then the rattle of a discharging revolver, and once or

twice he swerved from the path of a cannon-cracker.

"Glad I'll soon be out of this!" he exclaimed once, as one of these giant crackers exploded somewhat too near him.

His ruffled feelings were beginning to subside, and by the time he had reached the open country, his pulse was normal. There were but few cars for most motorists had gone out of the city the night before.

He had no particular objective, except to get away from the house. Being a lover of nature and inclined to colibacy, it was his delight to take the machine and some lunch and start off, turning into byways to find natural thickets which revealed the joys of discovering developing nature—the ripening red raspberries or dwarf blueberries or perhaps the blooming meadow-sweet—for these were now due.

Such a prospect now rose before him. It was a little clearing with a limpid pool in the center of it. At its farther edge lay a tangled thicket that suggested bird life. He made for it, seeking a place to turn off the road. This necessitated rounding a jog, but as he did so, he nearly collided with a powerful touring car that blocked the road.

"For the love of Pete! What a place to park!" he exclaimed as he jammed on his emergency brake.

Not being able to pass the car, he got out to investigate. No one was about, but presently a girl appeared from a thicket, dragging a branch.

She was clad in what might have been the latest thing in a motor costume, but to Vale's eyes it seemed more like a riding habit, for it consisted of a coat the skirts of which came to her knees, and the rest—well, to his eyes she was wearing trousers.

These breeches came in for his disapproval—until he caught sight of her face. Then he realized that she was gloriously beautiful, her tawny, ruffy hair framing a face that had a most tantalizing and piquant expression.

How pretty she looked until—until—oh, those breeches.

They brought back all his disapproval of independent women.

"Will you move your car, please?" he begged, bluntly.

"I can't," she returned.

"In trouble, are you?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

Then he noted the license plate on the machine was that of another state.

"Another fool woman making a tour by herself," he murmured, with a grin, but she caught it, evidently—her face, at any rate, showed it.

"What's the matter? Got enough water? Gas? Oil? Jammed on your emergency brake? Most women's troubles in driving are due to silly little causes like that."

"I'm not asking for your advice," she said haughtily. "And if, unfortunately, I've gotten stalled, it may be a warning to you. Look, and she waved toward the road."

Then he first noted what the trouble was—the road just beyond the jog was the most hacked-up piece it had ever been his misfortune to meet. How the girl had gotten as far as she had was a mystery, but at any event the machine had finally lost out in the struggle and had given up the ghost for it was lying flat upon its axles, its rear wheels in a hopeless bog.

"Didn't you know better than to come over such a road?" he demanded.

"I got lost," she waived, "and besides you were going to make it."

"Oh, no, I wasn't," he replied loftily. "I wouldn't have attempted it. You women drivers make me tired. You use no judgment."

"Oh, you're one of those men who evidently have no respect for women," she retorted.

"And you, I suppose," he said grimly, though a smile lurked at the corners of his mouth, "are a suffragette."

"Not at all," she replied, turning away.

"Do you want me to help you?"

"I'm not asking you," she returned, without looking at him.

"I see you're not. You're too independent. You got into the mess—I suppose you prefer to work your way out of it. Lords of creation, like myself, are not necessary to women of your type."

At that, she quickly turned and glanced up at him, but his remark evidently was a mere abstract one. She quickly cast down her eyes.

"Well," he said at length, "since you don't need my services, or are too proud to ask for them, I'll offer them anyhow. I'm the old-fashioned sort who believes in helping beauty in distress."

"Do you talk like this to all girls you chance to meet?" she asked.

"Oh, no. This is the first experience of this sort I've ever had in my life," he replied, as he raised the hood of the machine. Then he got into the car and started it. The only result was a tremendous pull on the part of the machine and beautiful swishes of mud flew into the air.

"Well, I'll get you out," he said decidedly, "but it will take some time." As a matter of fact, it would have been the simplest plan to have turned his machine around, gone to the nearest farmhouse (though there was none in sight) and gotten a team and a few men and the job would have been done shortly. But, somehow, there was something quite piquant about the young woman, he liked her retorts, and as he had the whole day before him, he was satisfied to wile the time thus away.

He threw off his duster, took off his collar

and tie and rolled up his sleeves. Then he slipped into his coveralls and went to work.

Any motorist who has tried to get his machine out of a mudhole can sympathize with Vale Chatsworth in the job he had undertaken—and the machine was no divver, either. It was mighty heavy.

Think of the tricks you have tried—of the amazing devices you've picked up by the wayside to help you turn the trick, and you can imagine what Chatsworth's job was.

So he labored on while the sun rose higher and higher until it stood at the zenith.

"You are wasting your time," the girl said regretfully. "What could I have done without you?"

"Don't mind my time; I've the whole day to myself. In fact, I've run away from home, for I don't want to meet a certain person."

"A young lady?"

"Of course."

"Has she a pretty name? A name as pretty as mine?"

"What is your name?" he queried.

"It's Imogen."

He made a face at that. That name, Imogen, always conjured up a particularly nasty little girl he had known at school.

"You don't like the name, do you?" she queried.

"No, I don't," he said flatly.

"You talk to girls just as you would to men, don't you?" she continued.

"Sure," he returned. "Gee, I'm getting hungry."

"I'm sorry I haven't anything to give you," she said, "but I didn't expect to be on the road at this time and am not prepared to serve."

"Well, there's a motor luncheon set in my machine and I believe there's enough for two. Suppose you unpack it and serve, that is, if you care to slave for a mere male creature," and a droll smile came to his lips.

"You are a woman-hater, aren't you?" she chided. "I believe you have a shattered romance."

"No, I haven't. And I only hate the women who pretend or really believe they don't need men."

At that, she tossed her head a bit and went to prepare the luncheon. Seeing this, Vale went to the pool and there cleaned up a bit and when he returned, Imogen had the luncheon prepared and passed a plate, very prettily arranged, to him. There was something very womanly in the way she did it, and Vale was beginning to feel a bit ashamed of his boorishness, for many of his really insulting remarks had a target in her, and now, with those odious breeches hidden (for she was seated), there was nothing about her that suggested the suffragette.

"This is a most peculiar Fourth of July, isn't it? No firecrackers nor anything—"

"Do you still play with them?"

"I do have a celebration for the kids of the neighborhood—"

"I thought so," she interrupted him, "for the kids of the neighborhood! Confess it is only to satisfy your own boyish craving for playing with fire."

"I'm afraid I'm playing with fire now," he said gravely.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and then she had but little to say for a while.

Luncheon was finished in silence, then Vale went back to his job.

"You're wasting the whole day," she said, after he had spent another half hour on the work in hand. "You sure you don't mind?"

"Oh, sure," he replied, and then somehow he found himself telling why he wanted to avoid Virginia Tremont, and much of what he had told his sister, Tessie.

"Do you really think she is that sort of a girl?" Imogen asked.

"I really do."

"Why?"

"Because it was a confession. That girl wrote my sister saying that I needn't bother to escort them about—they could have much nicer times by themselves."

"So your vanity was wounded?"

"A man always wants to feel that the woman he loves thinks him a hero and her best protector."

"You don't believe a woman ought to be independent of man in that respect?"

"No! Never!"

Thus chatting, the work was finally done and the machine brought upon terra firma. But it was a sight.

"I'll wash it for you," Vale volunteered, and Imogen agreed to it.

Considering his limited means for this, the job was wonderful, though when he was finished the afternoon was well spent.

"You may go now," he said. But as he spoke, he was aware of a little pang. Somehow the bright afternoon took on a sadder tinge, somehow the birds seemed to have stopped singing and the katydids seemed to chirp mournfully. It seemed as if something beautiful had stepped into his life, only to step out again.

"I don't know what I should have done without you. But as it is late and I suppose you will return to the city—may I not follow you?"

"By all means! Let us drive abreast as long as we may."

It was blue twilight when the city's outskirts hove into sight, and the traffic was becoming fearfully jammed. They reached the city. In crossing a street, Vale got across, but the traffic policeman held up the girl. Vale did not observe this for the moment, and when he looked about—she had disappeared in the jam of cars.

He pulled to the curb and watched the machines. But all those moving in a forward direction did not reveal the girl.

He had lost her!

Now he realized how dark it was—suppose she shouldn't find her way to her friends? She was but a bit of a girl, and her independence, after all, was more of a showy than a real nature. Witness the sweet way in which she asked if she could follow him into town. And her gratitude was so sincere.

If he could but follow three directions at once! Possibly she might have parked somewhere after he had lost her, hoping he would look for her. So he drove forward a mile or two, thinking perhaps she might have gotten ahead of him. Then he returned and turned to the left and followed that street for a few miles and returned. Then he tried turning to the right. No success.

The traffic cop now noticed him.

"What're you—your nut?" he bawled out. Why hadn't he had sense enough to ask whom she was going to visit?

Well, the only thing was to go home, for it was dark now.

All about the city, wonderful fireworks started to go up. He passed an amusement park—with in its confines the great rockets were soaring, the bombs bursting, making day of night.

But he didn't notice these glories. The girl was lost to him—and he should have taken better care of her. But why? Because, forsooth, he had fallen in love with her, and miserably he acknowledged it to himself.

He reached home, called to Sam to come and take the car and then went upstairs.

Stella, the maid, met him when he came down.

"Tessie ordered me to prepare a supper for you, Mr. Vale," she said. "And will you please to go out upon the porch when you've finished—Miss Tremont has arrived and there are other visitors."

"Thanks," he said, and sat down to his lonely supper, but not to eat. For having met and lost the most wonderful little girl in the world, it would be intolerable to listen to a suffragette's claptrap.

He must meet her, however, there was no help for it, and he might just as well be as boorish as possible, thus ending any sociability once and for all, so he stepped out upon the porch, fancifully draped with bunting and flags and softly lit with glowing lanterns.

He looked first for a stranger, though he bowed to all present.

In the porch swing, a sweet, silky bit of femininity swung.

"Virginia, let me present my brother, Vale."

The little figure sat up and into the light.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Chatsworth."

"Imogen!"

"If you like that better," she smiled regally as, almost unconsciously, she slipped over to a corner of the swing, making room for him to sit down. (Which he did, and it was perfectly proper since there was nowhere else to sit except upon the steps, or the railing of the window-sill—oh, no, there wasn't any place else to sit, truly there wasn't!)

"Why did you give me the slip?" he asked accusingly.

"Because I knew you hated me and you told Tessie to tell me you were in jail for speeding. She followed your instructions, not expecting you home tonight, I suppose."

"I was very much worried and looked for you until I had to give up."

"But you know how independent I am. You knew I didn't need you."

"Possibly, but I found out that I need you," he dared to whisper.

"You two are very chummy for having met just this moment," complained little Johnny Tolliver who thought he had made a hit—until Vale came.

"We met—at fresco—this morning and are but continuing our acquaintance," said Vale smoothly.

Sam came to the porch.

"Massa Vale," he began, "de chillum done want to know ef you's gwine er shoot off dem firecrackers."

"You do it, Sam," Vale said. "We'll watch."

With the words, he rose, and turned to the porch swing to face the lawn. The gathered guests turned their chairs likewise, but the high canvas-back of the swing effectually hid Vale and Virginia from the others.

They watched the display which Sam set off on the lawn.

"I like fireworks," Virginia said dreamily. "They remind me to remember what sacrifices our forefathers made for us—to think of the independence they won for us."

"You are so independent," he complained.

"Outwardly, yes."

"But inwardly?"

"I believe as you do, Mr. Chatsworth. I want to be dependent upon a man for love, protection and his compassion for my helplessness—provided he shows himself worthy of that trust."

"Under those conditions you would surrender that independence?"

"Yes."

"How splendid of you to say that. I could—good gracious! Your gown is on fire!" and he put his arms about her and smothered the tiny spark from a rocket that had fallen on her sleeve.

She looked at him archly.

"Was that an embrace?"

He pointed to the little black dot the spark had made, then said:

"I won't tell you what I considered it, but you can judge for yourself when I tell you that just as soon as I can show you that I'm going to try to be worthy of you, I'm going to propose to you!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.)

# Love Will Find the Way

By Wenona Gilman

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

### HER PERFECT HAPPINESS.

**T**HERE was no white-faced misery expressed in the noble, high-bred countenance. It was calm—almost peaceful. It might have been the countenance of Joan of Arc when she felt the flame upon her body which had not power to reach her soul.

It was not that Anne Gordon did not suffer, but that even this blight, tremendous as it was, had not power to reach into and wither the perfect purity and honor of her untarnished soul.

She did not covet that which God had given to another. She sorrowed, but that was all.

She had come at the first call of her friend, and having been shown into the drawing-room to wait, had become weary, and wandered into the conservatory that adjoined both that and the library, to see some rare plant that had attracted her attention through the open arch. She had seen them first, and then had heard their words.

She realized it all, even in those first moments. His heart had never spoken to her through his eyes as she saw it speaking to Marian. His voice had never thrilled with love for her as she heard it thrill as he spoke the name of her old-time and well-loved friend. She saw the gleam of love in his eyes; she heard it in his voice; but even had she not, she could not have failed to see the wild depth of passion in his caress—a caress which not even honor itself had power to strangle.

And then she remembered that he had never kissed her. She remembered that he had never held her in his arms; that he had never called

her by the tender names that now fell with such warmth and tenderness from his lips.

A little shiver of humiliation passed over her, that she had let him see her unreciprocal love, but she was too high of soul to allow such a feeling to linger long. She put it from her and stepped forward, not with a haughty pride, not with scorn and contempt for the man who had deceived her, and for the woman who had proven false to their friendship, but with a calm dignity that contained only tenderness and self-renunciation, as she spoke the words:

"Love has found the way!"

She stood there for just a moment after. She saw them fall apart and stand before her as if convicted of a crime, and then, like a tender sunbeam that slips across the floor, she approached them.

She put out both her hands and clasped a hand of each, then lifting herself on tiptoe, she touched June's lips with her own; then stooping, she kissed Marian with like gentleness and affection.

"How little either of you know of trust!" she said, with loving reproach. "You are my two dearest friends on earth, and yet you have cared for me so little that neither of you have really let me see your hearts? Was that generous? Was it even just? Dearest, why did you not tell me?"

She slipped her arm about Marian's waist, and, drawing the girl to her bosom, rested her cheek upon the fair forehead. She felt the tears gush from Marian's eyes, as, in a choked voice, she whispered:

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!"

Nothing more. She could compel her lips to frame no other sentence, but June came to her relief.

"It is only I whom you have to forgive, Anne," he said humbly. "She is not in fault. I know the dishonor of my action, and I have only this to plead, that—"

But she put up her hand and stopped him, not as if he had hurt her, not as if her self-love and dignity were wounded, but as the tender friend who will not give pain.

"You have nothing to plead, June," she said softly. "You love her. Is it not enough? Do you think that I would have stood between you for one little minute? Forgive me, dear, when I tell you my love was not great enough for that. Why, dear, we have known each other for so many, many years, that I rather think that it was only that I felt a sort of claim on you. I never loved you as—she loves you, old friend. It would break her heart to give you up, while with me—it only pricks my vanity ever so slightly. Dear June, can you think me so small of soul that anything could make me covet your happiness? Take her, as a gift from me, June! Is it not a sweet one? I love her, and I love you, as my dear brother and sister. Will you not both make me happy by letting me see you in each other's arms again, knowing that you are there with my full and free consent—knowing that you stand together for all eternity, under the light of my blessing?"

To June she seemed halo-crowned as he looked at her. He had always loved her, always admired her above all women save the one that held the life of his soul in her hand; but in that moment he revered her above all others.

He knelt before her, and, taking the hem of her dress in his hand, he touched it with his lips.

"I am too filled with guilt and shame to touch

you in your white-souled purity!" he said, with a little sob, that fell strangely from his lips. "It would be presumption on my part to ask your forgiveness again, to even say how grieved I am. I could no more be worthy of you than I could of a saint in heaven."

"June!"

There was positive pain in the tone, and Anne Gordon shrank back from him for a moment, but only for a moment; then she leaned forward and took his hand, as if she would assist him to rise.

"June, you make me ashamed!" she said, scarcely above a whisper. "



# Stella Roosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Miss Gladstone, may I trouble you to vacate our chairs?"



"Can you hold him just an instant longer?—Will you dare hold him while I shoot him?"



He caught her frantically to his heart just as she was falling to the ground.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York is Stella Roosevelt Gladstone, an orphan, on her way to distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by Jacob Roosevelt, who learns her grandmother gave her the name of Star. A fire breaks out and the boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Roosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by her. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Roosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Roosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and Mr. Sherbrooke draws an exquisitely carved stone from his necktie and Stella pins the shawl. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away. Stella receives a cold reception from her aunt and learns she is to be degraded to the level of a common servant. Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and promotion to the senior class. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella, takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Upon his arrival he is taken to the Lodge to sleep. Mr. Roosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her uncle. Mrs. Richards and Josephine go to Long Branch, where they meet Lord Carroll, of Carrollton, Derbyshire, England. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S." Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carroll cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York. Stella, hurrying to take a train for home, and in danger, is stopped by Archibald Sherbrooke and the acquaintance renewed. Stella tells him that she and Mr. Roosevelt are in the same home. Mr. Roosevelt goes to New York with Stella to call upon Mr. Sherbrooke in his studio and arrange a pleasure trip for them to Coney Island for the following day. When they return from it Stella is the promised wife of Archibald Sherbrooke. Lord Carroll, of Carrollton, thought to be Josephine's betrothed, is expected. Stella sees in him her promised husband, Archibald Sherbrooke. She passes a sleepless night. Walking to the lodge, she meets Archibald, and he cannot understand why he finds her there. Believing he is acting a part, for he wins her love as Archibald Sherbrooke, he appears as Lord Carroll of Carrollton, the expected husband of her cousin, and refusing his explanation she bids him go back to Josephine and ask her for the cameo he gave her. Archibald seeks Mr. Richards' confidence and explains his position, his meeting Star on the steamer, his interest in her and later her promised husband, his ignorance that she is an inmate of this house, his meeting Stella and her refusal to listen to him. Mrs. Richards, overhearing his story and determined that her plans shall not fail, seeks Stella in the lodge, where she has gone for sympathy from Mr. Roosevelt. She upbraids Stella for conducting herself in a shameless manner, misconstruing Lord Carroll's attentions and accusing him with unfaithfulness. Stella is crushed with shame and humiliation, and the next morning Mr. Roosevelt and Stella go to New York where they make their home. Lord Carroll leaves a note for Josephine requesting her to send the cameo to his address. Stella graduates with honor from the Normal College and Mr. Appleton introduces her as the author of "Chatsworth's Pride." She meets Grace Meredith and her brother Ralph who requests the pleasure, with his sister, of calling upon her. Reaching home, Mr. Roosevelt tells to Stella the story of his life, his love for and engagement to be married to Stella's grandmother, and then his love for her for her kindness to him. The next day is her eighteenth birthday and to celebrate Mr. Roosevelt invites her for a ride and calling at a beautiful house she is met by Mrs. Blunt who has a nice lunch for them, after which they go through the house and Mr. Roosevelt admits she is to be his heiress. Going to Newport, they meet Mrs. Richards and Josephine who are astounded when they learn of his immense wealth and intention to leave all to Stella.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### RESCUED FROM A HORRIBLE FATE.

IF Mrs. Richards had conducted herself according to her own inclination, she would have left Newport at once. But she was unwilling that Mr. Roosevelt or Star should think that she had run away from them, or that she was heartbroken over the disclosures which her uncle had made to her. Besides, Newport was full of wealthy and fashionable people, and among them several eligible young gentlemen, whose acquaintance, for Josephine's sake, she was desirous of cultivating; and surely she was not going to sacrifice all these advantages, and leave the field clear for Star to win even greater victories. No; she would stay, and she resolved she would make things just as uncomfortable for the young girl as possible, while Josephine should be made to shine with all the splendor of which their means, and Mr. Richards' credit, were capable. But all the proud woman's efforts were of no avail, for our fair heroine had created a sensation which threatened to turn the heads and lead captive hearts of every unmarried man, at least, in Newport. A week passed quickly by, and then Grace Meredith and her brother arrived at the watering place, and immediately attached themselves to Mr. Roosevelt and Star by mutual consent; and many envious looks were bestowed upon the dark, handsome stranger, who appeared to assume the right of acting as escort to the two beautiful girls upon every occasion.

But Star, whenever she appeared in company, laughed, chatted and danced with all that was possible of her admirers, dispensing her smiles and favors with an impartiality that was exasperating not only to her victims—if such they could be called who were each anxious to win the prize—but also to the many forlorn damsels who were all sighing for the attentions she was receiving and the honors she was usurping.

One day, about a week after the arrival of the Merediths, an excursion was arranged to visit a point on Narragansett Bay, and it was to be a picnic after the good old-fashioned style of carrying each his own basket and sharing with his neighbor.

A boat had been chartered to take the party down the bay in the morning and return at night by moonlight.

Ralph Meredith and two or three of his friends were the originators of the affair, and the invitations were very select, and limited to one hundred.

As it happened, Mrs. Richards and Josephine, with quite a number of others from their hotel, were included in this party.

Josephine Richards had arrayed herself in a very elaborate costume for the occasion, determined that Star, who she knew was to be one of the company, should not outshine her.

It fitted her like a glove, and was vastly becoming; she never had looked more brilliant in her life, but she was too fussy for a picnic, and looked as if she were decked out for a fashionable reception rather than for a day in the woods.

In direct contrast to all this "fuss and feathers" was Star, in a simple suit of white lawn, a belt of blue, of her eyes' own hue, girding her slender waist; a dainty, broad-brimmed hat, set in a jaunty way upon her golden head, and a little cluster of blue-fringed gentians nestling beneath her beautifully rounded chin.

The very simplicity of her attire made her conspicuous, and fashionable maidens, who had groaned in spirit over what they should wear and how they should wear it, glared at her with envious eyes.

Ralph Meredith had arranged a cozy little nook on the boat for Star and his sister, by taking some camp chairs along and cushioning them with handsome rugs, with a couple of hassocks for their feet, while a sail had been adjusted as an awning to screen them from the hot sun.

But when, after they were well on their way, he conducted them thither, he found to his chagrin that this snug corner, upon which he had spent so much care, had been appropriated by Mrs. Richards and her brilliant daughter, who were holding a little court by themselves.

They moved away to another portion of the boat, but when, an hour later, they saw the interlopers promenading the deck, they quietly slipped into the vacated seats, and settled themselves for the remainder of the sail.

Here they were soon chatting in the most sociable manner, and were right in the midst of a most interesting discussion when a cold voice broke out upon them, saying:

"Miss Gladstone, may I trouble you to vacate our chairs?"

Star started and flushed. Too well she knew those incisive tones.

But she quickly recovered herself, however, and looking up at Mrs. Richards, for it was she who had spoken, said:

"Your chairs? Are they yours?"

"Certainly; you have already seen us occupying them, I believe," the woman responded, haughtily. Star's face began to dimple with amusement, for she knew well enough that this demand was only made to annoy her and make her unpleasantly conspicuous, and she was determined to turn the tables to their own mortification; for they could not fail to learn when they landed to whom the chairs and other comforts belonged.

She made a motion to Grace, who, she saw, was bristling with indignation, to keep silent; then she arose, bowing with graceful politeness to Mrs. Richards and her daughter, though her eyes were gleaming with suppressed laughter.

"I beg pardon if I have been occupying what does not rightfully belong to me, and I cheerfully resign my chair to your prior claim."

Josephine flushed, for she saw that it was all Star could do to restrain her merriment, though what should have caused it she could not understand; while she looked so pretty and was so ladylike, it made her angry.

"I'm sure," she began, hotly, and raising her voice so that others could hear her, "I don't see what you're so amused over. Stella Gladstone; and it seems to me that you're putting on altogether too many airs for a girl who used to perform the services of a chambermaid in our house."

For a moment Star stood as if dumfounded; then she lifted her bright head a trifle, as if in conscious superiority, gave Miss Richards a cool stare of surprise, and turned away without a word.

Not so Miss Meredith, however. She kept her seat with the utmost composure, watching this little scene with both interest and amusement until Josephine so tauntingly insulted her friend.

Then she, too, arose, drawing her tall form to its fullest height.

"I cannot understand," she said, in a voice of scorn, "why you should so maliciously insult Miss Gladstone; but allow me to say for your enlightenment, that these chairs, rugs and so forth, belong to my brother, Mr. Ralph Meredith, and he arranged them here especially for Miss Gladstone's and my comfort. However, I will emulate her example, and resign my right to ladies who have proved themselves so superior in point of refinement and politeness."

Having uttered this cutting sarcasm, Miss Meredith bowed mockingly and walked away to rejoin her friend, leaving those haughty and overbearing

women about as chagrined and crestfallen as it is possible for two people to feel.

The gay company reached their destination after a delightful sail of two hours.

It was a lovely grove upon the shore of the bay, which people were in the habit of frequenting for picnics of this sort, and the party wandered about in groups for another two hours, exploring the beauties and attractions about them.

Mr. Roosevelt and Star, Miss Meredith and her brother, with two or three others, wandered away by themselves, and finally sat down beneath a wide-spreading tree for a quiet chat.

While they sat there, Star got up quietly and slipped out of sight, some spirit of restlessness possessing her to get away for a ramble still farther into the far-reaching woods.

She had walked some distance, when she heard voices, and soon saw a gentleman and a lad, both with guns over their shoulders, approaching her, and looking heated and anxious.

They saluted her courteously, and then the gentleman said, abruptly:

"Have you seen anything of a small, white Spitz dog, miss? It is a pretty little creature, wearing a silver collar around his neck, and tiny blue bows tied in his ears."

"No," Star answered; "I have seen no dog today."

"We are in search of it because we are afraid it has run mad," the stranger continued, peering about with a troubled countenance. "It has not been well for several days, and this morning showed unmistakable signs of hydrophobia. It escaped confinement from the cottage, a mile or so from here, and ran toward these woods about an hour ago."

They passed on, and Star thought it would be best for her to go back to her friends, and therefore turned to retrace her steps.

She had only accomplished about half of the distance, when she heard a clear laugh ring out from among the shrubbery on the right of the path.

Thinking it must be some of her party, she stepped forward to warn them of their danger. She parted the branches with her hands and looked through.

What was her horror to see Josephine Richards sitting at the foot of a tree, her hat tossed upon the ground beside her, and holding in her lap the little mad dog against which she had just been warned.

Miss Richards evidently had just coaxed the little pet into her lap, and was playing with it without a suspicion of the terrible danger that she was in, while just for that moment it showed no signs of the madness which possessed it.

Star's face was as white as her spotless dress as she took in the dreadful situation; then she stepped quickly forward and said, in clear but authoritative tones:

"Miss Richards, put that dog down as quietly as you can, and come away with me instantly, for I have just been told that it is mad."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the little creature snapped at the hand raised to caress it, and, with a scream of fright, Josephine sprang to her feet and turned to fly.

But the act aroused all the fury of the mad-dened animal, and he seized hold of her skirts, biting and tearing them in the most furious manner, foaming at the mouth, and howling frightfully in its sudden paroxysm of frenzy.

"Save me! save me!" Josephine screamed, and flying toward Star for protection.

There was not a thought of personal danger in the fair young girl's heart—not a thought of enmity, or of malice or evil; all her mind was concentrated upon one thing—how best to save her companion from this terrible danger and from a horrible death.

"Stand still!" she commanded, in steady, almost stern tones. "Let him bite at your clothes all he chooses, but do not allow him to get at your feet; if you run, he will seize them and bite right through your boot. Have you courage to stand where you are for a moment? I will go behind him and slip the end of my parasol through his collar and pin him to the ground; then you can go and call help for me."

She spoke calmly but rapidly, and Josephine saw at once how much wisdom there was in her plan.

"Yes, yes; I will do anything," she said, hysterically; "but be quick, for I cannot bear this much longer; I shall faint dead away."

"If you faint," Star returned, in an awful voice, "you are lost! Be still just a moment longer, and I will save you if I can."

Watching her opportunity, she stole softly behind the struggling animal, and, by a dexterous movement, slipped the end of her parasol through his collar and into his collar, and then, with all her strength, drove it into the ground and held it there, though the creature struggled furiously to release himself.

Her face had not an atom of color in it, but her lips did not falter as she said to the horror-stricken girl watching her:

"Go quickly and call help for me. I cannot hold him long."

Josephine did not need a second bidding, but went shrieking back to the company.

She had not been gone two minutes when the bushes behind Star parted again, and the same gentleman who had met and warned her of this danger sprang toward her, with his gun cocked and aimed at the dog.

His face was almost as colorless as her own. "Can you hold him just an instant longer?—will you dare hold him while I shoot him? I will not harm you in the least," he questioned, in rapid tones.

"Yes, I will hold him," she said, resolutely. "If I let him loose now, he will surely bite somebody." There was an instant of silence, then a quick,

sharp report rang through the woods, and the little danger fiend lay bleeding and dead at her feet.

All peril was past. Star had saved an enemy from a horrible fate—she had done a heroic deed; but the tension on her own nerves gave way when it was over. She swayed, tottered and would have fallen to the ground, but another figure sprang through the bushes to her side to save her, and her fainting form was received into the strong arms of Ralph Meredith.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### JOSEPHINE'S INGRATITUDE.

Confusion reigned during the next half hour among the company who had hitherto been so gay. Josephine Richards had rushed into their midst, startling everybody out of their senses by shrieking out:

"Go to Miss Gladstone! A mad dog! a mad dog!"

It was all that she could say, for she immediately after sank down helpless in a violent fit of hysterics, while the women, with white faces, huddled together in fear and trembling, and the men, with horrified eyes and quaking hearts, ran hither and thither in search of Star.

Then there had come that quick, sharp report, directing them to the spot, and telling them that all danger to them was past. But the terrible question arose:

"Was Miss Gladstone safe?"

Ralph Meredith, his feet winged with love and fear, was, as we have seen, first upon the scene of the tragedy, and caught her frantically to his heart just as she was falling to the ground.

"Is she bitten?" he cried, in a voice of agony, and with ashen lips, to the stranger, who stood, gun in hand, over the dead dog.

"No; she has not even a scratch; she has merely fainted from fright," he answered; and throwing down his gun, he took a long pocket flask filled with brandy from his hunting pouch, and approached the unconscious girl.

He knelt upon the ground beside her and poured a few drops between her lips, though his hands trembled violently from the terrible excitement and anxiety under which he had been laboring.

"Go for some water," he said to his son, who, having heard the report of his father's fowling-piece, now appeared upon the scene.

He darted away like a fawn, and was back in less than three minutes with a pitcherful, which he had seized from the camp, while a frightened crowd followed at his heels.

But it was a long time before Star revived. The shock to her nervous system had been a terrible one, and nature seemed loath to resume her sway after it. But at the end of half an hour her chest began to heave, and a slight tinge of color returned to her lips.

Ralph Meredith, who hung over her in an agony of suspense and fear, would let no one touch her or come near her, save his sister and Mr. Roosevelt; and he found that it required all the strength of his will to keep him from betraying to the gaping crowd the passionate love he entertained for the senseless girl.

Finally, to everybody's relief, those white lids were unclosed, those beautiful eyes looked up, and a long, shuddering sigh shook her whole frame.

"What has happened?" she questioned, with a vacant look.

"You are faint, dear. Drink this and you will be better," Grace Meredith said, gently, while she held a silver cup to her lips.

She swallowed the stimulus mechanically, and then began to shiver as if from the cold.

"Remember," she murmured, all the color fading from her face again, and they feared another season of unconsciousness would follow.

"Is he dead?" she asked, a moment after, beginning to rally once more.

"Yes; he was killed instantly," Ralph Meredith returned.

"And Josephine—Miss Richards—is she safe?"

Everybody looked surprised at this query, for no one had had any idea that that young lady had been in any danger until now.

"Yes; Miss Richards is safe," Mr. Roosevelt answered; but a frown contracted his brow as he began to understand that Star had sacrificed her own safety and endangered her own life to save that of an ungrateful girl.

No one had been able to gather from Josephine's excited and incoherent account anything save that a mad dog had attacked Miss Gladstone in the woods. She said not a word of how the noble girl had come to her rescue, warned her of her danger, and then put into execution a hazardous plan to secure her safety.

There was not an ounce of gratitude in her heart toward Star for having done this heroic deed—no softening, no sense of sorrow or repentance for her own unkindness in the past, or for the insult which she had only that day offered her; there was only a sense of triumph that she herself was safe, no matter how or at whose risk.

When Star found that Josephine had kept the facts of the encounter with that mad dog to herself, simply stating that Miss Gladstone had been attacked by it, she also appeared very reluctant to converse about it, and as the subject seemed to excite her, no one felt disposed to press her with questions.

Upon reaching the boat they improvised a couch for Star on deck, and by resting quietly during the two hours' sail, she seemed almost like herself when the vessel touched the pier at Newport.

A carriage was here procured, and she was driven, with Mr. Roosevelt, Miss Meredith and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)





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**T**HE travel letters of Mrs. Marsh are so well liked, to judge by numerous letters and cards asking for more of them, that it is gratifying to be able to print another, this time of a trip to the seashore, and such an interesting account that reading it is next best to being there in person. It is kind of Mrs. Marsh to give us this pleasure for she is a busy woman. Perhaps you have taken a trip that another would like to take but cannot. Don't you think an interesting description of everything you saw and did would be enjoyed by that person? I do, so we'll hope for more and more travel letters.—Ed.

### The Earth Turned Sideways

By Mrs. James Marsh.

One day this old earth took a mighty breath, and in doing so completely disarranged the successive folds of its covering so badly that it just had to break somewhere, and it was in this "Somewhere," with its folds all protruding through the surface of the shore, making a long line of reefs with ragged, razor-like tops, with the softer material in between worn away by the waves, leaving masses of calcium, glistening and sparkling, that we made our objective point in search of shells, seaweed and other specimens.

An hour's ride from Los Angeles, Calif., to San Pedro; a small bus ride to Point Firmin, and a pleasant half hour's hike along the cliffs, brought us to White's Point, a rocky prominence, along an indented coastline to the "Reefs."

It is in these Reefs that myriads of all kinds of sea life are to be found that are never heard of in or around sandy beaches. Abalone Point, so called because of the large amount of abalone who take advantage of it for a breeding ground, is about the most formidable place to get to, or to get around all along the beach, and as we approached it we were greeted by a fine herd of 10 seals, whose coarse barking called our attention as they sunned themselves on the rocks in a lagoon formed by the reefs. Their big appealing eyes and sensitiveness to sound as we called and whistled to them made them "sit up and take notice" of our efforts to be clumsy, for they tossed their heads around as if to say, "Come again."

Here is a pure blue-black shellfish. What makes it adopt a splash of orange at the entrance to its mouth, in the shell? It cannot be seen unless you remove the fish.

The beautiful pearly interior of the abalone, only by its death can be seen. The outside is dark and very uninviting.

When the Maker fashioned the seaweed he summoned all the colors together to vie with each other to beautify the delicate sea lace and damask—fair blues and reds tipped with white, pinks tinged with reds and other combinations along their fronds that wave in graceful ringlets with each wavelet.

As you sit and ponder you may read in the strata an open book as it lies open before you. The lesson has no end.

The tall cliffs are formed of the debris of a passed world and age, and many shells are seen protruding from them, high up and down to sea level.

The house hunting problem seems to be as vital a problem in fish land as with us, for few shells are tenantless, being occupied by their original owners or a tenant who has taken a lease of it: the despised hermit crab.

It was indeed a "Song Day" we spent that day, for four young men gave us several pieces (quartette) in

## Comfort Sisters' Recipes

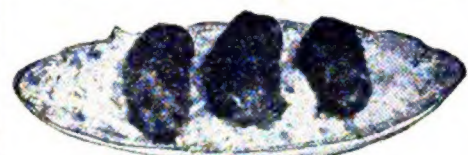
**S**ALADS furnish a use for leftovers and are more healthful during hot weather than heavier foods. They need not be lacking in nutrition, and after the men folks of the family become accustomed to them—sometimes this requires tact—they will like an occasional salad supper quite as well as a supper that requires hours of cooking and work in a hot kitchen. Try it and see.—Ed.

**RADISH SALAD.**—Peel and slice enough radishes to make one cupful when sliced. Add one tablespoon of sliced olives and mix well. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves with French dressing. Decorate with radishes cut to represent a rose.

**VEGETABLE SALAD.**—On crisp lettuce leaves put a layer of Bermuda onions, thinly sliced, a layer of cucumbers and on top a layer of tomatoes. Serve with French dressing.

**LOBSTER SALAD.**—Remove meat from one large lobster. Mix thoroughly with dressing made as follows: Beat one egg, one-quarter teaspoon mustard, one-quarter teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper together, add one tablespoon vinegar and one tablespoon of butter, put on stove and let thicken.—Mrs. J. O. Portland, Maine.

**MOCK SAUSAGE WITH SAVORY RICE.**—Soak one cup of dried lima beans over night in cold water, drain, cover with fresh cold water and cook until soft. Put through a potato ricer, discarding the skins that will not press through. Or, use fresh or canned baby lima beans. Add one-half cup of dried and rolled bread-crumbs, three tablespoons of butter, salt and pepper, one-half teaspoon of ground sage, one teaspoon of scraped onion, one beaten egg, and just milk enough to hold the mixture together. Shape to resemble sausages, roll in beaten egg, then in bread-crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve on a bed of rice prepared as follows: Wash one-half cup of rice, and slowly drop into



MOCK SAUSAGE WITH SAVORY RICE.

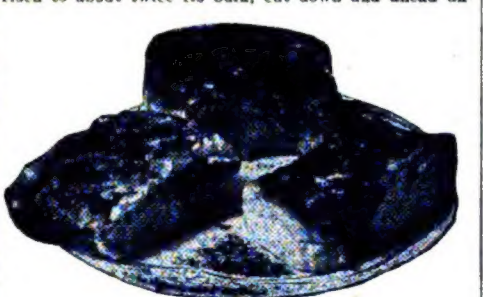
two quarts of boiling water to which one-half teaspoon of salt has been added. Boil rapidly half an hour, taking care it does not stick by occasionally lifting it with a fork. Do not stir. Turn into a sieve, drain, cover with a cloth and rest over a kettle of hot water for twenty minutes. While the rice is steaming, cook two tablespoons of fat with one small onion sliced very fine and one teaspoon of curry-powder. When the onion is brown, add one-half cup of thick stewed tomato, cook five minutes and pour over the hot rice which has been spread on a platter. Arrange the "sausages" on the rice.

**MEAT SALAD.**—Put through a meat chopper one cup of meat, cooked and cut into small pieces, one cooked beet, one cooked potato, one tablespoon parsley and one slice of onion. Season to taste and form into balls. Serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing.

**SALMON SALAD.**—Separate the salmon into flakes, using either canned or fresh salmon. Place on lettuce leaves and surround with cold green peas that have been mixed with French dressing.

**POTATO SALAD.**—Dice cold potatoes, add one small onion, chopped fine, one sweet pepper, salt and pepper to taste and a few drops of vinegar. Mix and put on lettuce leaves. Serve with salad dressing.

**CINNAMON ROLLS.**—Melt one-half cup of shortening in two cups of hot milk. Equal parts of lard and butter is the best. When lukewarm, add one even teaspoon of salt, one-half yeast-cake dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water, and one beaten egg. Add flour to handle, and set to rise covered closely and in a warm place away from draft. When the dough has risen to about twice its bulk, cut down and knead until smooth. Roll fairly thin, spread with melted butter, and add a light sprinkling of cinnamon and sugar mixed. Make into a long roll, the same as jelly roll. Cut in half-inch slices from one end of the roll, place in baking tin so they will not touch, and set to rise until light. Bake in a hot oven.



CINNAMON ROLLS.

**SWEET POTATO SALAD.**—Boil three large sweet potatoes. When cool enough to handle, shape by first rolling a little of the potato into round ball, and then with the hand flat, into a roll. Roll in finely-rolled cracker-crumbs, then in lightly-beaten egg to which a little water has been added, and then in crumbs again. Fry in deep fat. Do not put in too many at a time as it will cool the fat and cause the crust to soak fat and break off.

**CHOCOLATE RICE PUDDING.**—Put four cups of milk in double boiler and when scalded add one-half cup of rice, five tablespoons sugar, one tablespoon butter, three tablespoons grated chocolate and one-third teaspoon salt. Cook for two hours or more. Just before taking from stove, add one teaspoon of vanilla. Serve hot with whipped cream.—Mrs. H. D. Osborne, News Ferry, Virginia.

**BANANA MOUSSE.**—Press four peeled bananas through potato ricer and squeeze over pulp juice of half a lemon. Mix with three-quarters of a pint of chilled cream, whipped stiff, and sweeten with half a cup of powdered sugar. Turn into mould with a watertight cover and bury in ice and rock salt for three hours before serving.—MARIETTA COLLINS, Thorsby, Ala.

**BANANA SNOW.**—Peel and slice six ripe bananas and mash to fine pulp. Add juice of lemon, whites of two eggs and whip mixture as you would cream. Add two tablespoons of sugar and whip until sugar is dissolved. Serve with berries or diced pineapple scattered over top.—Mrs. WALTER CAMPBELL, Greensburg, Indiana.

**BAKED BEEF HASH.**—Chop one cup of cooked beef and add to one cup of hot milk. To this add one cup of cooked rice, two tablespoons of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Remove from fire, let cool a little and add one well-beaten egg. Bake fifteen minutes in hot oven.

**SADA.**—You have opened the way for letters that will be of help to the majority of mothers for most of us have wondered how we could keep our youngsters amused on rainy days.—Ed.

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MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORTABLE SISTERS: Some time ago I tried to enter your circle but failed to use the right pass word. I promised myself I would not try again but when I saw in the February issue the question, "What is economy?" by one of the sisters, I just couldn't keep still for there is not a word in the English language that I am better acquainted with than "Economy." It is one of my earliest recollections and should have been my middle name, and having practiced its precepts for twenty-four years of married life I feel competent to speak.

One can be economical and not miserly, can save and yet not "skimp," can enjoy comfort and not waste; there it seems to be in a nutshell, but sometimes hard to crack. Many of us have our pet economies. One of mine is my bedding and table furnishings. I watch for the white goods sales at home and in mail-order catalogues and buy one new sheet and one pair of pillow cases every year. You do not notice the small amount at the time and by this method always have sheets for emergency. We use Indian Head napkins and table-cloths for every-day use, thus saving the good damask. I buy a square of the 54-inch Indian Head for the cloth and enough more for napkins, eighteen inches wide. Some I simply hem on the machine and am now doing a table-cloth in Delft blue crocheted edge with Dutch gingham in two tone blue gingham applique, the napkins were made to match and will be good enough for any company.

Another method of saving in both labor and material is covering the ends of quilts and blankets with slips of cheese-cloth, about fourteen inches deep; these can be easily slipped off and washed, thus saving the hard work of washing an entire quilt or blanket. So much for beds and table economy.

Most of our face cloths are made from towels which became worn in the middle. By cutting out the worn part, two face cloths can be made. Sometimes I finish these by crocheting an edge but more often by blanket stitch. Old underwear, two thickness, make good face cloths, finish in same manner as others. The holders used about the kitchen are made from two thickness of men's clothing, finished as above described.

I came across an old recipe for chapped hands which does not call for a lot of expensive drugs. Take one-half cup of rolled oats and pour one cup of boiled rain water (after cooling) on the oats and then add one ounce of glycerine and it is ready to use. The oats when rubbed into the flesh leave a fine powder which covers up a multitude of sins and holds the glycerine.

I have also paraffin bread paper and find many uses for it. It is fine to rub the stove with while it is still warm and leaves a clean polish. It can be used in cake pans and to wrap up lunches, also to rub iron on when ironing.

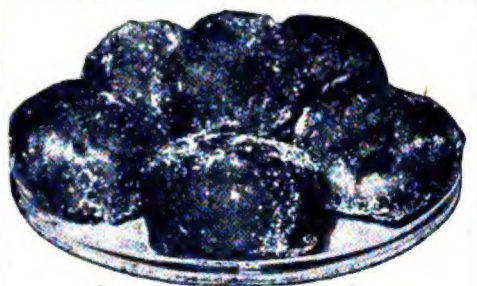
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I wish everybody joy. SADA.

toes, cut in small squares, add two stalks of celery, cut in small pieces, and season with salt and pepper. Cut up three or four small sweet pickles and half-a-dozen olives and add to potatoes, with teaspoon of onion juice. Serve with French dressing.—M. E. W., Augusta, Maine.

**FRENCH DRESSING.**—One-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons vinegar, one-quarter teaspoon olive oil. Mix and stir until well blended, or pour into bottle and shake well.

**FRIED MUFFINS.**—Mix together three cups of sifted flour, two tablespoons of sugar, two rounding teaspoons of baking powder, and one teaspoon of salt, then sift



FRIED MUFFINS.

again. Beat two eggs until light and creamy, add one cup of milk, and then the dry mixture. Beat hard. Drop by spoonfuls into deep hot fat and fry to a golden brown, turning several times during the cooking. Roll in sugar and serve warm. A spoonful of jelly, dry applesauce or mince may be folded into each spoonful of batter as it is dropped into the hot fat. Delicious served with coffee.

**BOILED DRESSING.**—One teaspoon mustard, one-half tablespoon salt, few grains cayenne pepper, one-quarter teaspoon paprika, one and one-half tablespoons sugar, one-half tablespoon flour, one and one-half tablespoons melted butter, three-quarters cup of milk, yolks of two eggs and one-quarter cup of vinegar. Mix dry ingredients well together, add yolks of eggs, beaten, butter, milk and vinegar. Cook in double boiler until mixture is thick.—G. L., Maine.

**SNOW PUDDING.**—One pint boiling water, three good-sized tablespoons of corn-starch, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, moisten the corn-starch in a little water, then stir it into the boiling water while still boiling, add one tablespoon of sugar, a pinch of salt and the beaten whites of the three eggs, let boil a few minutes then pour into a teacup to cool. For sauce make a common custard of the yolks of the three eggs and a scanty pint of milk, sweeten and flavor to taste. When ready to serve, turn out the little puddings from the cups into individual glass dishes and pour over each one the golden-colored sauce.—Mrs. M. O. MACKINTOSH, Canton, Ill.

**POTATO CROQUETTES.**—Pare potatoes, nearly cover with boiling salted water and cook until they can be pierced with a fork. Drain, and shake dry on a hot cover. Mash. To each pint add one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of milk, the beaten yolk of one egg and pepper and salt to taste. Beat hard, and if the mixture seems a little stiff, add a very little milk.



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I disguise old familiar dresses with dyes and sometimes feel well repaid.

This season of the year in a country town, finds the cook of the family at her wit's ends to furnish a balanced diet with so little, from which is chosen the can and paper-bowl cookery does not appeal to me, but we are compelled to resort to the tin cans. The farmer's wife has fresh pork, chickens, eggs and vegetables in the cellar, the city dweller has the shipped in fresh vegetables and fruits—now won't someone come to the rescue of the small town inhabitant and suggest a menu that we can follow?

We have a neighborhood club of twenty-four members. I wish some of the sisters would help me with suggestions as to entertainments, contests, etc. Will gladly exchange ideas with anyone interested. We have tried many things but want something new. Would be pleased to find a photographer's wife among you. Thanking you all for many helpful hints on various subjects,

Sincerely, MRS. EVA SHINN.

So. ROYALTON, R. R. 1, Box 23, Vt.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I like the COMFORT Sisters' pin and shall get one. I would like to see this letter-printed so I would feel that I was a "COMFORT" Sister.

We live on a small farm, two and one-half miles from town. Have a son, three years old.

I like to crochet, sew, embroider and do patchwork. I am starting my Christmas gifts as I make most of them. I think it would be nice to exchange Christmas ideas with each other.

I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh 115 pounds and have medium brown hair and grey eyes.

MRS. NELSON GAGE.

Mrs. Gage.—You should have started the ball a-rolling by telling us what you are to make for Christmas gifts and how you make them. I am saving a few letters along that line for publication next month maybe. Shall be glad to get more letters to be published with those already received.—Ed.

COLTEWAH, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

First, I want to thank you for forwarding all those letters to me. Second, to ask your forgiveness for all the trouble my thoughtlessness caused. I never dreamed of such a thing. When the envelope came this morning I thought, "What's this? I haven't ordered anything from Comfort." When opened I found forty letters and all wanting to know about the Woman's Exchange I spoke about in my other letter. Now I can appreciate more the work you are doing, but if I were you I would not print the letters from those (like myself) who, for no reason whatever, ask you not to print their name and address. Then you would have no letters to forward.

Now for a favor. Will you print this for the benefit of those who did not send stamps and who only wanted the address of the Woman's Exchange. As I get time I shall answer all who sent stamps.

Sisters, the Exchange I wrote about is in Chattanooga and is only one small room. I'm afraid if you all sent work there, the women near would not have any room, so why not try your nearest city? Surely there must be such a place in all large cities. I don't believe they receive work by mail, at the Exchange I spoke of in Chattanooga. When we pay our membership fee we are given a card with our number on it. This number, with our name, is written in a ledger with the amount and price of all work and a strict account of the work sold is kept. We put the price on our work and give them 20 per cent. for selling it, so we have to charge quite high. They sell all kinds of fancy work and homemade candies, cakes, bread, etc., also serve lunches. I do not belong to it now as I get orders for all the work I have time to do.

You who want to make money, why not try raising poultry or livestock of some kind? There is always a demand for chickens and fresh eggs.

Since I wrote you, another baby has come to our home. On the 19th of February a sweet, little, red-haired, blue-eyed girl, Margaret Mae, arrived. Now we have two, Ruby Belle, four, and Margaret, two, and the baby, so you see I don't have much time for tating, but I still find time to play with the babies. It wouldn't be home without them.

We lived in Chattanooga until last spring. Then my husband's place of work shut down so we came out here. I like the country better. This is just a small town. My husband enlisted in the army at the beginning of the war and was stationed at Fort Oglethorpe two years. We lived there in a government house and he stayed at home. I should like to hear from any of my friends who lived there then.

Mrs. Little, enjoy the letters but I would rather see a baby's picture in COMFORT than have a letter in its place, for I love all babies.

Pearl Vesey, where are you and how is your COMFORT garden this year?

Sisters, what do you think of our pin? I think it is what we need and am sending for mine.

With best wishes to all, Mrs. J. L. CANNON (ROSEBUD).

Mrs. Cannon.—When it comes to deciding between two equally good letters, the one with name and address is always given preference unless there seems a good reason for withholding it, such as baring of secrets, gossip or unpleasant comments, etc. Every nom de plume means that I'll have to forward from one to fifty letters to that person. I'm glad to do this in all cases that are really necessary but please sign your name and address whenever possible. Thank you.—Ed.

LOS ANGELES, 343 West 58th St., CALIF.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

How often I have said, "I believe I will write to COMFORT tomorrow," and tomorrow never came so I've decided to write today. It has been several years since my last letter appeared in COMFORT and I wonder if you would believe that during those years I have corresponded with not less than a sister and the sisters regularly and many more at intervals. I received hundreds of letters and answered every one because they were mostly from the sick who wanted to know about the climate of Arizona, for that is where I lived until recently. I want to thank you, Mrs. W., for printing my letter or through COMFORT I found one friend who is as dear as a sister and the means a lot to me for my only sister died. You are a dear to be so patient and impartial and yours is a splendid work. Thousands are made happy because of this department. I could tell you of many whom I know but it would take too much space. I'm sure all who read the sisters' letters receive help. Many dozens of times in my life I have been benefited by a letter from a general and by Sisters' Corner in particular. I feel so sorry for the unhappy sisters but, do you know, I feel that this life is a school and that each experience is a lesson. It would not be best for us if all were happy experiences. I am a great believer in God and that He knows best and that He shows these things, not because He sanctions them but because He means a lot to me for my only sister died. You are a dear to be so patient and impartial and yours is a splendid work. Thousands are made happy because of this department. I could tell you of many whom I know but it would take too much space. I'm sure all who read the sisters' letters receive help. Many dozens of times in my life I have been benefited by a letter from a general and by Sisters' Corner in particular. I feel so sorry for the unhappy sisters but, do you know, I feel that this life is a school and that each experience is a lesson. 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# A Modern Maud Muller

By Alma Henderson

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"Maud Muller on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadows, sweet with hay,  
Beneath her torn hat glowed a wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health."

**G**REAT black clouds rolled up out of the west, and distant muttering of thunder threatened ominously.

The young man guiding a massive roadster recklessly along the uneven country road glanced apprehensively over his shoulder, then back at his companion, with a distraught smile.

"I think we'll be able to make Miami before the storm hits," he assured, confidently.

The imperious young beauty at his side executed an obviously much-practiced shrug ere replying querulously:

"I should hope so! It's your own fault if we don't. You ought to have started for home sooner!"

The young man compressed his lips and stared straight ahead. He had long since ceased trying to analyze the inconsistencies of Miss Leona Renfro.

Upon the present occasion, they had tarried at the lake when the other picnicers departed, at the young lady's own request. And only after numerous suggestions from him that he feared a storm was brewing would she consider leaving the place.

"Oh, well, 'Consistency, thou art a jewel,'" he mused, with a cynical smile.

The girl noted her companion's stern mouth and unbending attitude, and was at no loss for the reason thereof. Usually, when affairs had reached this stage, she would relent and graciously extend a fig branch—figuratively, at least.

But just now, Leona Renfro was altogether too angry and disappointed to reason sanely. She had taken a great amount of pains with her toilette upon this particular occasion, wearing one of her prettiest filmy summer frocks and garden hats, instead of a regulation sports costume, as the other girls had worn. And this, because she realized how entrancingly the fresh, apple-green hue set off her shimmering gold hair and alabaster complexion!

For two months past she had been futilely expecting a proposal of marriage from the young man now seated at her side. Undoubtedly, he had given her some reason for this supposition. And with a fixed purpose of forcing the issue, she had suggested remaining after the others' departure.

But her little ruse had fallen flat. The man had cannily surmised that he was being angled for, and with the pervasiveness of all his sex, had grown wary.

Meantime, her companion was also earnestly cogitating. He could not realize how things had come to such a pass. He had invited Miss Renfro to accompany him to this picnic with the specific intention of asking her to become his wife, and he could not understand, in the least, why he had hesitated to offer himself when her actions had so openly informed him that he would not sue in vain.

Leona Renfro was undoubtedly the most sought-after girl in the smart set of which they were both members. She was an only child of wealthy, influential parents, a stunning dresser—almost too ultra-modern to suit his more quiet taste, though he had to admit that she always presented a most striking appearance. But hang it all, he could not be quite certain that he loved her!

He was jostled from his reverie, as one of the wheels dropped into a rut, by a terrific report. Miss Renfro breathed a disappointed sigh, while her companion hastily brought the roadster to a standstill.

"Blow-out," he explained, laconically, as he stepped from the car. "It won't take but a few minutes to remedy it."

He took a hurried survey of their surroundings. In the west, the clouds continued to marshal their forces, and although they were not approaching with a great deal of speed, they moved with the surety of a nemesis.

A little to the rear of the stalled car an old, weatherbeaten farmhouse nestled back from the highway, in a grove of magnificent elms. Just at hand, upon a sloping hillside, was an apple orchard. Even as he gazed, a slender youth in overalls and hickory hat, carrying a pitchfork in one hand, and holding a straining dog in leash by a chain, with the other, came crashing through the orchard, lightly vaulted the old-time zigzag rail fence, and approached the disabled car.

As the figure drew nearer, the young man muttered: "Gee whiz!" while Miss Renfro murmured: "The idea!" acidly.

Beneath the newcomer's jagged-edged hat brim, masses of brown ringlets framed the exquisite, flower-like face of the girl! And a clear, girlish voice exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so glad you're a man! I was scared to death for fear you might prove to be a woman!"

The man whistled softly, while Miss Renfro reiterated: "The idea!" Her voice by this time being so near frozen in very nearly refused to articulate. Gazing curiously at the girl, the man questioned, dryly: "What's the idea?"

"Why, you see," she explained, eagerly, "we're short a hand in the hayfield. There's a storm coming up, and we've just got to get that hay loaded and into the barn before it begins to rain. We were getting along dandy—Bill Stevens, daddy and I—until daddy fell and sprained his ankle. After that, just we two couldn't make much headway, so I told Bill I'd waylay the first man that passed and get him to help us."

"I knew there would be one any minute, but I couldn't waste time standing idly about, so I planted a nail in a board and placed it in that rut. I knew you couldn't get around that rut," she finished, with an air of triumph.

"What?" Miss Renfro fairly shrieked, while the man's eyes darkened, wrathfully.

"And you placed that nail there, deliberately?" he demanded, indignantly.

"Of course," she admitted, impatiently, as though amazed that anyone could appear so dense. "What else was there to do?"

The man laughed, scornfully. "Very pretty," he acknowledged, coldly, "and of course you expected that to make a hit with the luckless victim? It's really deplorable that I can't see my way clear to coming to the aid of beauty in distress! But you see my first thought must be for Miss Renfro. It's necessary that I get her safely home before this storm overtakes us. Sorry," and the man turned, unconcernedly to reach for an extra tire.

"Stop!" the girl's voice cut in, crisp, commanding. "Possibly, Wolf may have something to do about that."

The man turned, in surprise. He had been so engrossed with the girl, herself, that he had paid scant attention to her four-footed companion.

Now, he noted that the dog was large and gaunt, of a greyish color, and its fierce, red eyes were not at all prepossessing. The snarling

brute's powerful jaws were open, revealing sharp, wolfish fangs. Consternation was depicted in the man's eyes as he turned to the girl.

She faced him, defiantly, the pretty eyes hard and determined, and the red lips compressed. She reminded him of a rebellious child, and he was wise enough to realize that she had worked herself into such a strait that she would act with the reckless abandon of a child if he refused to do as she requested.

"Very well," he agreed, grimly, "if nothing else will do, I'll give it a try. I warn you, however, I know as much about haying as the man in the moon. I suppose Miss Renfro will be at liberty to go to the house, Miss—"

"Helen Clare Fane," supplied the girl, graciously. "Yes, indeed, I want the young lady to make herself at home. There's a comfortable rocker on the sun porch, with several late magazines."

"I see myself!" declined that greatly outraged young lady, with stinging hauteur.

"Oh, but I say, Leona, don't be contrary. You know I shall feel worried about you if I have to leave you out here in the car," the man expostulated. "Beside," after a hurried survey of the threatening sky, "from the look of that cloud, I am afraid we are in for a severe electrical storm."

"Oh, don't bother about me," exclaimed the girl, pettishly. "Anyway, what do you care? All you think about is your own comfort!" She had the grace to flush, under his steady look, and to relieve herself of her discomfiture, cast a spiteful glance at the slight, overall-clad figure, as she continued: "Beside, that dilapidated shack doesn't appear very inviting!"

The man found himself blushing for his companion, as he glanced apologetically toward the quiet figure. The girl, however, didn't appear in the least embarrassed.

"It isn't much for looks," she admitted, with a light laugh, "but it will appeal to you more strongly after the storm breaks. Come, Mister Man, we must get to work."

"Brazen creature!" pronounced Miss Renfro, sotto voce.

"In a minute," he replied, coolly. "I'd better drive this car over under the lee of that hill," suiting the action to the words by climbing into the car and



"Stop!" the girl's voice cut in. "Possibly Wolf may have something to do about that."

pressing the starter. Having gained the desired position, he put up the storm curtains, and then declared himself ready to "play the game."

As the two were traversing the orchard, Helen Clare glanced up at the tall young man beside her and murmured contritely: "I'm sorry I had to act in such an unconventional manner, but it was really and truly necessary. I—"

"Don't apologize, I beg of you," he interrupted, in a mocking tone. The girl's color rose high.

"Of course, you think I'm silly and bold and unlady-like?" she questioned, in a tone that obviously pleaded for contradiction. The man remained exasperatingly silent. Helen Clare's quick temper flared up.

"I don't give a continental what you think! So there!"

When they came into view of the hayfield, the girl turned to her companion again, and with painful hesitation said: "You are a gentleman, I know, so I am going to ask a favor of you."

The man glanced down at her, with a provoking smile. "Why request? 'Tis yours to command," he teased. "If I refuse, there is always Wolf to enforce your orders!" The girl bit her red lip, but refused to be again angered.

"I want you to promise you'll not tell Bill I forced you to stay," she urged, anxiously. "Just pretend that you were quite willing, won't you? You see, Bill might tell daddy, and I'd sure enough catch it."

The man laughed until he came near strangling, in his excess of mirth. Then partially sobering, as he gazed into the girl's chagrined eyes, and murmured, ironically: "Please forgive me. Certainly, I'll endeavor to conduct myself in such a manner that he'll think my one, cherished, lifelong dream has at last been realized. I assure you that the very last thing I contemplated was confiding in Bill! But aren't you afraid Miss Renfro may not prove quite so considerate?" The girl tossed her head, unconcernedly.

"As to that," she said, "I'm sure Miss Renfro wouldn't belittle herself by talking upon terms of intimacy with common farm folks!"

The man's eyes glowed, in appreciation of the girl's discernment.

When they came to where Bill Stevens was lolling hay, Helen Clare merely said: "Bill, this gentleman has kindly consented to help us. And, Bill mumbled: 'All right, ma'am.' The man gave him one keen look and promptly lost interest. For Bill was just a typical farm hand of uncertain age and colorless exterior.

Then Helen Clare questioned, in a cautious aside: "Can you drive a team, Mister Man?"

"What are you going to do?" he retorted, suspiciously.

"Oh, I'll stack on the wagon, and Bill can pitch," she confided, in an off-hand manner. "I'll be darned if you do! Give me that fork. Drive the horses, yourself," he exclaimed, masterfully.

Helen Clare meekly obeyed. Then, securing Wolf to the limb of an apple tree, at the edge of the orchard, she returned to her companions. The man courteously assisted her upon the hayrack, and himself followed with the pitchfork.

Meantime, the storm was almost upon them, and the two men toiled tirelessly. The city man, unused to manual labor, found perspiration starting out from every pore, and grimly wondered how Miss Renfro would receive his wilted collar and soiled linen!

They had just started in on the last windrow when Helen Clare gave vent to a cry of dismay. The man turned, in consternation. "What is it?" he ejaculated.

"See," wailed Helen Clare, in great agitation, pointing toward the orchard. "Wolf has broken loose. He has deserted me!" The man looked, barely in sufficient time to see a white and gray ball of fur, pursued by a great, gaunt streak of a dog, disappear into a blackberry thicket.

"Why, he's just after a rabbit—what harm?" he questioned, in a puzzled manner. The girl turned quickly.

"Who's going to guard you?" she queried. The man laughed, shortly.

"What makes you think I'll bear watching?" he countered. Before the girl could reply, there came a dazzling, zigzag flash of lightning, with the resultant deafening crash of thunder. The horses plunged and covered. The man turned to Helen Clare.

"Get Miss Renfro and take her to the house," he ordered. The girl obediently departed. A moment more, and she returned.

"Miss Renfro has already sought shelter in the house," she explained.

"Go right back yourself," he commanded, sternly. But Helen Clare refused. "I'll stay until we have finished," she insisted.

It had grown almost dark by this time. The lightning flashes became more frequent, more vivid; the crashes louder, more terrifying. But the three worked on, tirelessly, undismayed.

Just as Bill pitched the last fork of hay upon the load and threw the fork after it, came a blinding flash, followed by a violent crash and splintering of wood. The man and the girl crouched together on top of the hay, while the horses were thrown back upon their haunches. Poor Bill fairly spun around and around, like a whirligig.

When they came to themselves they gasped in horror. Merely a few yards distant, in the adjoining pasture, a monster cottonwood stood shattered. One

prim, checked little bungalow apron which covered her boyish apparel, and had it not been for the riotous curls would have presented quite a Quakerish appearance.

"Yes," the man thought, "she was decidedly pretty." He could imagine how altogether charming she would look in one of those delicate, filmy creations that Agnes Renfro always affected.

Helen Clare gave him a quick, frank smile. "You wished something?"

"If you please. Where can I find water and soap?"

"Over there," she pointed a bony finger (she was making biscuit) to where a tin basin and water pail were sitting on a bench.

After the man had performed his ablutions, Helen Clare brought the teakettle over and filled it from the bucket. When she started to raise the kettle from the bench, the man took it from her hand. He set it hastily upon the stove, making a wry face, and blowing upon his open palm.

"Oh, what have you done?" she cried anxiously. "I guess I blistered my hand, handling that pitchfork," he confessed, shamefacedly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," and she hastened to a cupboard and was back in an instant, with saline and bandages.

"It's nothing," he reassured, lightly.

"Oh, but it is," she insisted. With quick dexterity and gentleness she proceeded to bind up the wounded member. Toward the last she grew self-conscious. Her own hands were browned, and the finger-tips roughened with work. The man's hands were much whiter, and his nails far better cared for than her own. With quick shame she placed both hands behind her. The man smiled.

"Beautiful hands are those that do deeds that are noble, kind and true," he quoted softly. Then he went to Miss Renfro.

Helen Clare soon had the meal prepared, and on the table, and was graciously inviting her guests out into the dining-room.

"I thank you—no," declined Miss Renfro, idly. Helen Clare flushed, unhappily, while the man stared at his companion, aghast.

"Oh, but I say, Leona, you'll wound Miss Fane's feelings," he remonstrated, strenuously. "Indeed? And why should I consider her feelings, pray?" she murmured, sarcastically. It was now the man's turn to look confused.

"Come, Leona," he urged, diplomatically, "you are really in need of food. You are all worn out." She gave him a chilly little smile. "No," she refused, positively.

"Then you'll pardon me," he muttered, crossly. "I'm hungry as a bear!"

The man assisted Mr. Fane to the table. Bill was called in, and they were soon making merry over an dainty impromptu repast as a hungry man could possibly wish for.

There were flaky, golden-brown biscuits, creamed potatoes, home-smoked ham, tomatoes and cucumbers from the garden, jellies and pickled peaches; real "honest-to-goodness" butter, and great goblets of rich, sweet milk. And the man had never come as near letting his appetite get the better of him in all his well-trained life.

But the meal passed all too quickly, and the man could think of no further excuse for prolonging his stay, so, informing Miss Renfro that he was going down to put on a tire, and would return for her, he stepped outdoors.

The storm had passed on to the northeast, though distant sound of cannonading was still borne faintly to his ear. The sky was leaden and overcast. There would be no moon.

The door behind him hastily opened and closed, emitting Helen Clare. "Wait, Mister Man," she said in a guarded whisper, "here's a lantern. Beside, I wanted to tell you something." He turned quickly.

She came close to his side, her face barely discernible in the semi-gloom.

"I want you to know that I wouldn't have acted in such a boy-dish manner, his afternoon," she hurried on, "if it hadn't been so urgent. You see, there is a buyer coming to pay us for that hay in the morning. And a mortgage falls due on our farm tomorrow. Can't you see? It was the last day, and we would have lost our home if we had lost our hay—that's all," she finished, desperately.

"But surely, no man would be heartless enough to foreclose, under the circumstances," he said.

"Oh, but wouldn't they?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Why, daddy says that all lawyers are heartless. They have to be, in their profession."

"Who holds the mortgage?" he asked, quickly.

"Mr. Hartwell, an Eastern millionaire. John Jones did act as his agent in Miami, but he was recalled a couple of months ago, for some reason, and a lawyer by the name of Bennett was sent to take his place."

"Oh, well," the man laughed, light-heartedly, "you won't need to fear him any more. We made hay while the sun shone!"

The following afternoon, Helen Clare, looking very dainty and sweet in a simple muslin frock and white leghorn hat, was decorously driving old Dobbin along the country road toward Miami.

"Maybe"—she thought, with a little thrill—"maybe she would get a glimpse of Mr. Man on the streets of Miami. Of course, the beautiful, haughty young lady in the lovely green frock was probably his fiancée. But then—Oh, well, there was no harm in just looking at him!"

Arrived in town, she sought out the Berkeley building, in which the lawyer's office was located, and informed the office boy that she wished to see Mr. Bennett upon a matter of importance.

The lawyer was stooping over some papers on his desk when she entered, and it was several moments before he turned and faced her. As he did so, the girl uttered a startled cry.

"Mr. Steele!" she gasped.

"Steele Bennett," he smiled.

Their business negotiations were soon and favorably transacted, and the young lawyer was gallantly escorting his fair visitor to the door.

"I am very sorry, Miss Fane," he was saying, in his most professionally lawyer-like manner, "that your father holds such an erroneous impression concerning lawyers in general. Now, I would like an opportunity of proving to him that one lawyer, in particular, is trying to be 'on the square.' If"—boldly angling for an invitation—"if you could just see your way clear to asking me out to Sunday night dinner?"

Steele Bennett had been considered a very brilliant lawyer, in Eastern circles, with the reputation of winning very nearly every case he plied his wits against.

And with such a man back of him, it's quite likely he won his point in this instance.

Farmer Jones was on his way home from town when he thought he had forgotten something. Twice on the way he stopped and looked over the packages in the wagon and searched his pocket-book, but decided he had everything with him.

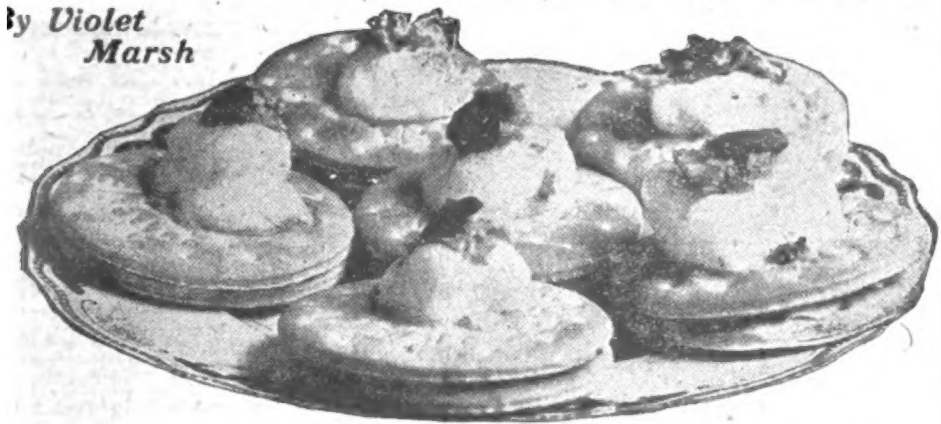
When he reached home his daughter came running out, and with a surprised look on her face said: "Why, father, where's mother?"—*Ladies Home Journal.*

Truth isn't always a thing of beauty, but it isn't the truth's fault.



# FOODS THAT REQUIRE LITTLE HEAT

by Violet Marsh



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There is no other single article of food that is so frequently placed on the table or takes so prominent a place in the average diet as bread. For this reason the bread supply should never be allowed to get low in hot weather, properly balanced with butter, milk, fruits, vegetables both leafy and fleshy, eggs or cheese, delicious meals may be prepared with little or no e. The addition of a few nuts, raisins or dates res variety and makes the everyday loaf something a little out of the usual. Raisin brown-read sliced thin, buttered and then generously read with cream cheese, makes a sandwich fit a king.

Another food, highly valuable in summer, is banana. Many people seem content to eat bananas as soon as they have turned yellow, not utilizing they should be of a golden hue and become speckled with shades of brown before they are fully ripe, or have developed their highest ntent of nourishment. An underripe banana difficult of gestion because it contains an excess starch, but which will turn soluble sugar d become distible if allowed to fully en. Being h in fats, stoid carbohydrates and neral salts, banana is a lued food in Tropical clites to which is native, and not only en raw but sked in a v-ty of ways.

that you ceer does not cut back into the end of the nanas when you buy them, for if this wonder-wrapping which nature has provided is once nken, the contents will quickly spoil, and if derripe will never reach a state of perfection. ists of cooking bananas are given in this article.

## Voling Drinks that the Men in the Fields Will Like

A vote of thanks is coming to anyone who l take to the out-of-door workers a can of cool, refreshing drink, which if lightly nourishing will all the more appreciated. Practically all such erages can be prepared in the cool of the ly morning and put on the cellar bottom or the ice-box until needed. A few hours in igh to "age" improves them.

As sugar must be added to most beverages, the t results are obtained by using it in the form a syrup. It is also the most economical. Boil r parts sugar to one of water for five minutes r it begins boil, then ur into ss jars for ure use. s lemonade always acceptable ak in hot ther, it is l to pre-e in adce so that may be kly made m lemon p in case h lemons not at hand. Boil for five minutes two cups l a half of sugar with two cups of water, e add the grated rind of two lemons and the e of twelve. Stir thoroughly, fill small glass s, partly seal and cook five minutes in hot-ter bath. Seal.

FRUIT VINEGARS make delicious thirst quench-that are prepared with a small amount of r. Crush eight quarts of any kind of juicy ries, cherries or sweet plums and put them in a stone jar. Stir in three pints of good cider gar and let it remain undisturbed three days a cool cellar. Strain, and to each pint of e add a pint of sugar. Heat in the open le only long enough to dissolve the sugar, a pour into glass jars and cook five minutes r the water begins to boil. Seal. Dilute to e when served.

Water sweetened with good molasses and flad-ed with ground ginger is an old-time drink he hay-fields. A refreshing drink that "stays" stomach as well, is made as follows: Put e heaping tablespoons of rolled oats into e pints of cold water and slowly cook one r. Strain a fine e. Stir one nding table-on of ground, ger with two s of brown ar and sim-five minutes one quart of ling water. en cold pour the syrup n the ginger ch will have led in the tom. Add e strained meal water the ginger up, also a h of salt the juice of lemons. A it vinegar e be substi-for the ons. Stir all ther and dilute with water to taste. Serve cold.

Another nourishing drink is made by breaking eggs into a quart preserving jar with one and alf cup of lemon syrup and one level teaspoon grated nutmeg. Put on the rubber and jar r and shake well. Add three quarts of water, ough to make the desired amount.

of ground mustard and two cups of brown sugar. Measure spices in even teaspoons. Add one quart of good vinegar, quickly bring to a boil, stirring frequently, then set back and slowly cook until the cabbage is tender. Too long cooking will injure the flavor.

STRAINED TOMATO.—An excellent way to use small odd lots of very ripe tomatoes is to cut up

BUTTERMILK LEMONADE is made by adding to each quart of buttermilk about eight tablespoons of lemon juice and four of sugar. Whew from cheese making also makes a valuable drink. Use about six tablespoons of sugar and the juice of two lemons to the quart. Flavor with a little nutmeg or cinnamon.

## Preparing Tomatoes for Winter Use

CANNED WHOLE TOMATOES.—Wipe and cut up some tomatoes and boil twenty minutes. Remove them from the fire and run through a strainer. Return the strained liquid to the fire. Have selected some small well-ripened tomatoes that will go into the mouth of the jar, dip into boiling water, remove the skins and drop the whole tomatoes into the jar. Add one level teaspoon of salt to each quart, and pour in the strained tomato while boiling, until all the spaces are filled. Put on rubbers and tops and partly seal. Place in the boiler or sterilizer on the false bottom. The water should be hot, coming nearly to the shoulders of the jars. After the water commences to boil hard, cook the tomatoes thirty minutes. Remove from boiler and finish seal. The strained tomato to juice may be used for soup, and as the whole tomatoes will keep their shape, they may be used for breading, salads or baking.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One peck of red, ripe tomatoes, cut up and cooked in a preserving kettle until thoroughly done. Mash through a fine sieve. Add eight level tablespoons of salt and one level tablespoon of cayenne pepper. Into a small flannel bag put two level tablespoons of black pepper, six level tablespoons of mustard, one level tablespoon of cinnamon, one tablespoon of unground celery seed, one level tablespoon of unground allspice and one level tablespoon of cloves. Boil very rapidly until the catsup begins to thicken, and add one quart of vinegar and continue boiling until a teaspoon placed in a saucer will not give off any water. Remove the bag of spice, put the catsup into jars or bottles boiling hot, and seal or cork. When bottled, it is well, after corking, to dip the corked end of bottle into melted paraffin.

CHILI SAUCE.—Scald and peel twenty-four ripe tomatoes and chop up with two red bullnose peppers, two green bullnose peppers and two large onions. Put into an enameled preserving kettle and add four cups of vinegar, two cups of brown sugar, two level tablespoons of salt, two level

teaspoons each of whole allspice, whole cloves, cinnamon, ground ginger, and ground nutmeg. Boil rapidly until the sauce begins to thicken, which will take about one hour. Stir frequently to prevent scorching. Put into wide-mouthed bottles, cork and dip ends of bottles in melted paraffin.

PRESERVED TOMATOES.—Use either the yellow or red, pear or cherry varieties. Other kinds may be used, but these bear abundantly and make a much more attractive preserve. Peel, by first dipping in boiling water, but only a few at a time. Remove the skins carefully so not to break the tomatoes. Weigh them and put into a preserving kettle with as many pounds of sugar as you have of tomatoes. Prepare green ginger root by carefully scraping off all the skin and shaving it into small bits. Add one level teaspoon of these ginger shavings for each two pounds of tomatoes. Let the contents of the kettle come to a boil and then cook ten minutes. Remove the tomatoes from the syrup and spread them upon platters to cool, which will keep them from coming to pieces. When cool, return them to the boiling syrup and gently boil until they are the desired thickness. Put into jars while hot, adding a thick slice of lemon to each jar before sealing.

TOMATO SWEET PICKLE.—Cut four quarts of full-grown green tomatoes into thin slices, sprinkle with one-half cup of table salt and let stand over night. Drain thoroughly through a colander, then add one cup of sliced onion, one quart of shredded tender cabbage, three cups of thinly-sliced green peppers (do not use seeds), two teaspoons of ground ginger, four teaspoons of ground cinnamon, two teaspoons of ground cloves, two teaspoons of

of ground mustard and two cups of brown sugar. Measure spices in even teaspoons. Add one quart of good vinegar, quickly bring to a boil, stirring frequently, then set back and slowly cook until the cabbage is tender. Too long cooking will injure the flavor.

STRAINED TOMATO.—An excellent way to use small odd lots of very ripe tomatoes is to cut up

without peeling and cook rapidly one-half hour, stirring frequently. Strain through a fine sieve, return to fire, bring to a hard boil, and put into jars that have stood in boiling water ten minutes and seal. It is then ready for use when needed for soups, macaroni, sauces or scallops.

## A Home-Made Yeast that Will Keep in Summer

A liquid potato yeast can be made which will keep well in any cellar if it is prepared and renewed according to the following directions:

To make four loaves of bread, pare about four medium-sized potatoes, cut them into small pieces and cook them until tender in three-fourths pint of boiling water, then mash them in the water in which they were cooked and add three cups of cold water, four and one-half tablespoons of sugar, six teaspoons of salt, and when the mixture has cooled to lukewarm, add one pint of liquid yeast. Let this mixture stand in a warm place over night, then stir well and pour off one pint and put into a warm place for a few hours, then into a cool place and keep it for use as a "starter" the next time bread is made.

Where there is no liquid yeast for the "starter," proceed as above, using three yeast-cakes softened in two cups of lukewarm water instead of the pint of liquid yeast.

## General Recipes

FILLED AND FROSTED CRACKERS.—For a quick warm-weather dessert, thin crackers can be made very delicious in a number of ways. Spread lightly with cheese and oven-toasted is one way, and if a little sweet is desired, add a bit of jelly to the cheese before it is toasted. (See illustrated heading.)

Beaten white of one egg, to which one tablespoon of sugar has been gradually beaten in, one tablespoon of chopped nuts and a little vanilla then added is a delicious combination. Spread on the crackers and toast in a slow oven.

Filled crackers are also delicious but a little more work. Beat the white of one egg until stiff, gradually add three-fourths cup of sugar, then one tablespoon of boiling water and one-fourth teaspoon of vanilla. Add more sugar if necessary. The filling is varied by adding melted chocolate, orange juice instead of hot water, chopped raisins or dates. Spread between or on top of crisp crackers. No cooking.

SPANISH STEAK.—Take a slice of steak two inches thick, the round preferable. Cut off the fat, cover the bottom of the baking dish with it, and lay in the steak. Cover with a layer of carrot, and on top a layer of thinly-sliced potato, sprinkled with flour. Use a light sprinkling of salt to each layer. Dot with butter, cover with milk, and bake in a moderate oven two hours. Pepper and sliced celery may be added if desired. Cover closely while cooking.

CHERRY TARTLETS.—Cut rings of cake one inch thick, slightly scoop out the centers and fill even with stoned and mashed sweet cherries. On each ring place an orange mould, and garnish with stoned cherries. To make the mould, bring to a boil one cup of orange juice and one cup of water. Thicken with three tablespoons of corn-starch wet with a little cold water. Add gradually and cook three minutes after it begins to boil. Add a pinch of salt and sugar to taste. Cook one minute and slowly pour over three egg whites beaten to a foam, constantly beating. Pour into individual moulds.

BANANA PUDDING.—Soak two tablespoons of gelatin in one and one-half cup of strong cold coffee. Add half a cup of sugar and heat until the gelatin is dissolved, stirring constantly. Strain and set to cool, and add one pint of heavy cream, whipped, and one teaspoon of vanilla before the gelatin begins to stiffen. Beat well. Mould. Garnish with bananas cut into rings.

BANANA WITH MARSHMALLOW SAUCE.—Peel, scrape off any loose fiber, and slice well-ripened bananas crosswise. Place in a serving dish. Make a sauce by boiling together for six minutes one cup of sugar and half a cup of water, then beat in one-half pound of cut-up marshmallows. Pour the sauce over the bananas while hot then set away to cool before serving.

BANANA PIE.—Make a custard by scalding one cup of milk, and stirring in one-half cup of sugar thoroughly mixed with two tablespoons of corn-starch. Cook eight minutes, stirring frequently. Beat one-half cup of sugar with the yolks of three eggs, and pour into this the cooked mixture. Stir well, then return to fire and cook two minutes, stirring continually. Set away to cool. Line a deep pie plate with pastry and bake. When cool, fill with sliced bananas and the custard, in alternate layers, squeezing a little lemon juice over each layer of banana. Beat the three egg whites very stiff, and gradually beat in three tablespoons of granulated sugar. Spread over the pie. Garnish with sweet strawberries or cherries.

BANANA CAKE FILLING.—Two ripe bananas mashed through a potato ricer and mixed with one tablespoon of orange marmalade, one tablespoon of lemon juice and two tablespoons of sugar. Beat well together and spread between layers of cake. Preserved plums or strawberries may be used in place of the orange marmalade.

BANANA SALAD.—Disc ripe bananas, and place in lettuce leaves to form individual portions. Serve with dressing made by bringing to a boil one-fourth cup of pineapple juice, one-fourth cup of orange juice, and one-half lemon. Have all prepared one-fourth cup of sugar and one tablespoon of flour mixed and then wet with three tablespoons of cold water, and into it stir one well-beaten egg. Very gradually add this mixture to the hot fruit juice, and stir until it is thickened and cooked. Set away to cool. When ready to use, fold in one-half cup of whipped cream.

BAKED BANANAS.—The banana may be wiped and baked whole until the steam and heat open the skin. Care must be taken that the banana is intact when cooked this way. Remove from the skin, butter and eat as a vegetable.

Another way is to peel the bananas, scrape, and cut once lengthwise. Sprinkle with sugar (brown is preferable), dot with butter, add a little juice and bake in a fairly hot oven.

CANNED CHERRIES.—The cherries may be pitted or not according to taste. If the stones remain the product will have more of the cherry-bitter flavor, and will require a little more sugar. Fill the jars with cherries, and then with a heavy syrup. Place jars in a hot-water bath and, after the water begins to boil, cook twenty minutes.

CHERRY SYRUP.—Select only ripe and juicy cherries. Use an equal weight of fruit and sugar. Pack into jars in alternating layers until all the fruit and sugar is used. Partly seal and put into hot-water bath with water nearly to the neck of the jars. Boil half an hour, remove jars, pour hot contents into cheese-cloth bags and drain. Return syrup to jars, put them into the hot bath and cook for five minutes after the water boils. Seal. Syrups from any juicy fruits or berries may be prepared in the same way.

CHERRY PIE.—Line a deep pie plate with thinly-rolled pastry that is not too rich. Stone two or more cups of ripe cherries and fill the plate. Mix two tablespoons of flour with one cup of sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of salt, and pour it over the cherries. Dot with butter, wet the edges and cover with pastry. Bake forty-five minutes.

Mike and Pat were visiting a zoo, when they paused before a cage containing a kangaroo. Pat stopped, stared and then nudged Mike. "Hey, Mike, phwat sort ov animal is that?" "That," said Mike, "is a kangaroo." "A kangaroo is it? Mind the length ov its neck. A kangaroo is it?" "That's it," answered Mike, "they're natives of Australia." "Phwat's that yer sayin'!" cried the startled Pat, "natives ov Australia! Lord save us, me sister married wan ov them!"

## Stella Roosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

her brother to her hotel.

Grace insisted upon remaining through the night with her.

"You are not fit to be left alone, and—I want to stay," she pleaded, as Star hesitated about accepting her offer.

So the two young girls passed the night together, and Star, growing confidential, and feeling that some explanation regarding Josephine's insulting remarks that morning was due her friend, told her much concerning her life, and how it had happened that she was at one time an inmate of Mrs. Richards' family; also relating the events that had transpired since she and Mr. Roosevelt left them, and how she had rescued Josephine from the mad dog.

Star was really ill from nervous prostration the next day, and obliged to keep her room; but Miss Meredith regaled curious ears with the whole story of Josephine Richards' danger and Star's courageous defence of her, and all Newport did indeed "ring" even as she had hoped.

Enough could not be said in admiration of the brave girl, while scorn and contempt were freely expressed for the recipients of so much heroism for refusing to acknowledge their indebtedness, and awarding her the commendation she deserved.

Mr. Roosevelt was even more unnerved, when he learned the truth, than he had been the previous day.

He came to her room, wan and haggard, after talking with Miss Meredith, and sank, weak and trembling, into a chair at her side.

"My child," he said, brokenly, as he took both her hands and looked them carefully over with tear-laden eyes, "are you sure you did not get a scratch anywhere?"

"Quite sure, Uncle Jacob," Star replied, reassuringly.

"But you were in terrible danger. Suppose you had not succeeded in pinning him down, and he had turned upon you?" he said, with a shudder.

"I did not think of that," Star answered; "but if I had known that he would turn upon me, I believe I should have tried to save Josephine just the same. Somebody was in danger of being bitten even if she escaped unharm, and I felt that I must strain every nerve and not allow him to get among the company. The dog was a tiny little thing," she went on, flushing and becoming excited as she seemed to live over again that dreadful experience; "but, oh, Uncle Jacob, he was terribly strong. I thought once that I should have to let him go I could not have held him one minute longer."

"We must not talk about it any more; it excites you," Mr. Roosevelt said, soothingly; "but the world would have been very dark for me if anything had happened to you; and—I am bitter enough to feel that Josephine Richards' safety is dearly bought, even at the sacrifice of nothing more than your nerves and strength," he concluded, in a stern tone.

Star reached out one white hand and laid it gently upon his, saying, with grave sweetness, while she wiped away her tears:

"Uncle Jacob, let us not judge too harshly nor be unforgiving. 'Charity,' you know, 'suffereth long and is kind, and never faileth.' Surely you would not have had me run away like a coward, and leave her sitting there playing with that mad creature, knowing that she was in such fearful danger?"

"No," he admitted, reluctantly.

"Just think," Star went on; "she had him in her lap, and I did not speak one instant too soon, for hardly had I told her that he was mad, when he snapped at her. No; I am glad that I did what was right, and Josephine Richards' life was every bit as precious to me yesterday as that of any one else, and I should have done just the same had she been an enemy a hundred-fold more than she is. She has endeavored to injure me, I know, in every possible way, and, in all the ordinary walks of life, I should let her alone. Her spite and ill-will, however bitter, cannot do me any real harm, although they may annoy me exceedingly, and doubtless will, in the end, rebound upon herself; but I am glad that I did not falter yesterday. I did what I could with the kindest of motives; and if she does not feel that she owes me anything, it cannot alter the fact that I did my duty."

## CHAPTER XXX.

"I LOVE HIM STILL."

The first of the week following the events just related, Mrs. Richards and her daughter were suddenly "recalled to Brooklyn."

Newport had become, as Miss Meredith had prophesied, "too hot for them." They were gone almost before any one knew that they contemplated going; and it must be confessed, that it was a great relief to both Star and Mr. Roosevelt when they learned of their flitting, and knew they would be obliged to meet them no more.

Star had recovered her usual health and strength, but she had suffered such a shock that she could not meet or see a dog without a feeling of fear and an almost overpowering weakness, and she never entirely outgrew this feeling during her life.

She had seemed unusually thoughtful, too, since the event. Most people, noticing it, thought it but natural, considering the fearful danger she had been in, but Star had a very different reason for it.

The moment she had returned to consciousness and found herself in Ralph Meredith's arms, seen his agonized looks, heard his tones of fear, realized the passionate, though trembling, clasp in which she was held, the terrible throbbings of his heart as she lay against it, and noted the quiver of his pale lips as he hung over her and begged her to assure him that she was unharmed, she knew that he was no longer what she had hitherto regarded him—merely a kind and congenial friend.

Those signs she had interpreted in a way to make her feel very grave and deeply troubled. She felt that he regarded her with feelings which she knew it would be impossible for her ever to return, and she feared he was cherishing hopes which, if not "nipped in the bud," might ruin his whole life.

His every look and act since that day had told her as plainly as words could have done that he loved her, and she was constantly trying to think of some way to make him discover how hopeless his passion was without bringing matters to a crisis.

One evening they all went for a walk in the park, where they spent an hour listening to the music and strolling about.

As they were returning, Ralph succeeded in securing Star as a companion; perchance his sister knew his design in so doing, and aided him by asking Mr. Roosevelt for his arm and making herself as agreeable as she could to him.

"Come this way," Ralph whispered, leading the fair girl down a path at right angles to the one they had been traversing; "we shall all meet at the gate," and Star could find no reasonable excuse to offer, although her heart beat ominously at the request.

"Miss Gladstone," he said, abruptly, after a rather awkward silence, "I am obliged to return to New York tomorrow."

"Are you?" Star asked in surprise. "Is it not a sudden departure?"

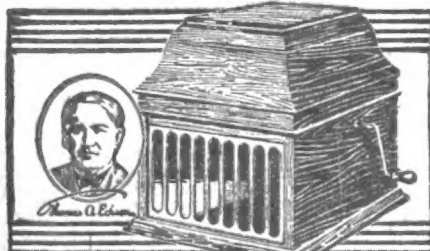
"Rather. I had hoped to remain a week longer."

"Surely your sister does not accompany you? I should miss her sorely; I should regret to lose her more than I can tell you."

The young man's face fell. He had not been included in her regret. But he rallied, and said, lightly:

"My sister is highly favored, Miss Gladstone; (CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)





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# Women in Business

By Frances L. Garside

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THE Guaranty Trust Company of New York employs hundreds of women and for a number of years Miss Eugenia Wallace was engaged to hire them. In this way she learned to read character and as practice made her proficient in developed in time that she never, in her placing of employees, tried to make a round peg fit a square hole.

She became such an authority that she was given the position of vocational adviser and head of the Employment Department of the Central Y. W. C. A. Here she comes in contact with



MISS EUGENIA WALLACE, EMPLOYMENT EXPERT.

hundreds of women every month, some making good, many attaining a proficiency that is amazing, and others making a failure. It is her opinion that women are in business pursuits to stay, and that it is up to them to grow so proficient that their employers will give them the recognition they deserve.

Training, of course, is necessary. "This statement," says Miss Wallace, "should carry no discouragement to the girl or woman who has, by social position, or lack of means, been denied training. I do not mean training in a college or a business school. Both are good; but there comes a training by application and using good common sense."

"The college woman and the woman who has lived entirely within the walls of her home, start out together. The former has the advantage, though not entirely because of her valuable 'book learning,' but because of the knowledge of how to mingle with others, to conduct affairs with them, and still to retain her own personality."

"The woman accustomed to the detail of a neighborhood and home carries that bit of provincialism to the office with her. In the past if she were ill-treated, or snubbed, or her rights in any way imposed upon, she thereafter didn't 'speak' to the offender. In business life, if she

wishes to be a success, she must continue to speak, and she shows a broad vision if she speaks more pleasantly than before. I do not mean that she must become a doorman in business, as I hear the home-bodies charging; I mean that she must rise above all personal differences, all petty tricks and slaps, and go on smiling no matter what happens. She never knows in business how soon a liability may become an asset. In other words, she must put away all personal sensitiveness and cultivate the feeling of impersonality."

"There are many difficulties to be faced in the development of the modern business woman. They arise both from her own conception of the work before her and from the attitude of her employer. She is really a pioneer, and she must expect that she will have to break down some barriers in the minds of the business men. They exist because in some cases the work of women has demanded criticism, and in other cases because the business man has been more or less skeptical about the actual existence of feminine abilities."

"Women," continued Miss Wallace with a sigh, "are either inclined to be overcome with a deep feeling of fear, or they are too positive and assured about the points which they do not fully understand. To the first class belong those women who think the heavens will fall if they attempt anything new."

"Why, they keep on addressing envelopes all their lives because they are afraid that if they undertook more responsible duties they might make a mistake. Then to the other class belong those who are over-confident of their abilities. They are the greatest menace to the entire woman-in-business movements, and they need to find a balance in experience. They are a nuisance and the men are the first to discover the fact."

"As long as women are confined to the clerical labors of a business they are endlessly confronted with some such argument as this: 'Your department costs a great deal but brings in nothing. We cannot afford to add to the expense.' This is always the cry in a non-productive position, and it demonstrates the fact that women must reach out toward positions which are more lucrative because they bring more business in to the firm. Here, again, is where the woman who is mentally and physically upset by the slightest change on her routine in her home, finds it a handicap to branch out in something new in business. She is of the class that is apt to continue addressing envelopes. She hasn't initiative."

"The women lack originality in business. They are too prone to follow the track that is already laid down. They are too afraid to branch out in any new direction taking certain chances, with the possibility of proving that they are right, and of increasing their value because they have discovered something new."

"The woman over forty who is coming into business for the first time is the great problem to employment agencies. She is prone to say: 'I could take an executive position, I know. I was head of our neighborhood Red Cross and we did wonderful work,' etc., etc. She doesn't realize that to be an executive in business she must know something about that business."

"When the women in this class are prepared to start in at a beginner's wage, and when they prepare in themselves an open-minded point of view, they can be placed somewhere in social work where there are real opportunities for advancement. However, there is often a long trail of education to be accomplished before they can even conceive the situation before them, and there are so few places where they can acquire the education without actual hard knocks."

## Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

Then she stepped back, with picturesque grace, and laughed lightly.

"Upon my word, one would think that this was a funeral! I never saw two such lugubrious countenances!" she exclaimed. "I am going out for a few moments now, and I command you both to be in the greatest possible spirits on my return, under penalty of well, of my most severe displeasure. No, you are not going with me, Marian. I have something to which I must attend first. I won't submit to the indignity of having either of you think that I am heartbroken; and that I shall be, if I do not find you radiantly happy on my return. Half an hour, remember, is all that I shall allow you, and I shall expect to find you both here upon my return."

She went out and left them. The smile had faded from her lips before the door was reached; but her face was hidden from them and they did not know. A sudden blindness came over her as she reached the outer door, and she would have fallen but that he who was ever ready when he was needed was at hand—Frederick Underwood.

He, and he alone, understood. He slipped his arm about her waist and led her into a deserted room, placing her with the tenderness of a woman, upon a chair; then he returned and closed the door.

June had drawn Marian more closely to him. She was sobbing, and there were tears upon her cheeks, but he kissed them all away.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "this is not the time to weep. Surely we have wept enough. Is my love so little to you, darling?"

"It is more than life, June," she answered, "and for that reason I can guess something of what this has cost her. Oh, June! what do I not owe her?"

"It is something of which we cannot speak, my darling," he answered simply. "We can only accept the situation as it stands. Let us thank God that the barrier to our union has been removed, and accept the blessing that He has sent in gratitude, and not with comment. Oh, love, I can think of nothing save that you are mine!"

She kissed him of her own will.

"And you love me so well that you can forget everything for my sake? You can overlook the prejudice of years? You can forget that my mother—"

"Hush, sweet! I can forget everything, save that I love you. I love you! My love will save you from every blight that could fall upon your life, Marian, my wife!"

"Dearest heart," she whispered, "how happy I am to tell you that it was all a hideous fraud that was put upon me! How happy I am to tell you that my parentage is equal to your own! How glad I am to have you know that, so far from being insane, my mother has had sufficient to drive a thousand women mad, and yet retains her perfect reason! Oh, June, June! listen while I tell of all the happiness that has come to me within these few days! God has sent me all—all, and more than I could ever have asked; and He has crowned it with your love, my darling. I have nothing left to ask; my happiness is absolute!"

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

UNDERWOOD'S NOBLENESS.

Very slowly, half-hesitatingly, as if he scarcely knew whether to speak or remain silent, Underwood approached Anne Gordon. He stood beside her for a moment and looked down upon her; then he leaned his elbow upon the mantelshelf, as if for a better curb on his emotions, before he allowed himself to speak to her.

She glanced up, and a weary, weak sort of a smile played upon her white features that seemed to madden him; but he did not lose his self-control.

tell you of my undying devotion? Oh, Anne, darling, darling, my whole life, and heart, and soul are yours. I love you so that I feel my but only your toleration, to be allowed to be near you. Don't let me offend you, dear, but command me to be silent, and I shall obey."

There was a depth of passion in his words, a wealth of devotion that touched her to the soul. She recalled the words that had been spoken to her by June Beckwith, and mentally compared that scene with this. She realized in the depths of her soul that June Beckwith was not comparable to this man; that Underwood was the stronger manhood, that Underwood was capable of a self-sacrifice of which June Beckwith would never have dreamed; and yet, with the perversity of womanhood, she loved June Beckwith, and she did not love this man whose strength and generosity appealed to all that was noblest and best within her.

And yet she was proud of his love. It seemed to take from her heart all the sting of that other humiliation, and it was with the deepest gratitude that she leaned forward and placed her cheek against Underwood's love for just a moment.

"Will you think me very weak when I tell you for your words?" she asked. "Will you cease to care for a woman so light of soul when I tell you that no consolation you could have offered me would have equalled this? Oh, it is so sweet to an aching heart to know that it is not alone in its sorrow! You cannot expect me to regret your love, even for your sake when it is like balm to my heart. Wait," as she saw him about to speak; "you must not misunderstand me. I would be worse than ever were I to say that there is any love in my heart to give you in return. There is not. I loved—him. I don't know when I grew to love him, nor why; but the fact remains the same, and my soul is too sore to even understand it all yet. I would not allow them to suspect it, for fear of spoiling one ray of their happiness together; for I speak the truth when I tell you that I would not rob them of it if I could. But—there has come—a second love has bruised life, Fred."

He drew her to him and kissed her reverently, not passionately.

"Thank you for those words!" he said, with bowed head, scarcely above a whisper. "I had not served more faithfully for Rachel than shall I for you. And why not? Is not the promised reward infinite?"

"And if that time ever comes, should you be content to be the second?"

"More than content. I know your noble nature too well to think that you would limit the magnitude of my love by offering it less than that which you have already known. I trust you implicitly, Anne."

Who was it that warned Paul Reads of his danger?

No one ever knew. When they went to look for him he was gone, without leaving trace of any kind behind. He had not even told the servants of his intended departure from home; he had not taken any clothes, and everything of the household was left exactly as it had been; but the disappearance was as complete as if he had been wiped from the face of the earth.

Neither Marian nor her mother regretted the fact, for there was his mother to be considered, she from whom Marian had known nothing but tenderness and love during all the years of her lonely young life.

And both Marian and her mother repaid that love amply. Nothing is ever said in Just Reads's presence whereby the sin of her son can be brought to her mind. In her old days she sees nothing but love and happiness about her; and if her own life is shadowed by the knowledge of what her son cost both those unselfish women, she endeavors to conceal it and share in their contentment.

June would not listen to a postponement of their marriage, but less than a month after Marian was restored to him she became his wife.

Anne Gordon was present at the wedding. Her serene countenance told no tales; it was no expression save the unaltered sweetness of the saint she was.

But that sweet friendship that had been so much to both her and Marian, in the dear old days when they had been so much to each other, was never quite restored. There was a certain constraint when they were together, an avoidance of the subject of the past, a hesitation in manner that each knew the other felt.

June Beckwith was still standing between them, as he did to the last day of their lives, even after Anne Gordon had pledged her troth to him whom she had tried and not found wanting.

And yet there is perfect peace, perfect contentment at last; for love has found the way.

THE END.

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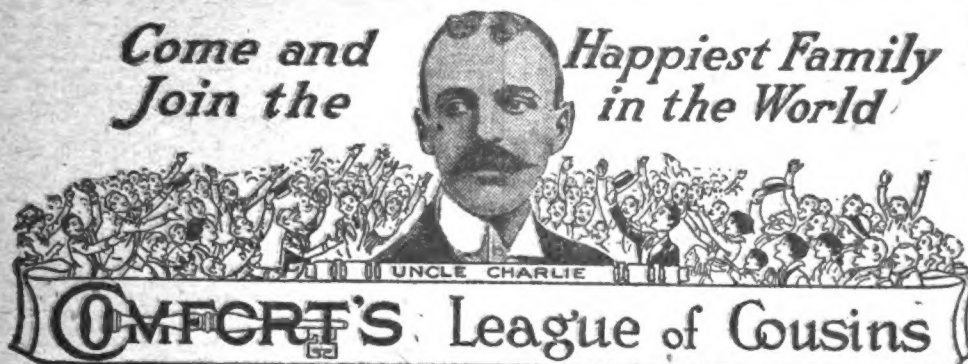


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It will be 146 years ago the Fourth of this month of July since Uncle Sam commenced national housekeeping for himself and declared he was going to collect his own taxes in the future and see that they were expended in the way he himself wanted. Uncle Sam was young in those days, and though he had the best of causes—which he most punyly outlined—for seeking to go his own way, yet his action was one that rather naturally develops in all young and newly-settled outgrowths of a parent state. The new community or colony having passed beyond the days of coddling and governmental leading strings, begins to take longer strides, wants spending money of its own, sniffs the air of freedom, and ends by desiring complete freedom of action and national will. Without doubt, even if a high-headed, high-handed and distant government had not raised the temper of our forefathers from exasperation to the white heat of an indignation that required freedom as its only answer—yet even without these aggravating and hastening causes, separation from Great Britain would have come in one way or another, I believe, before many years had passed over growing Uncle Sam and his young and active head.

For Declarations of Independence spring easily to the lips and from the pens of young colonies in the same manner and from the same causes that a desire for freedom of action comes to many young people who believe themselves suffering injustices of parental control and who, in even milder-governed homes, begin to feel a wish to think and act for themselves. Yet youth must watch that its declarations of independence are as well founded as was the famous one of Uncle Sam's historic making. Among the letters I receive every month, I read many where boys and girls complain of home conditions and of the, to them, annoying regulations of parental control. There are some of these letters which show where restrictions of youthful liberty and pursuit of happiness have passed all proper measure, but in others that are sent me I find a much poorer case is made. I can read between the lines and see that the freedom desired is not that which will be put to the best of use by the young rebel.

For when we crave independence of action we should first ask ourselves to what use we mean to put our new liberty, or whether we are only to gain freedom which will allow us to throw aside responsibility and obedience in ways to injure our own lives.

Revolt and independence are not good in themselves; that is only good which can happily result from these reactions of freedom. When a boy or a girl turns away from home and the natural authority of household and blood ties, the task of proving the necessity of that action must rest on the maker. Even the best of excuses is not sufficient; it is the results that come after which must count and register the value of the decision of separation. When free of the real or fancied galling direction of parents, when away from just or unjust direction and control—then it is only through self-control, self-direction and self-discipline on the part of rebelling youth that justification can come. For we gain nothing in turning away from authority if we have nothing better ourselves to offer and are unable to show any self-growth as the result of our freedom-seeking.

There are instances—and I read many such unhappy, bitter and earnest letters—where a boy or girl is thoroughly justified in dissolving home ties. But when the declaration of independence is made, let the human document be justified by action; let liberty be shown to have been necessary for the winning; let youth step forth to a course that shows successful and righteous achievement. For even our own great nation must have failed if civil and moral principles had been abandoned by its founders; and so, too, no individual can find "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" if the freedom earned is not used to set heart and soul free through the greatest independence of all—the learning to love and work and sacrifice together for the common good. This is the independence that will set the world liberated from poverty and disease, from the crimes of industrial selfishness and the dangers of national rivalries and ambitions.

"Youth must be served," but there is also a service that youth must render, a debt that must be paid when boys and girls of this generation step out in their newly-won independence to a world which is truly theirs because they are the last comers. The debt and service they owe is to make this world of theirs what the next generation must find it—a fairer and better living place for their children that are to be.

In our striving, we cannot go far wrong today if we work in the spirit in which the men of 146 years ago worked and planned. They sought no freedom for selfish ends of time and place. In liberated country might and could become, and they labored valiantly and sincerely to make their dream come true. As a result of the foundation these men laid, we Americans are able to enjoy the greatest amount of governmental independence, perhaps, of any of the world's nations. This condition has worked to make us personally independent; we are a nation of individualists, and often selfish ones as individualists must mostly be. Involved in our own schemes and self-seeking, our hope goes no further than our plans and pocketbooks, and we can care but little for our country because we are turned so closely to our own good. We forget to build for the coming generation so long as our own roof is tight. We read unheeding the warning that "where there is no vision the people perish."

So we need, I say, to guard that our freedom be not freedom only to exercise thinly-disguised selfishness. Let us make our declaration of independence one that declares us free of every evil thing, and of the sins that so easily beset us. Let all of us, young and old, work together in the full liberty of loving service to make our country what it was founded to be this almost century and a half ago—the freest and happiest part of this twirling globe of God.

And now for the letters.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA: Hello, there, Uncle! I'm glad to meet you and the rest of the cousins. We've been taking COMFORT for about thirteen years and I like it. I'm sending Billy a picture of myself to let him look at while you print my letter—and don't let him laugh himself to death over it. If you can read these crows tracks, Uncle, you're a good one. Well, guess I'll describe myself before I forget: I'm five feet, five inches

tail and weigh a hundred and twenty-two pounds. I'm a blondish brunette and have a light complexion with about eight little freckles on my nose. And say, Uncle, I wish you could taste some of my half-baked cake. Of course I can do better now, so I'm inviting you and Augustus Trick out to dinner. And I'm going to decorate my table with powder puffs. Won't that be fine? But, anyway, Augustus is right about some of the girls powdering too much. In my town some of the girls are that way; they powder so much that you can walk behind them and follow their trail as it falls off. But I haven't much time to powder. Instead of that I mud-ball with the boys at school. And you would think I had never seen water for a year. I had to wash today. I started at half-past six and was done at ten o'clock. I've a little more to say: there aren't many girls that are as bad as Augustus thinks they are. There are a few bad boys, too. They smoke cigars, buy hooch, get drunk and disobey their parents. But I don't mean all boys, because there's lots of good ones. That includes you, too, Uncle. You're a boy, too—only grown big. Well, give my best wishes to the cousins and Billy, and keep some for yourself, Uncle dear. And tell the boys and girls to write to me. Bye-bye! MAY ELLA HENSLER

P. S. If this letter isn't long enough, Uncle, I'll write one as long as the Bible the next time.

It's always well to have one's freckles carefully counted, Mary Ella, and I'm glad you have your freckle census completed and results audited. I thought I counted nine in the charming photograph you sent me, but perhaps one of 'em was a horse-fly. I think eight to a nose is a good ration, although some substantial noses can stand twelve without bending. I knew a girl once who used to spend forty minutes of each day trying to count her freckles and the poor thing could never get the thing straight or come out the same at the end of each day's count. It was hard for her, because she was cross-eyed and would sometimes forget which side of her face she had counted last. She tried all sorts of schemes, blocking her countenance off into squares with red ink, and other clever plans, and finally she bought an adding machine, but this was money thrown away for it would only register up to three million. So she threw the blame thing in the creek, gave up counting, and bought a powder puff five inches in diameter. This was before the days of Augustus. I mean Cousin Gus, of course, and not the Roman emperor—for no girl who had read the proclamations coming from Muncy, Pa., would ever turn to a powder puff, not even if her freckle census ran into twelve figures.

Mary Ella, you must not get so much mud on you that it takes you from half-past six to ten of a summer morning to get washed up. You may be getting so much of Apple River loam on your nose that your eight freckles will be obscured and you cannot count them correctly.

If your cakes are only half baked, Mary E., your ideas are not. They are light and digestible. I think you are considerable of a cheerful philosopher. At any rate, you are willing to accept boys and girls as you find 'em—and you can find plenty of good in 'em. I can, too, Mary Ella.

YAKIMA, WASHINGTON.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA: I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and seeing the Cousins' letters about the West, I thought I would write one. I was born in Oregon before the railroad came. My parents crossed the plains with an ox team. I went to a little schoolhouse built of logs. Our seats were split logs with three pegs in for legs. We sat on the smooth side. Our heat came from an old chimney built of rocks and mud. We had three months of school each year; the rest of the year we boys played ball and other games. There were very few stoves, and we happened not to have any in our house. We had a rock chimney and a "dutch oven,"—in other words, a three-legged skillet with a lid which my mother covered over with hot coals from the fire to cook our bread. I was very much afraid of the Indians and I finally learned to talk their language. Now they are very civilized and harmless. I am acquainted with the Indians that made the visit to see President Harding a few months ago.

I came to the Yakima Valley in Washington from the Willamette Valley in Oregon forty years ago. Everything had to be hauled from the Dalles, Oregon, with freight wagons for a hundred miles. This country then was wild sagebrush, rocks, rattlesnakes, and the Indians wore blankets and long hair. Today they go with their hair shingled and as well dressed as the whites. At present the Yakima Valley has become one of the best fruit districts in the U. S. As I have never been out of Oregon and Washington, I would like to see a level country, so I am thinking of seeing the U. S. first and taking a trip East.

Well, this is the first letter I have ever written to COMFORT, and if it is fit to print, do so, but do not print my name and address.

Your nephew, DAVE OF WASHINGTON.

It is good once in a while to have a voice tell of past years, Dave, and remind us, as you do, of what has been the astounding growth of our great Western empire during the past half century. With his axe and other tools, his pioneer energy and his habits of toil learned in subduing lands left behind him, the white man moved westward with the vanishing sun as a leader. And, like enchantment, towns and church spires rose and homes grew where the Indian for so long had freely hunted and roamed.

Pushed backward, aside and underground, the Indian was forced to give way to the men of this new race, bringing the magic of steady industry and adding the power of steam and steel to their native strength. With the coming of the railroad, the "iron horse," the spread of the white man's magic was immensely widened and hastened. The days of the pony-riding, buffalo-hunting, eagle-feathered and blanket-wearing Indian were no more. So race has succeeded race on the fretted surface of old earth and sometimes the records of such ancient changing and passages are hard to read. As we do not know for certain the color and habits of those men who lived, fought and died in North America thousands of years ago, so we cannot tell of what race and color may be the men who far fires above some of our buried cities. The remembering of such things as these helps us to better adjust the outlook and incidents of our own transitory lives to the thousands and ten thousands of years in which Time works when dealing with this and other planets. Probably there was a Date Growers' Association in Assyria thirty or forty centuries ago, and it is hard to reckon what may be the fate or standing of Yakima apples in the year 4000, for instance. But let us hope prices will be good for the men who sell them then!

When you make your trip East, Dave, Drop in to see me and bring along a big Skookum apple in your pocket to feed to Billy as you and



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Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

Bring them to your people.

### The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

### Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

**Pepsodent**  
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The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

I talk a little Indian together. I learned mine from a cigar store warrior twenty years ago. I will say, "Ooogly, oogle stah! Un skun skise," when I see you, Dave. This is Sioux for—but why tell you? You know just as well as I do. I was interested to hear of those civilized Indians that have their hair shingled, David. These must be part of the tribe of "wooden Indians" about whom I have often read.

AUBURNDALE, R. R. 1, Box 39, FLA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA: I am a little girl ten years old. I have read COMFORT about a year or longer and I like it fine. I live in the country and like it out here. I go to school in the country and am in the fourth grade. I like my teacher fine. Mother said that my letter would be thrown in the waste-basket.

Your loving niece, SUSIE KNOWLES.

Mothers are rather remarkable creatures, Susie, as you have probably noticed, and they have a mysterious way of being always right. It is a very nice thing that they are that way, for when they have boys and girls to manage there are so many things they have to be right about. However, here is one instance where a mother was wrong, Susie. Your letter was not "thrown" in the waste-basket, or even thrown where Billy's nose might find it. But as it is your mother, and I'm sure she is the best sort of a one, I will not count this mistake against her. Probably it is the first she has made in the ten years you have known her. And you must not let this first mistake make you doubt her, Susie, for I think it is very much of a certainty that she will not be wrong again during the next ten years of your acquaintance.

MUNCY, R. R. 6, PA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Hello, everybody! Aw, now you girls needn't frown so just because I am back once more. Gee, can't you give a fellow a smile once in a while?

Well, a year has rolled around since I wrote my first letter to the League of Cousins and by way of properly celebrating the event I'm here again. Yet by the frowns I see I guess some of you wish I'd stayed another year. But I've got a mind all my own, and so here I am.

First of all, let me thank Billy for his excellent thinking qualities. He sure handed me a compliment in answer to my last letter. But I was also handed something else. Oh, you'd like to know what? Well, to be exacting and precise, I was handed two powder

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

### Also starch and acids

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth, and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalis. Thus these teeth protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

### They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. You know yourself, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing methods are inadequate.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

### A few days will tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Do this now. The effects will delight you and lead to constant delights. To all in your home they may bring new beauty, new protection for the teeth.

### 10-Day Tube Free 770

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

puffs and something over 1700 letters and a few score postcards. But I value Billy's gift far more than the rest of the bunch, for it goes to show that even goats are possessed of intelligence.

Now for a brief word on the ever new subject—Girls and their powder puffs. As Ruth acted as spokesgirl for the girl population, I will say something first about her letter. I will try to be fair in my criticism. I want to ask, first of all, Who said I was prejudiced against girls? Of course a few hundred of them think I am a woman-hater, but who dares to say it is a fact? Does it necessarily prove that just because I said I could have just as good a time with boys as with girls, that I hate girls? Rather, doesn't it show a little of the proper boy spirit? I'd call a boy a "slimy" if he were otherwise. Could it not be possible for me to also enjoy the company of girls? Think it over.

Now for the welfare question: It is true that companions must be selected with care, for one miss leads to many. Bad companionship is the cause of the downfall of thousands of boys and girls. And I agree with you, Ruth, in saying home conditions contribute a lot toward the future of all boys and girls. Too strict home methods are worse than those that aren't so strict. Young folks that are literally "caged" in their homes, with few privileges, are bound to be more or less wild when they escape the surveillance of parents.

One girl confessed to me that her mother taught her to smoke cigarettes. Being one of high society, it was style to smoke. Now if style demands that girls should smoke, I think style should be abolished.

The same applies to the use of cosmetics. It is the fashion to use them. In our big cities we cannot go to any gathering and find many who do not use the use of a little powder; but as for rouge, I despise it. I cannot help but think that if girls would get a little more sleep and fresh air, their complexions would not require the aid of so much make-up to make them attractive. And what is more, its use actually ruins the complexion. Those who use it for a long time look faded without its use. Isn't that sufficient proof?

A certain girl with whom I corresponded for a short time became peeved at my plain talk concerning the latest dances and mode of dress. She said that I was "no gentleman" to say such things. Then she went on to say that she never associated with any but "perfect gentlemen," and further on she informed me that every man or boy she was ever with had tried to act "fresh."

Now here's the point: I was no gentleman for talking plain, but her associates were perfect gentlemen even if

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)





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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

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# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Beauty from the Inside Out

LOVELY flowers have their roots way out of sight and on what those roots get in the way of nourishment and drink depends all the beauty and even the life of the flowers.

Lovely ladies are much like flowers. They may have an outward seeming that is beautiful to behold but it will not remain so unless the roots of that beauty are given the care and attention they need.

Beauty has its birth inside the body and finds its way to the surface only if we are careful to make the way easy for it. You can't grow a flower from the blossom down to the root, but only by starting out of sight way down in the soil.

Take this lesson to heart and realize that beauty must come from within. It has two sources—physical and spiritual. Clear skins, clear eyes, freedom from pimples, blackheads, sallow skin, a body that is not too thin and not too fat—all these are physical and depend upon the attention you are paying to that little inside of yours. Beautiful curves to the mouth, a lovely expression in the eyes, a soft voice, gracious movements of the body, while in part physical must also depend upon the spiritual—that is, upon what you feel and think and do. Your spiritual self finds expression through eyes, mouth, voice, movement. Be sure the disclosure is something of which you may be proud.

Now about the physical. Of course it goes without saying that proper food has much to do with beauty. A body that is not properly nourished is anemic, thin, sallow or perhaps, on the other hand, fat, sluggish, pimply. I have told you much about foods that I do not need to re-enumerate again the good and the bad. But I must emphasize the fact that the digestive and eliminative organs must not be allowed to become sluggish else the best food in the world may do you little good and your system may become clogged with waste products. You must give those organs enough fluid, of course, to help the elimination, but you must also give the body enough exercise so that each organ is stimulated to action. Outdoor exercise and air should form a part of every day—very active exercise, if possible, but at any rate a walk of some length. This should be supplemented by indoor exercise designed to stimulate all the eliminative organs. Deep-breathing exercises for not less than five minutes should begin the day, taken by an open window and with no constricting clothing.

Follow these with abdominal exercises, after drinking a glass of water. The familiar exercise to be taken lying flat on the bed, arms at side, and consisting of raising one leg at right angles with the body without bending the knee, then lowering it as slowly as you possibly can also without bending the knee, is perhaps the best. Practice this ten or fifteen times with one leg, then with the other, then with both, bringing the legs as nearly to right angles with the body as your unaccustomed muscles permit. Persist in this practice until you can make the perfect right angle, even though it may take you many weeks, and then persist in it for good health's sake.

At night before retiring, see that you have taken a glass of water at least an hour before, then practice the bending exercise, standing with heels together, toes slightly out, hands raised above head. Without bending the elbows or knees, throw arms out and down in an attempt to touch the floor with the finger-tips. Practice ten or fifteen times.

Of course take a complete body bath daily. The skin sheds tiny scales throughout the day, and these clog the pores. Sponge the surface of the body at night, if you do not take a tub bath, and rub it dry, the friction speeding up the circulation and thus performing good deeds for the skin. In the morning again, either take a tub bath or a complete sponge. I prefer a tub bath at night, warm and luxurious, just before going to bed, and a sponge somewhat cool in the morning to make one feel brisk and energetic.

Pimples are an indication of something wrong with the digestive and eliminative functions. Be sure your bodily habits are right, then correct your food, cutting out rich or over-sweet foods, and fats as well.

Blackheads are merely an impolite way of saying that your face isn't clean! Truly! All you need is soap and water regularly, over the whole body. Better use a camel's-hair complexion brush to cleanse your face every night. Don't wield it too vigorously, and do not rub soap on it or the face. Merely dip the brush in soapy water before applying it. Then rinse the face thoroughly after. And don't use a more bristly brush than camel's hair or you will injure your skin.

You can't be beautiful unless you are so from the inside out, remember, so start now at the roots!

### Answers to Questions

**ANXIOUS.**—I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to answer questions by mail. You see, so many people can be reached by an answer in *COMFORT*, and only one by a letter; and we want to help the greater number. Then, of course, the service of this department is intended for the regular readers of *COMFORT*. Why don't you send in half a dollar for a year's subscription and thus become a member of the Pretty Girls' Club? Or one dollar will pay for the magazine for three years! In the meantime I am going to answer your questions and hope you may see this issue of our friendly magazine. Cold cream certainly does not injure the skin; it is good for it. But the face must be perfectly clean before it is applied. At night give the facial skin a thorough but gentle scrubbing with a camel's-hair complexion brush or a soft washcloth dipped in soapy water which is quite warm. Do not rub soap on the skin, of course. Rinse the face many times, and dry. Then dipping the tips of the fingers in the cold cream apply to the face and rub in gently until it is all absorbed. Wipe over the surface of the skin gently with a pad of cotton batting afterward. In the morning bathe the face with tepid water. You say your skin is rough; you may have been using soap directly on the face; or perhaps you haven't been quite careful to keep it perfectly clean. You say your skin looks like "butter-milk dried." I am inclined to think you have been overgenerous with the amount of cold cream you have applied, then have not rubbed it all in nor wiped off the surface after, and have not washed the face thoroughly in the morning. But let me say something else; at your age you really do not need cold cream! Better let the skin en-

tirely alone, only being careful to bathe the entire body daily, to cleanse the skin before going to bed, to drink lots of water that impurities may be carried from the body, to eat three times a day but not between meals, to choose your foods carefully, and to exercise. That means outdoor exercise, of course, though you may supplement it with indoor exercise, as well. Walk, and go berrying, and swim if there is opportunity, play tennis,—do whatever is possible where you live. Outdoor air is always possible, however, and the exercise of walking or climbing hills is open to everybody. You say you want to increase your weight. Exercise, which by making organs function properly adds weight to thin people and takes weight from fat people—and proper food, and careful daily body bathing will make you gain. The foods which will add flesh are potatoes, rice, butter, white bread (not hot), butter, milk, cream, cereals. Eat lots of green vegetables and fresh fruits. Don't eat fried foods, nor foods cooked in much grease. A good breakfast is a huge bowl of cooked cereal with cream or milk, and very little sugar. A couple of slices of toasted bread with butter, a glass of milk, a dish of stewed prunes or apple sauce, or a baked apple or a dish of berries, a slice of melon, sliced peaches—something in the way of fruit. A good dinner consists of three or four ounces of roast beef or beefsteak (broiled), or roast or fricasseed chicken; a baked potato, white bread and butter, some stewed carrots or string beans or asparagus or peas or spinach or other greens, etc. And for dessert again, some of the fruits, or a corn-starch blanc mange with cream, baked custard, ice cream, rice pudding, etc. Pork (except bacon), veal and all fried foods are hard to digest; pies and cakes and rich vegetables are also, though a piece of cake occasionally will not hurt you. Food between meals is bad for you because it overworks your stomach, though a growing girl could have a glass of milk between breakfast and dinner and one between dinner and supper. A good supper would be a glass of milk or a bowl of milk toast, a soft-boiled egg, and some dessert. Creamed codfish makes a good supper dish; tomato toast (tomatoes heated with salt and a little butter, and poured over slices of buttered toast), soup, scrambled eggs, cold meat, creamed potatoes—any or all of these are good supper dishes. About rouge and powder, if I were you I should not use these until some years later. They are not necessary, they are bad for the skin of a young girl and, perhaps, worst of all, they are unfashionable for the young girl. And who wants to be out of the fashion? The best families and the most fashionable young girls do not include rouge or powder among the permissible things. If you want color in your cheeks, it is obtainable at your age by proper outdoor exercise and plenty of good food. It will do no harm after bathing to apply a little talcum powder with a soft pad of cotton—just dusting the face with it; but beyond that I should let my skin alone. You will be a much more beautiful young woman if you do.

**NEW YORK, R. F. D.**—Of course the best way to remove moles is by electrolysis, administered by a skilled operator. Moles tampered with by the amateur sometimes develop into more serious conditions; while at the best there is often a slight scar left which is less desirable than the mole itself. With these cautions, which please bear in mind, I may say that a method of removing moles which is sometimes recommended consists in moistening salicylic acid with alcohol or glycerine and applying to the mole, tying a cloth over the application to keep it on the mole for half an hour. The acid eats away the morbid tissue and when the spot heals up it is less in size. Three applications are said to remove the mole, usually. My own advice is not to apply anything. If you can have your mole removed by electrolysis, well and good, but otherwise I should let well enough alone.

**A. H. D.**—To remove hair from the armpits, add four ounces of water to one ounce of sulphate of barium. Wet corn-starch with this solution and make with it a spreadable paste. Apply to the hairy spots. Leave on only until dry or the skin will be burned and irritated. Scrape off the paste with the blunt edge of a silver knife or of a bone paper cutter, and the hair will come with it. Bathe and rub in a little cold cream.

**GOLDIE.**—Coffee three times a day! My dear, no wonder your complexion is out of order. Cut yourself down at once to one cup of coffee a day, be sure that you drink it as soon as it comes to a boil, or rather, that it is poured off the grounds as soon as it comes to a boil. Drink your coffee in the morning or at noon, but never at night. Coffee is an disastrous taken in excessive quantities as some of the drugs which we call injurious. Accustomed to so much coffee, you will feel all "let down," when you cut your allowance, but after a week this feeling should wear away. Do not drink with your meals, that is while there is food in your mouth, as this is bad for your digestion. The red blotches of which you speak are of course from indigestion, or rather the derangement of your digestive apparatus. Drink a glass of water half an hour before each meal, and other glasses of water between meals, so that you get about eight glasses of water daily. In

**COUNTRY SCHOOLTEACHER.**—Your question is out of my province, but I am answering it just the same. Here are the names of a few companies which produce moving pictures. Let me advise you, however, that you have no chance of getting into the movies unless you are where the companies are producing, and then there is only a bare chance that you could get employed for an "extra," which means to form part of a scene. Such employment is intermittent and nothing to seek to enter. Better stick to your story-writing. Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. Goldwyn Film Corporation, 16 East 42nd St., New York City. Fox Film Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City. Vitaphone Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. These addresses are of the offices of the concerns; their studios are in New York, California, etc., etc.

**BROWN EYES.**—No, I do not know of anything that will permanently remove superfluous hair from the legs. Using ammonia one day and peroxide of hydrogen the next, to dampen the hairy spots, may do less in time, and will in any case make the hair less noticeable. A depilatory would only remove it temporarily, and back it would come livelier than ever.

**SMILES.**—If I were you I would not tamper with that birthmark. You are likely to leave a scar in its place. You might do this, however: Wet the spot, powder it white, then apply a layer of flexible collodion, which you can buy of your druggist, using flesh-colored powder over that after it has dried. This may camouflage the spot. If it is a very large spot, this may not work, but try it. The only method of removal, other than by electrolysis, is to cover the surrounding skin with vaseline or lard, then burn off the scar with a strong acid, but as I do not approve of this in the hands of an amateur, I do not feel that I should tell you the name of the acid. My dear, I am sure you would only have a worse scar for your pains, I am sure. Try the collodion, which may prove a feasible method of concealing the spot. Of course you would constantly have to renew the application.

**W. W.**—The cause of blackheads and pimples on back and shoulders is inattention to the care of the skin. Begin taking a complete body bath daily. Better take a warm bath with soap in the water, at night; rinsing the body thoroughly afterward, and rubbing it vigorously with a bath towel; and in the morning give the skin a cold sponge and another brisk friction. Eat sensible foods; see answer to "Anxious." Dark rings under the eyes mean that your health is not in good condition; sometimes it means injurious habits. Take stock of yourself and see what is wrong. Exercise more than you do. A body needs lots of good hard exercise every day. And enough sleep with the windows wide open. Food and exercise and proper body bathing daily will build you up into perfect health and strength if you will get right to work at it with a will. Pimples are only one way the body has of trying to throw off its impurities. See that the eliminative organs function properly. Plenty of water, fruit and exercise will help you in this.

**GRAY EYES.**—For the rough red hands, be careful not to use too much soap, and then to use, if possible, a mild soap as possible and to dry the hands thoroughly. One thing apt to make hands rough and red is to get them in hot water, then take them out with a lacy drying, and do something else in the kitchen or about the house, put them back again, and so on. Changes of temperature affect the hands badly. A little ground oatmeal is good to rub on the hands after drying or almond meal. And bran water is excellent in which to wash the hands—rinse the hands after an ordinary cleansing wash. You can make the bran water by adding bran to boiling water and letting it boil a short time, then cool and strain, using as needed. Corn-meal isn't bad to use to rub the hands in after drying. A few drops of tincture of benzoin added to the water in which you rinse your hands will soften the water and be beneficial. Now about the pimples. There is probably something the matter with either your diet or the condition of your bowels. Take a body bath daily. If you haven't a bathtub, you can fold a towel to stand on and give yourself a quick sponge with warm water, and a rinsing sponge with cold water, without having more than a wash-bowl and a towel. Do this every day. But this is essential to your bodily health as well as your personal appearance. Be careful that you do not get chilled in taking this sponge; uncover only part of your body at a time, and when washed and dried, cover up before washing another portion of the body. With your skin, however, you ought to avoid greasy foods and too much sugar—rich meats, cakes and sweets and desserts. If you are quite girlish in appearance and have fairly long hair, it is all right to keep it braided. A cut lemon rubbed on your freckles may bleach them. As a matter of fact, freckles are beneath the skin and only something which peels the skin off really disposes of them. If they are summer freckles, I would let them alone until fall, and then dispose of them ready for next summer. Taking them off now renders the skin tender, and new freckles are apt to come much more numerous than before. In the winter, when once taken off, there are several months for the skin to toughen again.

**BROWN EYES B. Y. P. V.**—If your lips are not red, it indicates that you are not in as good a physical condition as you should be. You must at once begin to exercise daily and vigorously, outdoors, and if possible and indoors when you can't get outdoor exercise. You can always take a walk every day, can you not, and a good long one? Then practice arm exercises and deep breathing. A good way to practice deep breathing is to stand in front of your open window, and in the morning (or at any time for the matter of that), and standing perfectly erect with the chest raised and the arms at sides, breathe in slowly through the nose (keeping the mouth closed) until your lungs have all the air they can hold. Wait a moment, then let the breath out again, not in one gasp but very, very slowly indeed. Do this over and over again. Deep breathing can be practiced when you are outdoors, and anything which increases your lung capacity will improve your health and start you on the way to the red lips you desire. Then eat plenty of nourishing food, be careful about your bowels, and use a depilatory (see answer to "Gray Eyes"), drink lots of water, and take part in every healthy outdoor game you can. I imagine from your description that the little "spots" of which you complain are whitish. These form under the skin and indicate that your processes of elimination are not functioning as they should, and probably that your circulation is not good (the pale lips testify to this, also). So get it right away. It would be a good idea, in the meantime, for you to massage your face nightly. Dip your fingers into your cold cream jar and liberally smear the face, which should first have been washed in hot soapy water and rinsed very thoroughly indeed. Then using the flat of the fingers, massage the face all over very thoroughly. In massaging the cheeks, rub always up, never down, starting at the chin and massaging up toward the temples. In massaging the forehead rub first from temple to temple many times, then up and down first in one spot of forehead, then in another until you have gone over all. This must be with a very gentle pinching motion, with thumb and forefinger, beginning at bridge of nose and following on down the nose to the tip. This will probably help to loosen up these little spots of secretions which have formed under the skin.

I repeat the caution I gave last month—protect your skin from the injurious effect of summer sun and wind by applying a good cold cream and powder to face and neck before going outdoors, also lotion on hands after washing. Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care *COMFORT*, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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A SKIN WITHOUT BLEMISH MEANS A PROPER DIET.



# LOVE LETTERS FOR AUNTIE



By  
Yetta Kay Stoddard

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**H**AVE you ever taken care of a carper? A capacious, caving, cantankerous old man? An irritable, irritating, precious old dear? That was Bemie Anthony's job in the house of her ill-tempered and cross-grained, insolent and abusive, grandfather, "Brick" Anthony. And she had given up prospects of a happy home with Ben Appelmann, for this; for dressing and undressing old Brick; for feeding him, keeping him clean and well and not wholly disgusted with the childish helplessness of his declining years; for making herself the target of his insults—particularly for this target-business, it seemed.

And here's another question: Have you at the same time tried to supervise the rearing of a Darling Boy? A ten-year-old, handsome, fire-eating late edition of the contentious other charge on your hands? Two whirlwinds? Twins with the space of seventy years between? Well, that's Bemie—her other job.

The Anthonys were redheads, and they married redheads. From being a perpetual nickname, "Brick" had been raised to the dignity of baptism at the time Grandpa Brick was eight days old. His son, Brick, was Bemie's father; his grandson, Brick III, this "Little Brick's" father. Don't worry about the similarity of names, for at the time Bemie gave up hopes of Ben Appelmann and came across town to look after her grandfather and nephew, there was no other Anthonys. Old Brick, Little Brick, Bemie, Ben. That's the list. No. I beg pardon. There was also another Bemie. She was Old Brick's little love, his bride, his eternal sweetheart, dead these fifty-odd years and yet there in the house with the three of them, a fresh and lovely memory—though neither Little Brick nor his patient auntie had ever seen her.

"Well, I'm blest to my sole-leathers, Bemie, if you aren't the last word in numskullity! Fool-woman, empty-pate, are your brains scrambled, too? Didn't I say poached, poached, POACHED?"

"Grandpa, dear! I was sure you said scrambled. But it doesn't matter at all. I'll just bring you two others. It won't take two minutes."

"Two! You drooling dunce! If you bring me eggs underdone I'll—"

"You'll send me back—won't you? And I'll go! I'll have your eggs right or I'll die in the doing."

"And take all day to it, you're that mortally slow. My heavens! Here I am, starving to death and you stand talking and promising and wasting gas, time, temper. Get along! Get along, before I say something you'll be sorry for, you daughter of ancient imbecility! You—"

"You stop! Great-grandfather! You gotta stop talking to my auntie like she was bad! I'll, I'll—I'll do something awful if you don't stop. Are you going to stop? Are you?"

Little Brick had his fists doubled under his great-grandfather's right eye. His mop of red hair flapped with the vehemence of his emotion. Bemie, holding the breakfast tray aloft, put her disengaged arm around Little Brick's neck and brought him to the door. Outside, in the kitchen, she was there—there in her soothingly to the accompaniment of her own perturbed, her frantic haste to get a pair of eggs poached.

"There—there, Brick, darling! Great-grandfather doesn't mean a word nor a sound of the bad things he says to me. It's just his oldness, Brick. When you and I are old—"

"You're old, now, Auntie."

"The hurt! Oh, nothing that Old Brick had ever flung at her tortured her like this gentle stab of Little Brick's. Was she aging? Was the fault-finding of the frangible one, the responsibility of mothering her two Bricks, getting the best of her? Why, it must not! She was too necessary to them. Grandpa might live twenty years yet and Little Brick would hardly be ready in less time to face the world and a possible wife."

"But not so old as your Great-grandfather, remember, dear one. And Great-grandfather was once a little red-haired boy like you, doubling his fists and saying big bad words, maybe, when he should not. You should not. Do you understand, Brick? You must learn loving, loving. It's your only safe way, Darling Boy."

"I do love you. I love you and it makes me mad when he gets to hollering and calling names. I could holler louder and I could call him ten thousand times as worse names as he knows. I could hit him in the eye!"

"Brick! You must not. You—"

A great thumping interrupted Bemie's terrified remonstrances.

"Are you waiting for the hens to lay those eggs? My limping lady-laggard, if you don't bring me some breakfast I'll—"

"Coming, coming, Grandpa, dear! In just one little twenty-two fraction of a second you shall have the nicest, tastiest, toastiest little breakfast you've had in a month of Sundays. Here I come! Sit up!"

As she turned, tray held high again, she whispered stealthily:

"You run on to school, Darling Boy. And don't think of anything but happy, happy, happy thoughts."

Little Brick reached for his good-by kiss, leamed on Bemie, and went. But his thoughts were not happy. He was listening, in fancy, to a torrent of picturesque invective cascading above the meek head of his auntie; he saw her sprayed with stinging sarcasm, submerged beneath a steady stream of reproaches.

Rare tears veiled from Bemie the image she tried to scan in the kitchen mirror. A tired face struggled through the mist and returned her inquiring gaze.

"Old? Wrinkled?"

But you're still young! You've got to keep young!

While Grandpa Brick snored in his after-breakfast dreams of a lovely Bemie of his long ago, his granddaughter Bemie spent a daring hour at prettying herself. She brushed her brown curls, and piled them new-fashionedly. And here her brown curls must be accounted for, for they accounted for her sweet patience with her two red-headed Bricks. Bemie's mother. That's the key. She was calm, unruffled, steady as a stone wall, charming, brown-haired.

"Little Brick's mother's hair was really auburn," she remembered, as she hot-toweled her cheeks. "If I can keep him quiet through his formative years, he may not grow up as fiery as Dad, as Grandpa. Oh, I hope I can!"

She put on pink. Little Brick's eyes would glint when he saw her. They always glinted at sight of pink. She put just the faintest dab of rouge on one cheek, scrutinizing the effect impersonally. A dab to the other.

"There, Bemie. You are young. I defy Little Brick to say old to me again! For Ben's sake—I've just got to keep youngish. At least youngish."

Ben Appelmann lingered then in memory? Oh, yes. There was something queer between Bemie and Ben. They had always loved and always taken each other for granted with no words of love, written or spoken, passing between them. Sometimes now Bemie longed traitorously for her own home with just both of them, Ben and she together, alone in it. An instantaneous, passing thought, this; followed always by the opening of the doors of her heart to Little Brick with his wild, sweet ways; and to Grandpa Brick, too, with his wild, awful, terrible, shocking, annoying ways.

Little Brick came in at noon, shouting. "No more school this week! Hurray! Teacher's sick and they can't get a sub! Hurray!"

"Hush, Darling Boy," Bemie whispered. "Your Great-grandfather's remembering."

"I'm going out and play cartwheel."

"No, dear. Not in the rain. You have some lunch here on the kitchen table. Maybe it will clear soon."

"I can cartwheel in the store-room."

"It's so crowded. You'll hurt yourself."

"That's what you have to learn. To cartwheel in places where you'll get hurt if you don't look out. You come on and try, Auntie. It's fun!"

"Me? Gracious, Darling Boy! I'm too old to stand on my head."

"Old? You are not old? You look just exactly like a little-girl lady, Auntie. I wish you'd wear a pink dress all the time."

Bemie helped him clear a space in the store-room. Old boxes, bulging bags, dusty trunks of antique types, bursting with tender memories of a past that was dead when his auntie was ten, yielded him place.

"You going to try, Auntie? See! You just spread your hands and give a twist to your legs and—it's just as easy."

But Bemie had fled at the call of a white-headed, violent old Brick, to perform another and less easy kind of cartwheel. Cartwheels of the soul.

The rain increased. Little Brick had tired. He was kneeling before a small trunk, reading old, almost sixty-year-old love letters. The paper was yellow-brown, the ink watery, the characters boldly erratic; and Little Brick was a very small boy. Yet, as he read, a golden world opened, a world of impassioned love. He himself was the B. A. who signed himself with so grand a flourish here; the dearest Bemie written on the faded pages none other than his pinky Auntie.

His own cheeks flaming with the ardor of his sentiments, he extracted the bravest of the love-letters from the package, restored the general appearance of ribbon and adjacent bundles in the tray; closed the trunk and stole to his own room. There, on fresh and crispy modern note-paper, with blue-black writing fluid, with unaccustomed painstaking, he labored to reproduce for Auntie that ancient, burning,

"My Dearest Bemie:—  
"I take my Pen in Hand To-Night....."

And Bemie's cheeks were redder than any rouge she had ever applied to them when she got away from her disagreeable and annoying old Grandfather that afternoon. She went to her own room and locked the door. Not even Little Brick must see her break; if break she must; if indeed her soul had not sufficient of those still, long-suffering joyous-martyr qualities her mother had bequeathed her.

"Ben!" she was sobbing. And she had no reason for calling on Ben Appelmann. She had been in her grandfather's house for three months without hearing from a great, timid, gentle and foolish, silent, shining-eyed giant whom she loved. Perhaps he was glad to be rid of her! Perhaps he had never really cared. Why, think as she could and did, there was no recollection behind her thoughts of any actual proposal of marriage by Ben nor of any worded acceptance by her. They had not been engaged at all. Her world was a world of disappointment and heartbreaking; she was held a victim of frightful tempers and of more frightful intolerance; bitterness and despair were hers, hers invariably to remain through the years.

She heard Little Brick scampering to her door. She had gotten up from the bed where she had thrown herself, hurrying to the looking-glass, in order to repair the damages of her tempestuous half-hour. She stared, unbelieving.

"I'm old. I'm old. I'm old."

Her lips were still moving mechanically when Little Brick looked up at her, his eyes glinting more merrily than ever she had before noticed.

"Yes, Darling Boy. What is it?" she compelled herself to say in a tone calculated to match his happy mood.

"Here's a letter from— Here's a letter for you, Auntie."

Behind the closed door she opened it. As she

read, a lovely pink spread itself from cheek to temple, up into the roots of her curly brown hair; a soft young smile played at the corners of her pretty mouth; her breath came faster and faster; and when she had finished she sighed a deliciously contented:

"Ah!"

It was queer that she could be so easily fooled. The ink was scarcely dry. The note-paper, of a standard and popular manufacture, she herself had bought for Little Brick. And there was nothing but an old canceled stamp on the envelope to help out Little Brick's make-believe. On the other hand, Bemie was hungry for word from reticent Ben; and besides, she had never seen his handwriting.

Following the sigh, a gurgling laugh; following the gurgling another glance into the glass; following that a hasty brush across disarranged curls, a pat or two to a crumpled pink dress, and Bemie was flying back to Grandpa. His peevish attack began with her hand on the door-knob.

"Where have you been, you gamboling, galloping gad-about? Odds eyelashes! Woman, you'll neglect me no longer. I'll—"

"Grandpa, dear!" It was one of Bemie's wise little ways, to stop the old rascal before he had committed himself to threats of murder. "Grandpa, dear, I've just had a letter from Ben. He wants me to marry him, immediately, now. But of course I want to talk it all over with you before giving him an answer."

Old Brick had snatched the paper from her fingers. Presently, in spite of his visible attempt to control his emotions, the sneer upon his lips gave way to a perceptible quiver.

"My Dearest Bemie:—  
"I take my Pen in Hand To-Night to let YOU know....."

There was something decidedly familiar about the stereotyped phrases. Old Brick wiped his glasses, adjusted them, blew his nose before putting away his handkerchief, and took up his reading where he had left off.

"for I feel YOU know the Sincerity of that which I am about to say.....the Depth of my Attachment for YOU, which is undying, faithful to the End, and beyond. Words of Love have not passed between us but now they can no longer be held back. I pour them about YOUR Feet, my Sweet. Let us marry, soon, soon. Let our Hands and our Hearts wed as from of Old have our Souls. My Arms await YOU. Will YOU come? I dare not look upon YOU until I have YOUR Answer. I pray YOU keep me not in Waiting. Forever thine, B. A."

Old Brick lay back in his chair, blissful memories astir within his head, his heart, his very soul. He had come alive suddenly. He and the eternal sweetheart that was the first Bemie Anthony were reunited. He smiled, he wept a little, and he became slowly aware of the smiling, weeping Bemie who knelt beside him. Not for her those reverent Y-O-U-S of his heart's creating; but she must never know.

"Ben—have you been hearing from Ben regularly?" he queried, a new note of gentleness lingering from word to word.

"No. It's the first letter I've ever had from him, Grandpa. But it's sweet, isn't it? Worth waiting for?"

"Sweet. Tender. Dear girl, do you love this Ben?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me think awhile alone?"

"Of course, Grandpa. There's no hurry."

A strange, new, joyous Auntie greeted Little Brick out in the side-yard.

"Did you read it?" he asked, cartwheeling in her general direction.

"Of course I did," she laughed.

"Are you going to do it?"

"Do what?" she asked, horrified that he should have pried.

"Oh, nothing," chuckled Little Brick.

At the telephone a querulous old voice and a surprised youngish one held strange converse.

"Do you love my granddaughter?"

"I do, sir."

"Do you want to marry her?"

"Well, why in the name of all that's sanctified, haven't you asked her to marry you, then?"

"I could never get up the sand to do it, sir."

"Listen, here young man. You come to my house immediately. And you pretend that you have just written her a good old-fashioned, love-making proposal. My scawlaggish great-grandson has just copied out one of my own, my own only proposal to the sweetest woman in the world, excepting your Bemie, and your Bemie thinks it's from you. Understand?"

"I understand. Thank Little Brick for me. I'll be there as fast as gasoline will take me."

**Love That Was Denied**

By Isabel Gordon Curtis.  
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Text—If women take the world for their oyster and think, when they open it, they are going to find pearl necklaces ready-made—we must not blame them. Rather, let hoary-headed sinners envy them their imaginings.

—William J. Locke.

"The Russian Prince was not the only one?"

"No, there were others, rich, or with a name—an old name—as if a name counted." The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Aunt Matilde had me nearly married, then I told her the truth."

"Is there some one you really care for?" whispered the little debutante.

"If we were not the nieces of the millionaire Mrs. Gregg and dependent on her and shut away from everyone except people who have money or position or a name, I should have married—long ago and been very happy."

"Who is he?"

"A civil engineer."

"Isn't a man who works like that—poor?"

"Yes."

"How poor?"

"He has two thousand a year."

"Two thousand!" repeated the girl in the foamy frock. "Why, my clothes this season cost more than that."

"They cost four times two thousand."

"Then how could you live?"

"Happily," answered the older girl, in a quiet voice. "Very happily."

"You could not live in our set?"

"I don't want to." Her sister leaped to her feet, pacing the room with quick footsteps. "I am tired of our set tired of its idleness. Its show, its vanity, its pretences, its falsehood. No body dares to be real. People are not real even when they are alone. I am not real while I talk to you now. I would give everything in the world to get away from it and go to one quiet little corner where I could be happy and busy and—loved. The corner is waiting for me and—"

"Then why," whispered Natalie, "why don't you—"

"Because I am not brave enough. Besides, perhaps I am mistaken. There, dearest, the orchestra is tuning up. She bent forward to kiss the eager, flushed face before her. "They are waiting for these golden slippers of yours to lead in the dance. Now—let us forget everything except this—that you are just eighteen and that tonight our little world is waiting to do you honor and tonight is full of joy—for you."

**Camphor**

Many commodities which we see or use in our daily life have interesting histories. Camphor is one of those. It is obtained from three different varieties of the laurel tree, which grow chiefly in Formosa, Japan and Borneo. I have a piece of camphor wood in my possession that was cut more than sixty years ago and it gives off the same pungent odor now that it did when fresh. In producing the commercial article, the wood is cut into chips and boiled. Over the kettle an inverted, dome-shaped vessel is placed and the steam or crystals collect on its inner surface. This is the camphor gum you see in the drug-stores; the oil is simply drawn off the liquid in which the chips are boiled. Both products have extensive medicinal use. In Borneo there are many extremely old trees, in the cracks and fissures of which the gum naturally collects, just as pitch or resin would in a pine tree. This kind of camphor is many times more valuable than the distilled gum and is probably much stronger. Besides being destructive to moths, camphor is used generally in liniments and internal medicines. Like everything else, it is said that the supply is diminishing and that some means of conservation will have to be practiced in the near future.

H. C. B.

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# Good Ideas for Home and Personal Wear

## Embroidered Doilies

**T**HE second design for a small doily is simplicity itself. Almost anyone can draw the center circle and surround it with the corner designs shown.

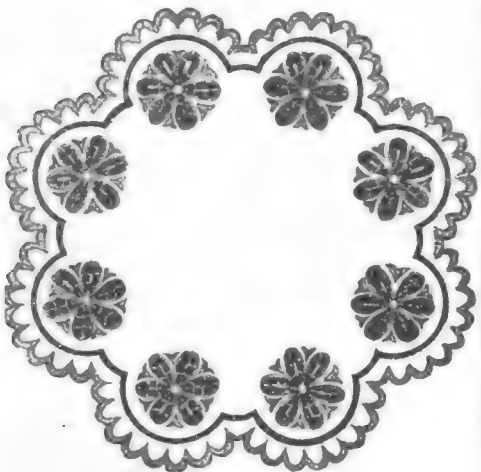
The center is closely buttonholed with old blue mercerized floss, the corners being finished with the same stitch but worked some distance apart and over a strand of white rope cotton. On the little points between the centers use the old blue.

After this much of the work is completed, cut the linen out from under the corners, then cross the open spaces made with white threads and over these twist a blue.

### Centerpiece in Color I

The pattern illustrated below is one which can be planned if one has not any way of easily securing a stamped design.

To lay this pattern out first cut a perfect cir-



CENTERPIECE IN COLORS.

cle of 18 or 20 inches in diameter or in fact any size. Fold this three times and cut a half circle. Unfold and spread out carefully. Using a thimble for a guide and a sharp pencil, draw small scallops just inside of the line forming the eight scallops. Add the straight scallop line inside of these, which is closely worked over a padding cord with satin stitch.

Cut out six petal motifs and place one in each scallop.

Buttonhole stitch is used on the scallops and outlining with heavy rope silk in working the motifs.

Color schemes, black satin or sateen with black edge, green scallop line, and yellow or orange motifs. Natural tone linen with blue edge, brown scallop line and white motifs with yellow centers. Natural tone linen with Swedish color combination. Red edge outlined with black on inside of scallops. Green cross-stitching on scallop line outlined on either side with gold. Blue motifs with yellow center. Either of these combinations are very attractive.

## Fashionable Girdles

The new spring dresses are still on straight lines and the long-waisted effect secured by a girdle is very popular.

The fashionable girdles which are made of wooden beads and silk cords may be made at home for much less than a finished one will cost.

Black silk cord combined with colored beads make a girdle which can be used on dresses of different colors. For an attractive one of black cord and small round beads one will need seven and one-half yards of cord cut into three lengths and beads of two contrasting colors.

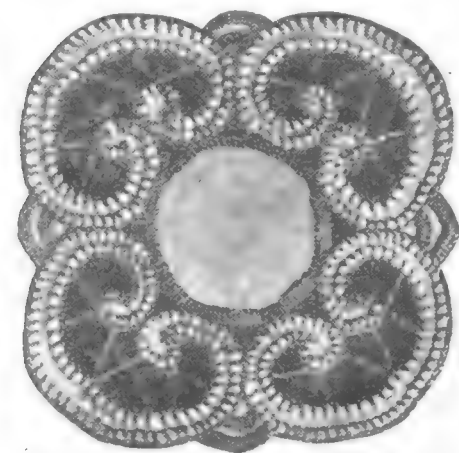
Cut the cord into three pieces, three inches from one end tie a knot, run on next to this a dark, a light and then a dark bead. Knot cord so as to hold closely. Leave three-inch space, make knot and repeat.

On other two cords, knot in one dark bead, so it will come just below light one, then these are held in place with black silk. This pattern can also be worked out with five strands of cord using five, three and one beads to form groups.

For a very Oriental looking girdle, choose a dull gold cord and some brightly colored beads in two or three shades and in two different shapes.

Cut cord for length and knot ends together and then start to string the beads.

The way the different colors are arranged must be left to individual taste, but it is a good plan to choose beads in a long and round shape, and use one long bead on each of four cords,



SMALL DOILY.

two in one color and two in another, then pass all four cords through a round bead, knotting the cords just before and after passing them through the bead, to hold in place before stringing the next set of long beads.

Continue in this way until the girdle is complete, then knot the ends together and make two tassels. For these strings of smaller beads in the same colors used for the girdle will be required. The tassels should be about four

inches long, with the beads knotted in place and the ends of cords knotted.

Form tassels by sewing the strings of cords together and fasten firmly to the end of the girdle, twisting a little of the cord around to cover the joining.

For summer frocks very dainty girdles can be made of light material, such as silk or soft ribbon, knotted at regular intervals and finished with bead tassels.

Another attractive arrangement is fashioned from lengths of different colored ribbons about an inch wide, plaited together and finished with gold or silver tassels. Yet others—and these are particularly dainty—are composed of five or six lengths of baby ribbon in various shades, knotted together every four inches and then passed through a large round bead.

## Circular Edging

This lace fits perfectly smooth around an article and is especially designed for edging centerpieces or doilies.

Begin with ch 180 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 8th st from hook. Ch 2, 1 d c. This forms 1 sp. 3 sps from beginning work 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn. This leaves a length of the foundation chain to work the scallop on.

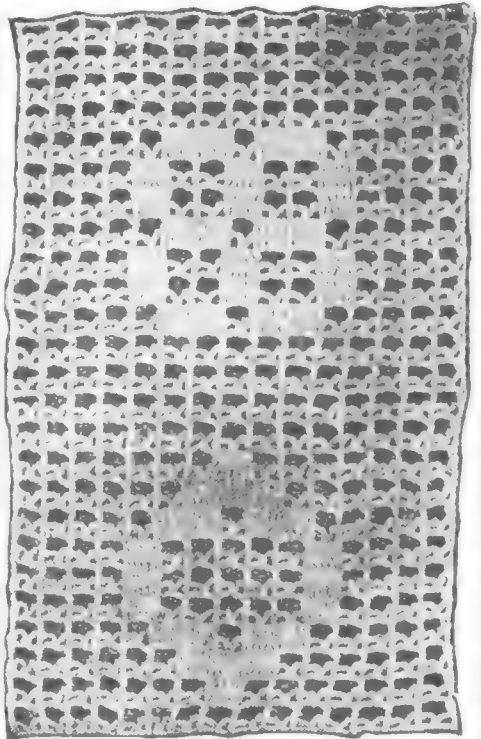
2nd row—4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 2, 1 tr, turn in same st with last d c. This must be repeated entire length of work. Ch 5, turn.

3rd row—3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 6, thread over 5 times, insert in corner formed in work. Ch 6, sl st in 10th st of foundation chain. Ch 2 s c in foundation ch, turn.

4th row—12 d c in first half of circle, 12 d c on balance of ch, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 d c in top of each 25 d c, sl st in foundation chain.

6th row—Ch 2, fasten to ch, repeat 5 rows putting 1st between each d c, 8 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.



STRIP FOR BEDSPREAD.

7th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, repeat 6th row around scallop, turn and repeat.

8th row—Work scallop same as in 7th row, 10 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, \* 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, \* repeat from \* to \* around scallop, turn.

10th row—Work scallop same as in 9th row, 12 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, repeat 9th row around scallop, turn.

12th row—Repeat 9th row, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, repeat 9th row around scallop.

14th row—1 d c, ch 2, repeat 25 times, 18 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 d c, ch 3, repeat 25 times, 18 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

16th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 d c, ch 2, 25 times, ch 2, turn.

17th row—1 d c, ch 2, repeat 25 times, 20 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5.

18th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 21 sps, 1 d c, ch 6 s c in center of ch 3 around scallop, turn.

19th row—Ch 6, 1 s c in ch of previous row, ch 6, 1 s c in next, repeat around scallop, 22 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

20th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 23 sps, repeat 20th row around scallop, join to ch of foundation, turn.

21st row—Ch 6, 1 s c in 5th st from hook, ch 2, 1 s c under ch 6, \* repeat from \* to \* around scallop, 24 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn. This completes the first scallop which may be repeated as many times as is necessary for size doily to be trimmed.

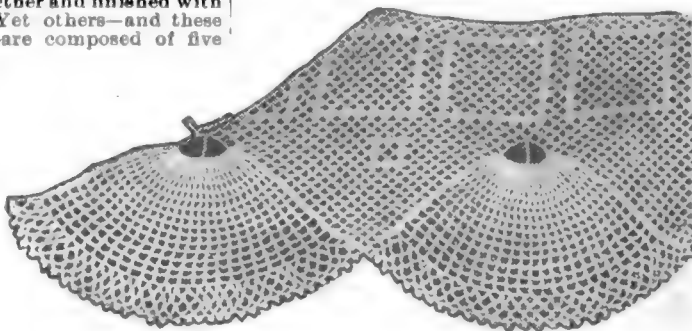
Nylephea McLane.

## Crocheted Bedspread

The pattern shown is especially designed for bedspread strips made of carpet warp. These are made long enough to cover the bed and pillows or just the length of the bed an extra is used for a pillow sham.

Using a crochet hook which will carry the carpet warp comfortably, begin by making a chain 97 sts, turn.

1st row—1 s c in 8th st from hook, ch 3, 1 d c in next 3rd st, ch 3, 1 s c in next 3rd st, ch 3, 1



CIRCULAR EDGING.

d c in next 3rd st. Repeat making 15 closed lacets in all. Ch 8, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on d c, ch 5, 1 d c on next d c. Repeat, thus making an open lacet over each closed lacet, ch 6, turn.

3rd row—1 s c in 3rd ch, ch 3, \* 1 d c on d c, ch 3, 1 s c in 3rd ch, ch 3, 1 d c on d c \* (from \* to \* make a closed lacet). Make 5 more closed lacets in this row, or 7 in all, then 1 blk or 6 d c over next open lacet, 7 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

4th row—7 open lacets, 1 blk, 7 open lacets, ch 8, turn.

5th row—6 closed lacets, 3 blks, 6 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

6th row—6 open lacets, 3 blks, 6 open lacets, ch 6, turn.

7th row—5 closed lacets, 2 blks, 1 closed lacet, 1 blk, ch 8, turn.

8th row—5 open lacets, 2 blks, 1 open lacet, 2 blks, ch 6, turn.

9th row—4 closed lacets, 1 blk, 5 closed lacets, 1 blk, 4 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

10th row—4 open lacets, 1 blk, 5 open lacets, 1 blk, 4 open lacets, ch 6, turn.

11th row—Same as 9th row.

12th row—Same as 10th row.

Repeat last two rows once more.

15th row—5 closed lacets, 2 blks, 1 closed lacet, 2 blks, 5 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

16th row—Same as last row but with open lacets.

17th row—6 closed lacets, 3 blks, 6 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

18th row—Same as last row with open lacets.

19th row—7 closed lacets, 1 blk, 7 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

20th row—Same as last row with open lacets.

Next rows 15 closed lacets followed by row of 15 open lacets. Repeat these 2 rows 3 times.

27th row—5 closed lacets, 2 blks, 1 closed lacet, 2 blks, 5 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

28th row—Same as last row with open lacets.

29th row—4 closed lacets, 1 blk, 2 closed lacets, 1 blk, 2 closed lacets, 1 blk, 4 closed lacets.

30th row—Same as last row with open lacets.

Repeat last two rows once.

33rd and 34th rows—Same as 27th and 28th rows.

Now 4 rows like 29th, 30th, 31st and 32nd rows.

39th row—Same as 27th and 28th rows.

Next 8 rows of closed then open lacets.

Repeat pattern from 3rd row.

Set together with strips of linen or plain unbleached cotton finished on either side with a hemstitched inch-wide hem.

## Crocheted Wheels

These attractive patterns may be used in numberless ways and worked up in a variety of materials. Of either white or ecru crochet the large wheels joined together with the small ones worked up into most effective chair-back tidies and sofa pillows.

### For the Large Wheel

Ch 12, join in ring, ch 3.

2nd round—56 d c into ring, join, ch 3.

3rd round—1 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 2 d c in next 2

doubles, repeat, ending with ch 2, join to 1st ch 3. One should have 14 groups, 2

doubles each with chains between, ch 12.

4th round—4 s c under each ch 1 s c between 2 d c, 4 s c under next ch, repeat

around, ch 12.

5th round—1 d tr c in s c between doubles, ch 6, 1 d

tr c in next s c between double, finishing with ch 6, join to 1st ch 12. In this

round one should have 14 sps, as shown in illustration.

6th round—10 s c under each ch 6.

7th, 8th and 9th rounds—

1 s c in each s c, increasing by working 2 s c

in one as is necessary to keep work flat. After

completing 9th round ch 5.

10th round—1 d c in 2nd s c, ch 1, sk 1, 1 d c

in next s c, repeat around, join last ch 1 to ch

5, ch 3.

11th round—1 d c, ch 1, 2 d c in this 1st sp,

ch 5, sk 2 sps in 3rd sp, work 2 d c, ch 2, 2 d c,

ch 5, 1 sh in next 3rd sp. Repeat around, fin-

ishing with ch 5, join to 1st sh. sl st to ch 1, ch 3.

12th round—1 d c, ch 1, 2 d c under ch 1 s

1st sh, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 5, ch 2, sh on sh, re-

peat.

13th and 14th rounds—Same as the 12th.

15th round—Ch 3, form picot over 1st sh, s c

c under ch 1, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 6 s c under ch be-

tween shs, repeat over each sh.

## Small Wheel

Ch 7, join in ring, ch 3, 1 d c in ring, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 5, 2 d c, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 5, repeat twice more,

join, sl st to 1st ch 1.

2nd row—Ch 3, 1 d c, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 5, ch 3, 1 s c, 3 repeat shs.

Follow with two more rows of shells, increasing the chains between so work will lie flat.

Finish with singles and picots as in large wheel.

## Simple Insertion

Ch 22 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, 1 tr c (thread over twice) in 4th st from

hook, ch 5, 1 d c in 3rd st from treble, ch 2, 1 d c in last st, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on d c, forming sp, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 5, 1 tr c on d c before treble in last

row, ch 5, 1 sp, ch 6, turn.

Repeat. Each row has 2 sps, 1 treble on bias, 2 sps.

## Two Circular Edgings

These two patterns are very similar, the first being a single block edge and the second a double block. Either can be made in the length or the first row of spaces may be worked directly into the edge of a linen circle.

To make separately the first row can be made as follows and joined: Ch 7, 1 d c in 1st ch, ch



CIRCULAR EDGING. SINGLE BLOCK.

5, 1 d c under ch, ch 5, 1 d c under ch, repeat,

turning work under each ch.

2nd row—After a d c, ch 7, 1 d c in 3rd ch

from hook, 4 more d c on ch, 1 d tr c (thread

over 3 times) in 3rd sp, ch 3, \* 5 d c under d tr,

1 d tr c in 5th sp, ch 3, repeat from \*.

3rd row—For the double block, after com-

pleting second row, turn after a treble, ch 4, 1

s c under ch at beginning of last block, ch 7, 5

d c on ch, 1 d tr c under ch at beginning of

second block in last row, ch 3, 5 d c under

treble. Repeat.

4th row—1 s c on end first block, ch 1, 1 d tr

c under ch at end of second block, ch 1, 1 d tr

c under ch at end of second block, ch 1, 1 d tr

c, repeat, making 5 trebles in all, ch 2, 1 s c on

third block, 1 shell on end of fourth block.

Repeat.

5th row—1 d c on s c on first block, ch 2, 1 d

c under ch, repeat making 6 sps over shell, re-

peat.

6th row—1 d c in first sp, ch 5, 1 d c in top of

first d c, 1 d c in first sp. Repeat in each space.

For the narrower edge add the shells to the

first row of blocks.

J. C. CROCKER.

## Filet Beading

This simple pattern is one which can be very

rapidly made of cotton suitable for material

with which the beading is to be combined.

Begin with a ch 21 sts, turn.

1st row—5 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—The same.

3rd row—1 sp, ch 9, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

4th row—5 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps.

6th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

7th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps.

8th row—5 sps.

9th row—1 sp, ch 9, 1 sp.

10th and 11th rows—Same as 1st and 2nd

rows.

Repeat pattern from 3rd row.

12th row—1 sp, ch 9, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row—5 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps.

15th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

16th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps.

17th row—5 sps.

18th row—1 sp, ch 9, 1 sp.

19th and 20th rows—Same as 1st and 2nd

rows.

Repeat pattern from 3rd row.



# Bags of Homespun in Oriental Darning

**Bags and Baskets for Summer Use**

**B**AGS and baskets, both large and small, of darned homespun, coarse art cloths, soft woolsens decorated with brilliant, knitted flowers, crocheted and knitted handbags and baskets in all sizes and shapes, are shown in endless array again this season and if possible are more attractive than ever.

**Homespun Bags**

In popularity homespun holds first place at present for sizable bags. These are usually square or oblong in shape and have darned-in designs or decorated bands of Oriental darning of colored wools.

The bag illustrated below has a darned-in



HOMESPUN BAG. BARN IN DESIGN.

design of the old homestead which is most fascinating. This model was of pink homespun 12x25 inches, doubled with seams up either side. Two and one-half inches from both top and bottom run in first a black then a white line, using Germantown or yarn of about a similar weight. Thread a small darning with the black and starting at the edge pass needle under two threads over four, and repeat. Next use the white passing over first three threads under two, over four, and repeat.

The base line of the little house and barn should be in the center of the bag. The color scheme in the bag shown includes black, white, gray, red and two shades of green. After marking the center line, start just below this and run in six strands of white, darning closely together and over five threads, under one, having the long stitches alternate as shown. Below this band, using gray, work over five; under three, over nine, under three, repeat. Run in three strands close together, finish by blocking in each group of gray with short black stitches taken at right angles.

Next block in the group of buildings with black zephyr, using this also for marking door and windows.

Darn up and down with short stitches, using gray for sides and for end of barn, and across with stitches a trifle longer, with white for the roofs. Barn door and chimney red, smoke, gray.

Either side of building run in groups of gray as below, then finish by placing a few trees and shrubs as shown, worked quite solidly with two or more shades of green.

Make flat-lined or rope-covered handles, finishing these and also the top of the bag which should be completely lined with sateen, with black and white buttonholing.

## An Arm Bag

This model is not new, but is a favorite as it is of such convenient shape.

A bag of this sort can be made of size desired and of any woolen material, unlined if heavy enough to be serviceable. Odds and ends of wool can be worked up for the attractive loop roses which are made as follows:

**Loop Rose**—Ch 5, join 1 sc in ring. Wind wool around forefinger, as shown, seven or more times, push hook under loops on finger and draw loops through sc on ring, this completes 1 petal. Make five or more for each rose.

If one has small bits only of various colors knot together before working into loops, then when finished cut all knots which show, this will result in variegated chrysanthemum-like flowers which are very attractive.

Suggested attractive color combinations for rose.—One group yellow loops, balance light and dark old rose.

One yellow, balance black and henna wound together.

Asters may be made with one yellow group

and balance of shades of lavender and purple. Sew rose in place and back with few lazy-daisy stitches of green.

Black, green or any dark shade may be used for finishing the bag with buttonholing.

## Decorations in Oriental Darning

Darned bags are especially attractive.

Bands of gay colored wools of various designs can easily be worked into any material of square woven mesh. This work is very simple and much more rapid than when similar patterns are darned into linens, as the materials are so coarse.

Gray art or Monk's cloth was used in the bag illustrated, the darning being of gray wool or the same shade and a soft old pink.

For the band of work in this bag draw threads from a three-inch space. Allow two threads to form a unit. Starting with the gray wool weave over and under six units eight times, then dropping one on either side weave eight times on four, then same number on only two, carry wool to opposite edge and starting with one thread of the last unit and the next

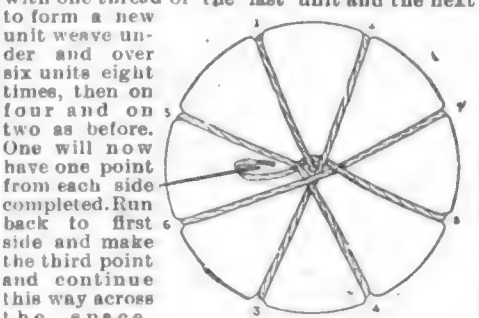


FIG. 1.

completed two threads or one unit will remain between each point. With the pink wool darn on the threads of first unit eight times, then on one of these threads and one thread from first point eight times, opposite the four units, then eight times two units, eight times below two units, eight times over two threads on opposite of space from starting. Work up second side of first in this way forming units from first and second points as shown.

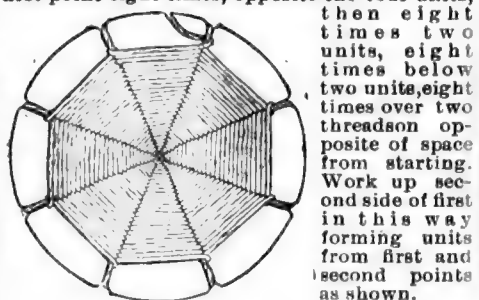


FIG. 3.

The weaving is so extremely simple even a beginner should have no difficulty in copying the pattern from the illustration.

For the bag a strip of material 12x30 inches will be required. Work the bands for both sides before making up the bag.

## New Wool Flowers

Wool flowers, especially roses, have been used freely for several seasons. Such decorations are so appropriate for sport hats and bags of various sorts, that this season a decoration no less simple has sprung into instant favor.

A box of odds and ends of colored yarn, left from the thousand and one things you have knitted and crocheted in bygone days, will prove to be a veritable treasure box now in making these simple disc flowers.

They are fashioned so easily the only wonder is, it will seem to you, that you hadn't thought of it yourself. For material one may use wools, chenille, rope silk or baby ribbon, and an ordinary coarse needle with a dull point if possible.

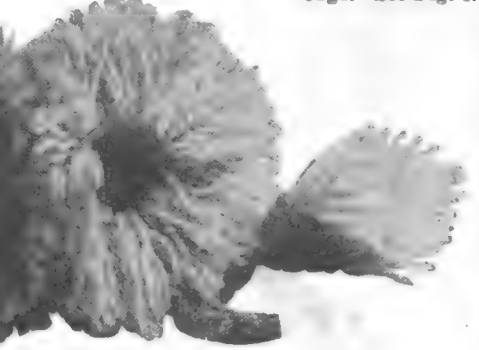
After making your disc, thread your needle and pass material through the hole in the center, leaving an end about three inches long. See Fig. 2. A pin point may be shoved through from the right side under which this end can be secured or it can easily be held in place.

Now, starting from the center on the front of the disc, pass from notch No. 1 across notch to No. 2, across front to No. 3, on back to No. 4, on front to center, where you pass needle under No. 2, No. 1 and No. 5 and draw tightly. See Fig. 1.

Keep working round and round, passing needle under each strand backwards, drawing up closely each time, as a loosely worked flower is not nearly as shapely when taken off the form.

When the material is used or the disc filled (see Fig. 3), take work off by slipping strands over the notches.

To shape flower, draw up loose end on outside edge. See Fig. 4.



WOOL CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

## How to Make the Flowers

### Daisies

Three yards yellow rope silk, one skein white rope silk. Use yellow for center in regular way, working under each strand backwards.

Tie on white and reverse stitch going around under two strands forward, and going completely around last strand.

Continue until skein is used up. Take off disc, form, tying outside to center strand.

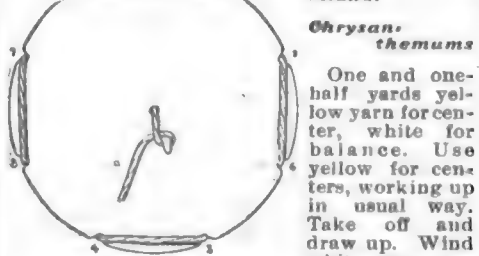
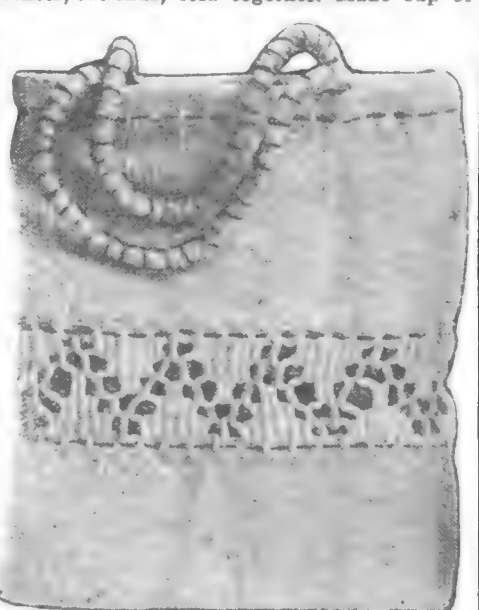


FIG. 2.

45 times. Slip off, tie in center, cut both ends. Sew yellow to center.

### Buds

Wind white around 10 times, slip off, tie in center, cut ends, fold together. Make cup of



BAG OF MONK'S CLOTH.

green, as directed for Thistle. See illustration of spray.

For sport hats these flowers make a most attractive trimming.



FIG. 4.

Corsage bouquets for organ-die dresses are very pretty made up of rope silk; the flowers should be small and of many hues, backed by loops and

long streamers of narrow satin ribbon. Groups of small wool flowers are worn on sweaters and summer furs.

Baskets are now almost invariably decorated in some way with wools, a new and very easy and effective way being illustrated in the next column. Here long stitches of two shades of green are taken from the bottom upwards at different angles. Over these a spray of morning glories is arranged. These may be the disc flowers or crocheted as one prefers. To crochet make a ring of 3 sts, ch 2, 7 d c in ring, join, ch 3, 7 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 d c on first st, 2 d c on second, repeat, join, ch 2, 2 d c on each d c. Make one or two more rounds increasing enough to give a good flare.

Poppies such as are shown on the jute bag are very pretty massed quite thickly on a basket at the top of the long green stitches.

These should be of the various poppy shades with gold center.

Tiny crocheted cups may be arranged closely on either side of a stock to represent holly-

Many different flowers, such as morning glories, jonquils, cosmos, thistles, dahlia, daisies and chrysanthemums can be made.

All that is necessary for any type of flower is a small circle of stiff cardboard, notches at eight points on the edge and with a hole in the center. This should measure about three and one-half inches in diameter.

**Morning Glory**—Materials. Two yards white wool, three yards, pink, blue or lavender. Use white yarn for center, tie in other color with square knot and work. Take off as usual, finish



DECORATED BASKET.

center with yellow French knots. Form flower, wind stem with green wool.

**Jonquils**—Materials. One and one-half yards yellow wool, four yards white. Use yellow for center, working as usual. Tie in white wool and reverse stitch, going under two strands forward. Go completely around last strand. This will throw vein to top.

**Thistles**—Wind lavender wool, Shetland floss if possible, across center of disc about 50 times, cut one end, slip off, bring ends even, tie about in the center.

**Cap**—Use three yards green yarn on disc in usual way working under each strand backwards. Take off, form into cap, slip head of tassel into this, draw up closely and sew tightly. Finish stems with green.

**Dahlias**—Yellow center, white outside, brown center, yellow outside, yellow center, garnet outside. Other combinations will suggest themselves.

**Outside**—Wind wool across center of disc 45 times, slip off, cut both ends, tie in center.

**Center**—Use two yards of wool on disc in regular way, slip, form and sew to center of outside.

## Infant's Tatted Cap

Use No. 30 or 40 cotton, the finer making a size about right for three to six months old baby, the coarser from six months to one year old.

Work is begun in the center of the crown with a ring of 14 picots with 1 d s between, close and tie thread securely and cut.

**2nd round**—1 small ring 3 d s, 1 p, joined top of center ring, leave one-fourth inch thread, 1 large ring, 4 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close. Leave one-fourth inch thread and make 1 small ring, joining to 2nd p of center ring. Repeat these two rings. Join securely, tie and cut thread.

**3rd round**—1 large ring, one fourth inch thread, 1 small ring, join to 1st p of large ring in last round, 1 large ring, join to 3rd p of 1st large ring in this round, 1 small ring, join to 3rd p of large ring in last row, 1 large ring, join to last large ring. Repeat, joining 2 small to each large ring in last round.

**4th round**—Same as last round. This should give one a center of about five inches in diameter if the proper spacing has been left between the rings.

**5th round**—1 ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. Join center of this ring to center p of large ring in last round. Leave one-fourth inch space, 1 ring same as last, join 3rd ring to 1st ring by side p and to 2nd last ring in last round by center p, join 4th ring to 2nd ring. Repeat around excepting across about two inches which should be left for the back of the neck.

**First row of front**—1 small ring of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 large ring joining center p to corresponding p of large ring in last round, 1 ring in opposite direction of 5 d s, join to p of small ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, close. 1 large ring joined to 1st ring and to last round, as directed before.

**2nd row**—Same as last row but just the reverse, joining large rings to large rings.

**3rd row**—Same as 5th round.

**4th row**—Same as 1st row of front.

The neck can be finished with one row of rings and the front run with ribbon, finished with rosettes at the sides and a bow on top.

## Tatted Towel Insertion

This is a very effective pattern for any purpose where coarser work is preferable.

One large ring, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, one-fourth inch thread, 1 small ring, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 large ring, joined to side picot of large ring, 1 small ring joined to small ring, 1 large ring joined to side p of last large ring, 1 small ring, 1 large ring, 1 small ring joined to last small ring. Repeat pattern. Make a second length in the same way, joining the two small rings to the two small rings of the row just completed. When done this gives a dainty insertion for the needed guest towel.

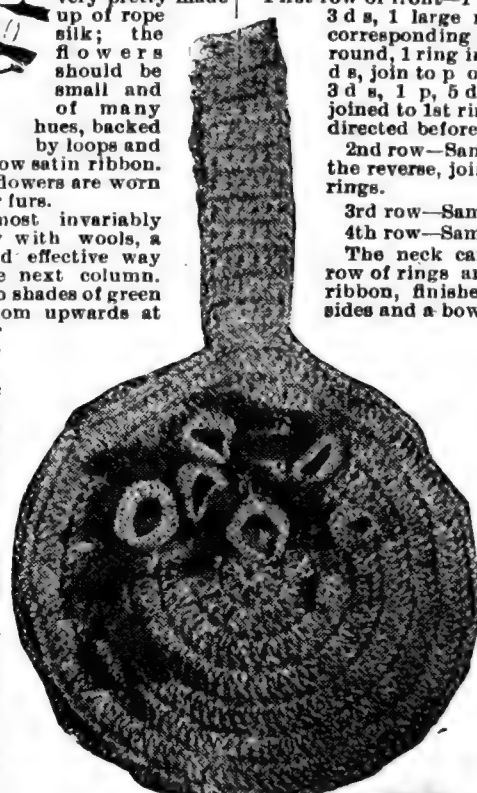


FRONT OF MORNING GLORY.

One yellow, balance tan and old blue. Asters may be made with one yellow group



BACK OF MORNING GLORY.



JUTE BAG.





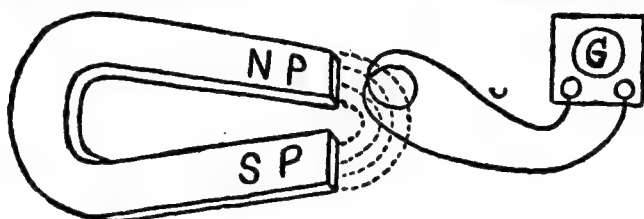
## The Fundamental Principles of Radiophone Receiver

**I**N the preceding issue we considered only the transmitting end of the radiophone. We shall now take up the radio receiver in detail, and it is the receiver that is of greatest interest to the public at this time. No license is necessary to install a radio receiver in the home and thousands of homes throughout the entire country are now equipped with receivers with which music, lectures, weather reports and various other forms of amusement and information are received daily. The rural districts are especially benefited by these daily broadcasting programs and it is now possible for every home, no matter how remote from the outside world, to keep in constant touch with the outside world. Receiving sets vary in elaborateness and cost according to the distance they are designed to cover (the distance between the sending station to the receiver); however, there are now stations being opened throughout the country and it will be only a short time before the whole country will have radio service which can be intercepted with sets of very low cost.

We have learned that the transmission waves are sent out from the sending station which travel in ever-widening circles, similar to the waves created by a pebble dropped into a pool of still water. These waves, as stated in the preceding article, are electro-magnetic, and we are now concerned with the means of intercepting and transforming them into sound waves, which is the function of the receiving set.

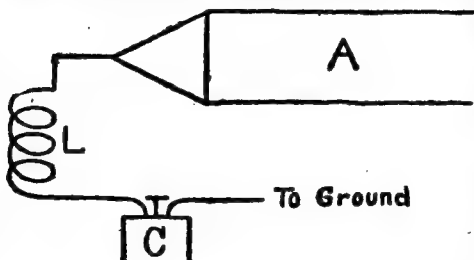
One of the most important facts of electrical science is that a magnetic field induced by an electrical conductor induces an electrical force in that conductor.

As an example of this activity let us consider poles of a horseshoe magnet. We all know that a piece of iron or steel brought near to the poles of such a magnet will be drawn to it. This proves that there is a magnetic field existing about the end of each pole. If we pass either pole close to a piece of copper wire, which is an electrical conductor, there will be an electrical current set up in the wire. If we connect the ends of the wire to a galvanometer we shall see that there will be a slight deflection of the needle, proving that an electrical current does exist when we pass the wire through the magnetic field. In the sketch below, the poles of the magnet are marked "N" and "S" respectively, the wire conductor "C" and the galvanometer "G."



We will now try applying this experiment to the radio wave. We will consider the wave as the magnetic field, the aerial as the conductor, and as the wave passes across the aerial an electrical current is set up in the aerial wire. These waves travel in every direction at a speed of one hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second, and the distance they will reach depends on the force by which they are sent out from the transmitting station, and may be intercepted by every conductor or aerial within their range of action. As the waves travel in all directions it is easily seen that if a station has a transmitting range of one hundred miles, it will be heard a hundred miles north, and also a hundred miles east, south and west, anywhere within a hundred miles.

It would seem from the foregoing that every aerial would intercept the waves from any transmitting station which had sufficient force or power to reach the receiving aerial. That is not true, however, for we have a very important fact to take into consideration, which is that a receiving aerial must be of the same electrical length as the transmitting aerial in order for the former to receive a transfer of energy. The two stations must be in resonance, and it is the receiving station which does the tuning. We must therefore have some means of varying the electrical length of the aerial. This is done in two different ways. A coil of wire is placed in series with the receiving aerial wire and by adding turns or taking out turns from this coil is one method of varying the electrical length. The common word for electrical length is "wave length," and we will use this term from now on. Another method of varying the wave length of the receiver is by placing a variable condenser either in series with the receiving aerial or across the coil we have in series, so that by varying the value of this condenser we vary the wave length of the receiver, and with the condenser we get much finer adjustment.



In the above diagram "A" represents the receiving aerial, "L" the coil or inductance, and "C" the condenser or capacity. It is not necessary to have the condenser but it gives the circuit a greater selectivity.

We are now at the most important step in radio receiving. It is possible to tune our receiver to the wave length of the transmitting station, and the little impulses are caught on our aerial.

Next we have to consider some means of making these impulses audible to the human ear. As they come into our receiving set they are in the form of radio-frequency alternating current. Taking away the technical phrasing, they are vibrating at a speed of over twenty thousand times per second. The human ear is capable of responding to vibrations of ten or fifteen thousand times per second but not twenty or over. Therefore the radio-frequency currents have no effect upon the ears. We must therefore contrive some means of bringing these impulses down to audio

frequency. This is done with what is known as a detector. Perhaps a more simple name for this instrument would be a rectifier. It acts as a rectifier to these radio frequency currents and after passing through this detector the current is in the form of direct pulsating current. The most common method of detecting is by means of a crystal having the property of allowing an electric current to pass through it in one direction only. There are many such crystals, the most popular being galena. Not only does this rectify our current but it also cuts the frequency in half so that when transformed into sound waves these become audible to the human ear. There are other methods of detecting these currents and the audion tube is, undoubtedly, the most efficient of all. The action of the audion tube is very complex and will be explained and described in a later article.

After rectifying our incoming alternating current to direct current it is a simple matter to transform these direct impulses to sound waves. For this purpose the regular telephone receiver may be used, but as these give a very weak sound we generally employ a more sensitive receiver such as are sold for this purpose by all radio dealers and are especially adapted for radio reception.

Summing up the radio receiver we find that it is necessary in order to receive radio messages to have a tuner, a detector, and a telephone receiver. With the exception of the telephone receiver and the crystal, the entire receiving outfit can be made at home and thousands of men and boys are now making their own sets.

Questions relating to the radiophone, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Radio Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, Ned, in the columns of this department.

### Questions and Answers

Q.—Where can I obtain a list of the broadcasting stations which will be up to date? J. R. S. D. A. A copy of such a list may be obtained from the Boston Herald or any radio dealer will furnish you with a copy.

Q.—I hear Pittsburg and Newark very clearly but I have not been able to hear Springfield although I am much nearer that station. I want to know if my set is at fault or what is the cause? L. D. Houlton, Maine.

A.—That is a rather difficult question to answer. However, several receiving stations have reported the Springfield station as very weak up in the northern part of Maine.

Q.—What is the cost of a good crystal set? F. R. S. C.

A.—You should be able to procure a good crystal set for approximately twenty-five dollars. This set would be capable of receiving music for a distance of from fifteen to twenty-five miles.

Q.—Who is station K.D.O.W. and what is his wave length? G. S. T. N. J.

A.—K.D.O.W. is the B. S. America and his wave length is 425 meters.

Q.—What is the approximate cost of a radiophone transmitter? M. R. D. Ohio.

A.—The approximate cost of such an instrument would be about seventy dollars. A catalogue will be forwarded to you by a reliable dealer in a few days.

Q.—What is a Baldwin unit, and what is the price of this unit? B. J. W. Ill.

A.—A Baldwin unit is simply one of the ear pieces of a pair of Baldwin phones and they are used for loud speakers owing to their being a very sturdy built phone. They sell for six dollars and any radio dealer will be able to supply you.

Q.—Will two wires in my receiving antenna give twice as good results as one? R. W. B. Tenn.

A.—No. One wire is as good as two for receiving. For transmitting, two wires would give better results but not twice as good.

Q.—What are some good crystals for radio receivers? T. M. Ark.

A.—Galena is the most sensitive crystal. Some others are carborundum, perikon, silicite and silicon.

Q.—Which is more sensitive, a crystal or a detector tube? L. P. Ind.

A.—A good detector tube is far more sensitive than a crystal; however, there are some tubes that are no more sensitive than a good crystal.

### Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

they did act fresh. I wonder where she gets her logic!

Now for my wandering which so many have asked about, and why. The reason for it can be explained in three words: Unsatisfactory home conditions. My wandering was confined to my native state. Many will think it wasn't much wandering, but if you stop to consider that I had to work my way, you won't wonder that I did not get out of my state. I covered quite a territory as it was, working at every place I stopped: munition plants, steel works, furniture factories, hotels, farms, etc. Inexperienced as I was, I all the time got a better idea of the world of how things are made that are used in everyday life. Three times I tried to enlist in the service of my country, in three different branches of the service: the Marines, Cavalry and Infantry, but I was rejected every time. Even today the call of the wanderlust is in my ears. Some day I must answer it. Then I want to get clear out of my state the first jump. I have been thinking seriously of trying to enlist in the Marines again. It affords travel and valuable training. But my letter is getting long—too long, I fear. So I will close. Thanking everyone for your attention and your letters, I am

A loyal nephew and cousin,  
A. C. G. H. TRICK.

Gus, whether the feminine members of our Happy Bunch smile or frown, it is certain that they have to sit up and take notice when you arrive and commence exploding verbal bombs among the equipment of bureau and dressing-table.

I'm with you, Gus, in abolishing style if it makes girls smoke, but it is not style so much as their own unreasoning little blonde and brunette heads. And mind you, this point of style in smoking applies to boys, too. Augustus as your quick-thinking head will probably tell you. A boy smokes first, not because he likes it or that there is something inherently attractive in a roll of tobacco, but because he thinks it's the thing for a man to do. He has seen older boys smoke and he starts a little first unhappy experimenting on the sly. Many boys never smoke until they leave home for boarding school or college where they find the practice so universal that they join in the general custom—or style. You say "one miss leads to many." Gus. But I think this really depends upon the miss. Sometimes a boy gets hooked up with the first miss he keeps company with and he never progresses any further. But of course I don't know what your experience has been among Pennsylvania girls or how you have been led in your wandering years,

Gus, when you came to form your strong opinions and tastes concerning lip sticks.

Be sure and write us when the time comes that you take your first big jump out of William Penn's territory. I shall think of you as collecting powder puffs as the Huron used to gather scalps, and perhaps it would be a good trick for you to found a branch of the Augustus Anti-Cosmetic League in each state that you jump through.

But, seriously, Gus, I'm with you in every word of this last letter of yours. More power to you and your plain speaking wherever truth—and beauty—are obscured by clouds of talcum and layers of rosy pigment.

JEWETT, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I hope you will admit me to your happy circle of cousins. I live in the Catskill mountain region. There is certainly some beautiful scenery in the Catskills and they are very famous as a summer resort. My father owns a large farm and boarding house here. We keep about forty head of cattle, some sheep, four horses, and of course we could not get along without the "farmers' carryall," the Ford car.

As all the cousins describe themselves, I shall do likewise: I am seventeen years old, five feet, four inches tall, and weigh 117 pounds. My hair is medium brown in color. My parents had seven children—three of them having been born of them having gray eyes, and I, being the youngest, have a blue and a gray. My father has blue eyes, while my mother's are gray.

I am a senior in high school and like my studies very much. I am taking a four-year course in three years. My favorite studies are French, geometry and algebra. I am also fond of music, but I can cook, too, and even milk a few cows if necessary.

I do not believe that an education need spoil a girl. I think she can receive a good education and yet be a good housekeeper. I agree with Ruskin in his "Sesame and Lilies." "A girl's education should be as thorough as a boy's."

I am not a believer in the use of cosmetics—good pore air and good health are the best artists to paint a girl's face. It will probably shock some of the cousins to hear that I do not own such an article as a powder puff—and I am happy without it.

"Hopeless Joan of Alabama." I liked your letter very much. I think that in nearly every small town people try to make their own business theirs and neglect the outside world.

It would like to hear from some of the cousins and will try to answer all letters received.

Your new niece and cousin,  
GRACE SWEET.

Grace, I could surprise you if I told you how well I happen to know your beautiful Catskill hill country. For instance, I have many times motored up the long grade that takes one from the Windham-Ashland road up to Jewett Heights and George Chase's big white boarding house. I don't know just where you live with those G. A. R. eyes and those forty head of cattle, but the next time I am in Peck's store, or happen to see my friend, Mr. Lockwood, I am going to ask him if he knows a girl who reads Ruskin and who has one blue and one gray optic. I am firmly convinced, Grace, that your part of the country is unbeatable for health, beauty and coolness as a summer resort. And the absence of the much-cursed and always increasing mosquito should alone make the section famous. To my notion it is the combination of mountains with a fine dairy country and splendid intervals farms which makes the Windham Valley and vicinity so attractive. It is a happy cow that with thirty or forty companions can munchingly mount higher and higher in the airy upland pastures, drinking now and then at the various cool springs which gush from the different levels of the mountainside. Grace, in my next incarnation I think it would be great to be a Jersey yearling on a Pleasant Valley farm. I am going to ask a Theosophist friend of mine how this can be arranged.

Ruskin is a good teacher, Grace. You may be sure he would have loved your unstained countryside. Get all the education you can without sacrificing health or happiness. Some people might not think a knowledge of French, music and algebra would help in keeping house, but the fact is they help in many things. A well-trained, well-filled mind can accomplish any task better for being so trained and equipped. Cooking, for instance, is really an art, as well as a series of chemical experiments.

Grace, if you want to know what one fine appreciator thinks of the country where you live, read "The Catskills," by T. Morris Longstreth. And don't forget to bow if you see me in Peck's store some day, for I am bashful and need encouragement when meeting blue-gray eyed strangers. You will be able to recognize me by my gray mustache and the fact that I am leading a fat Goat by a two-inch rope.

GRANT'S PASS, Box 147, OREGON.

I was just reading COMFORT'S League of Cousins in your wonderful paper and I thought I would let you know that I lived way out West among the "sticks." I guess I had better introduce myself: I am a young ambitious fellow, twenty-one years of age, with black hair and brown eyes. I am five feet, ten inches tall, and weigh 160 pounds.

It is wonderful life to live out here amid Nature, but I have a longing, like most boys have, to go out and see the world. Really, to tell the truth, I guess I am lonesome.

I imagine you would like to know about this part of the country. We have many mountains and dense forests and wild country. There are lots of hunting, and out-of-door sports, with the finest climate any one could wish for. We have a large electric line across the Main Street in Grant's Pass which reads: "It's the Climate." The Rogue River runs through the lower part of town, which gives us a bathing and boating resort in the summer, also good fishing. "But the paradise of a resort is Crater Lake near here. This has bathing, boating and fishing the best ever. And it has the most beautiful sunsets of all colors. I am a lover of Nature and I enjoy it so much. Thousands of tourists visit Crater Lake each year.

I hope Billy the Goat doesn't chew this up, for I am a very lonesome single young fellow and I wish all the cousins to write to me. Please tell them all that I am lonesome. I will answer all.

Lovingly your nephew,  
LEON GARNER.

Leon, even if you are as ambitious as you say you are, you will need every ounce of this ambition stuff to answer all the letters you will be getting from members of our Big Family who will be glad to cheer your lonesomeness out there amid the big sticks. Why even I almost wept as I read your last letter. I thought of you as sitting alone by the edge of Crater Lake, gazing forlornly at the many-colored sunset, and with a pile of railroad folders beside you in which you had been seeking routes to "go out and see the world." As you truly say, Leon, old boy, a desire for wandering is a natural one with youth, but this old world sometimes fails to do its part in showing up anything as good as that left behind. I am going to quote you, from memory, what a Western poet once said about just this thing—maybe he had done some wandering himself before he wrote it:

"We live, most of us, in belief  
That if we were possessed of wings  
We'd fly away from toil and grief,  
And all that work and worry brings;  
But if we were and if we flew  
To those far fields, no doubt we'd find  
More worry than we ever knew,  
More trouble than we left behind."

Think this over, Leon, before you buy your ticket away from that electric sign and "the finest climate any one could wish for." But if you do wander a bit, Crater Lake and its sunsets will be always there, always beautiful, and always serenely ready to welcome you back. But probably you will have to stay at home for a while and answer letters.

ATLANTA, 29 South Humphries Street, Georgia.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Won't you please pardon my intrusion and have my cousins move over a bit so as to let me in the big, wonderful and happy bunch? Thank you. This is my first letter and I hope Billy doesn't get a taste of it. Uncle, have you ever visited Atlanta? Of course you

have; and really don't you think it is the most convenient place in the world for fresh white gloves? I do. Atlanta, the "Gate City" of the South, is one of the few cities not located upon a water route. North of it, for over three hundred and fifty miles, there is no easy pass across the mountains, and no railroads crossed the Appalachians. North of Atlanta there is a good route, and railroads reaching westward from the Carolinas come together, making Atlanta a great railway center. It is also the leading market of the South and one of the most progressive cities in the country. After reading all about Atlanta, Uncle, I guess you and the cousins wouldn't mind knowing what I'm like: I'm a little girl, fifteen years old, weighing 103 pounds; height five feet, three inches. I have real fair complexion, golden blonde hair, gray eyes and clear-cut features.

I don't agree exactly with Augustus Trick's powder puff question, 'cause I use powder and other beauty cosmetics. I really think every girl has the privilege to try and better her appearance, but I think, of course, every one can go to extremes.

Perhaps I have said enough. Love to all the cousins.

Truly your niece,  
ROBERTA.

The time I visited Atlanta, Roberta, I was not wearing any white gloves—either fresh, salted, sugar-cured. All I had on my paws was a coat of Tennessee tan and a little coal dust from the L. & N. railroad, so I can't tell you whether or not I found it inconvenient to assume white gloves within the confines of the Gate City of the South. The best sort of gloves to not show soil, Roberta, are those made of a medium-weight gumbo skin, with three buttons of engraved ganna. Get a pair of these and you can walk down Peachtree street in full confidence that you are suitably attired.

I am glad to agree with you, Roberta, that Atlanta is a progressive city. It is full of pop-coco-cola, and all sorts of effervescent things. I remember well how, on warm evenings, I used to stroll down and listen to the band concert at the Clark Theological School. If it were not for this trouble about white gloves, Atlanta would be an ideal place for any girl to live who had blonde hair and clear-cut features. Roberta, after reading your description, I don't see why in the world you should need a powder puff to "better your appearance." Why not keep the powder to restore the whiteness of those difficult gloves and let your nose remain pink, tip-tiled and charmingly unsuborned?

EMMETT, R. R. 2, Box 24, Tennessee.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am reading in my room at COMFORT today, so I just thought I would steal the extra five cents and become a member of your great League. I know and am going to be very proud to be a member. I have been COMFORT several years and was very fond of Uncle Charlie and I don't think he could have picked out a better successor than our Uncle Lisha.

I have never seen a letter from this part of Tennessee, but it is not the real name of the place. It is only the name of our post office. The real name of this place is Holston Valley. It is situated on the Holston River. Farming is our chief industry. The scenery is very beautiful and is attracting tourists since the road has been completed across the Holston Mountains. The nearest city is Bristol which is eleven miles away. I live on a farm and believe I like country life better than city life. I can't see why city folks think they are better than farmers when they depend upon the farmers for everything they eat. And who raises the sheep and cotton and silk worms so which they depend for clothing? Not the city folks! So I can't see why they think they are better than we are. Can you, Uncle Lisha?

Uncle, what have you to say against the women of today? Everyone has a claim to give them, so I just imagined you would be no exception. Do you think the men of today are any better than the women? I can't see any difference. Is it any worse for a woman to smoke cigarettes than it is for a man? Is it any worse for a woman to go car-riding unchaperoned than it is for a man to take her out unchaperoned? Is it any worse for a woman to attend indecent dances than it is for a man to take her there and dance with her? Is it any worse for a woman to dress in extreme style than it is for the man to be attracted by the woman dressed in them? Is it fair to give all women a slap just because some are going to an extreme? I do not, and I know lots of girls who do not smoke, go to indecent dances, wear extreme styles and go car-riding and other places unchaperoned.

Well, as I like those letters best in which the writers describe themselves, I will give my description: I am about five feet tall, weigh 109 pounds and have long brown hair and blue eyes. My complexion is—well, I don't know what it is. I have never seen it with the tan off. I have a forgiving disposition and am as mad at any one long. So if you and the cousins do not give me too big a slam, I won't be mad at you more than one day and will forgive you and come again some day.

I would like to hear from any of the cousins about my own age—which is between sixteen and twenty.

Can you guess my age, Uncle? I will answer all who send stamp.

Your new niece and cousin, MARTHA BECKLER.

How do you know that city folks think "they are better than farmers," Martha? Take my word for it, there are loads of town dwellers who would give their eye-teeth to be able to lead a quiet and independent existence in the country. Why, Martha, when you talk with ninety-nine out of a hundred city folk you will find that they are holding as a cherished dream the day when they can give up their noisy, machine-like toil and own a little place of their own where green things grow in the sun. In the past twenty years the life of the farm has become pleasant, broader and happier in many ways. The pressure of city existence has increased in exactly the opposite direction. And those who live in the city understand this very well. In New York State in the past two years there has been a genuine boom in the selling of farms to city buyers. Instinctively the city dweller knows how abnormal is the life of towns, but most of the poor creatures are never able to get ahead enough financially to break their chains of unnatural living.

There are lots of bugs and worms raised in the city, Martha, but nevertheless you are right in saying that city folk never raise any sheep, worms, cotton-worms or silkworms. However, we raise plenty of subway-worms, landlord-worms and bad-air worms down here.

Certainly, Martha, if one believes that the women of today have degenerated, the holder of this opinion must logically attack the manners and modes of men, also. Of course, the truth is that the bad and good in both men and women are distributed pretty equally. There is good in the worst of us and bad in the best of us. Let us have patience one with another, boost all we can and slam only when a real jolt seems to be the only thing that can fill the bill—or all Billy!

HAMPTON, R. R. 1, Box 26, Arkansas.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I have thought many times of writing to COMFORT, but this is my first attempt although I have been a reader for several years. Before I go any further I will describe myself: I am five feet, two inches high and weigh 110 pounds. I was fourteen years old the 18th of February. I have gray eyes, Auburn hair and a fair complexion. We live on a farm of 120 acres and have 72 acres in cultivation. It is my mother's old home and is considered a very pretty place. I have two brothers and two sisters: one brother and one sister are dead. I go to school at Locust Bayou, a village of about 75 inhabitants. We have a two-room school building. My brother and I go in the upper room and my sister goes in the lower room. She is only nine years old and in the fourth grade. Brother and I are in the seventh grade. I have only been to school about fifteen months in my life. I was taken with rheumatism when I was four years old and have suffered a great deal with it. There was one time when I could not move a finger or toe and could not feed myself. There were five weeks laid water that I couldn't walk, but my health has been good for the last twelve months. I will tell you cousin what a friend mother did for me when I was so helpless: A friend of hers read in COMFORT of what a mother had done for her little boy, so my mother tried it on my day. She kept this up almost four months, and then she stopped rubbing me you couldn't tell I had ever had rheumatism. She has been up many nights with me trying to do something to ease me, and she has been taught me almost all I know. I am proud of my mother and love her very much. I certainly have her sympathy with the sick and afflicted as I saw

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



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32 x 3 1/2	9.45	15.45	34 x 4 1/2	14.45	23.45
34 x 3 1/2	10.65	16.90	35 x 4 1/2	14.95	24.90
36 x 3 1/2	11.85	18.75	36 x 4 1/2	15.45	25.45
38 x 3 1/2	12.45	20.90	38 x 4 1/2	15.95	25.95
40 x 3 1/2	13.25	21.95	38 x 4 1/2	15.95	25.95
42 x 3 1/2	14.95	25.95	38 x 4 1/2	15.95	25.95
44 x 3 1/2	14.95	25.95	38 x 4 1/2	15.95	25.95

SEND NO MONEY! Shipments C. O. D. express or parcel post. Examine tires on arrival and if not fully satisfied return same at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded. Don't delay—order now! Write today! State whether straight side or clincher. DON'T DELAY! CIRCLE NOW!

ALBANY TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY  
3721 Roosevelt Road Dept. 300, Chicago, Illinois

## INNER TUBE FREE

### 6,000 Miles Guaranteed

SEND NO MONEY

Here is the greatest tire ever made. Never before such low prices. Brand new inner tube given free with every one of our special reconstructed tires guaranteed for 6,000 miles. We ship at once on approval. Pay only when convinced.

Less Than 1/2 Price

28x3	\$4.40	34x4	\$9.95
30x3	6.75	32x4 1/2	19.10
30x3 1/2	6.95	34x4 1/2	19.95
32x3 1/2	7.25	36x4 1/2	11.25
34x3 1/2	8.25	36x4 1/2	11.75
32x4	8.95	35x5	12.12
34x4	9.35	37x5	12.25

Write Today! No money now—just your name and number of tires wanted. Pay on arrival. Examine and judge for your own satisfaction. If not satisfied return at our expense and your money immediately refunded. The same to state size and whether clincher or straight side. Don't delay—order now! Immediate shipment. Seven Fly Tire Co., 115 E. 26th St., Dept. 456, Chicago

## SAVE 60% ON STANDARD TIRES

Send No Money!

Cut your tire bill. BUY STANDARD make tires such as Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone and other adjusted tires at 40c on the dollar. They are in first-class condition and may really be guaranteed for 6,000 miles. These are NOT double tread or reconstructed tires.

Our Low Prices:

Size	Tires	Size	Tires
28x3	\$4.75	34x4	\$7.95
30x3	4.65	32x4 1/2	8.75
30x3 1/2	5.65	34x4 1/2	9.00
32x3 1/2	6.20	36x4 1/2	2.60
34x3 1/2	7.00	36x4 1/2	3.35
32x4	7.40	35x5	0.65
34x4	7.70	37x5	0.85

ALL TIRES GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR. Pay on arrival. Examine before you pay and if not satisfied return at our expense. 5 per cent discount allowed when cash accompanies order. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. Order at once! Immediate shipment.

STANDARD TIRE & RUBBER CO.  
3224 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois

## 2 Tires for \$10.80

and 2 Tubes FREE! First time in history the tire business you can get 12,000 miles for only \$10.80. Actually 1/10 of a cent a mile! These standard casings by a secret process that produces a remarkably rugged tread. Our customers call them ROUGH-ROAD tires. These tires are the cream of all makes, reconstructed and guaranteed.

**12,000 Miles!**

#### Sensational Cut Price Sale!

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
30x3	\$1.40	\$10.80	32x4 1/2	\$12.40	\$22.25
32x3 1/2	7.80	12.90	34x4 1/2	12.50	22.90
34x3 1/2	8.50	14.90	36x4 1/2	12.80	23.25
36x3 1/2	9.50	16.10	38x4 1/2	13.15	23.80
38x3 1/2	10.10	18.90	40x4 1/2	14.00	24.60
40x3 1/2	10.90	20.10	42x4 1/2	14.50	25.10
44x3 1/2	11.25	21.50	44x4 1/2	15.00	25.90

FREE EXAMINATION! Money Back Guarantee! Remember, standard tires with every tire! Orders shipped same day received. Send \$2 deposit with each pair of tires ordered. Balance C. O. D. subject to examination and approval. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. No return charge or exchange. (All same price) Cash with order, deduct 5% as extra saving. Order now while World's lowest price remains in effect.

Lincoln Tire Sales Co. Dept. 2108 So. 34th St., Chicago, Ill.

## FORDS run 34 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline

Wonderful new carburetor. Guaranteed to reduce gasoline bills from one-half to one-third and increase power of motors from 30 to 50%. Sent easy in 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

Fits any car. Attach yourself. Fords make as high as 34 miles to gallon. Other cars show proportionate saving. Send make of car and take advantage of our special 30-day trial offer. Agents Wanted.

AIR FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.  
3330 Madison Street Dayton, Ohio

## 12 Months to Pay

Earn money for the small payments. Parents often advance first payment to help buy a RANGER 44 cycles, colors and factory to higher prices. FREE! Express prepaid for 30 DAYS TRIAL. Terms to suit—cash or easy payments. Large wheels and equipment at low prices. SEND NO MONEY. Write today for big money-making opportunity.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. 13 Chicago, Ill.

# Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

#### One Wire System

My car left the factory equipped with the two wire system. Since the year in which my car was made the manufacturer has changed to the single wire system. Among the new features which I desired to incorporate on my model was a horn button operating from the top of the steering column. Unless I changed the construction of the button it was necessary to install a single wire system. About the same time a friend sent me a stop light having but a single contact so I decided that I would wire so as to have both single and two wire systems. I first visited an electric shop and purchased an old-type porcelain fuse holder. The heavy house fuse was easily removed and a five ampere one substituted. Next I screwed the fuse block to the side of the body sill and connected one side of the fuse by wire to the frame and the other side of the fuse to the negative terminal of the storage battery. Due to the possibility of corrosion by coupling to the battery direct, I used the two wire system for the return. There was a large cable running from the negative terminal of the battery to a post on the starting motor. By joining the cable from the fuse to the post on the starting motor it will be understood how I obtained a return to the battery for the single wire system. The reason for introducing this special fuse into the circuit is to afford protection for the battery and wiring should I obtain a short in the single wire system. Believing

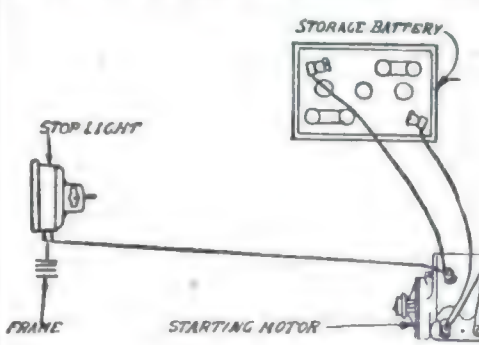


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING ONE-WIRE SYSTEM.

that some owners or garage men may at some time desire to install a single wire appliance into a double wire system, I am submitting the accompanying diagram which of course may be altered to meet the requirements of the individual case.

#### Charging Magneto by Dry Cells

This month again saw our mails flooded with inquiries regarding the charging magneto with dry cells. As stated in the last issue, I promised to get in touch with the person who passed the information on to me. Following are extracts from his letter:

"It is true that it is possible to recharge magnetos on a Ford car with the use of five dry cells. However, the possibility of changing the polarity of this magneto, but not knowing which pole is up, I would advise anyone that is in doubt to obtain a compass and find the North pole of the magnet.

"My experience with these magnetos is such that it leads me to believe that it would not make much difference on a magnet that was entirely demagnetized to start out.

"I got some information on the charging of these magnetos from a manual back in 1906 when it was necessary for repair men to find out this data and do the work on the road rather than take it to a service station. It is a fact that this operation can be accomplished with a set of dry cells by grounding the negative side of the battery and using the positive side of the feeder by removing the little terminals over the flywheel whereby you can reach in and make contact with the magnet.

"It is only necessary to exhaust the set of cells into the magnets at intervals of about 10 seconds contact. My experience was that when the five cells were run down, the magnets were amply strong and would give the very best of satisfaction."

I might add that I have received a few letters from owners who have successfully charged the magnets by dry cells. The person who furnishes the above information is a very capable mechanic. He is at present manager of a large service station (factory branch). I personally have a great deal of confidence in his advice. Although I cannot vouch for this method of charging magnets, I would suggest that those who are skeptical try out the method as it is inexpensive and will at least prove interesting.

#### Helpful Pointers

##### Hot Toe Board

If the toe board of your car becomes too hot during the summer months purchase some asbestos sheeting and tack it to the under side of board. Also tilt the lower half of windshield in so as to direct a current of air around the feet.

##### Leather Upholstery

Do not wipe leather upholstery with gasoline as this treatment is injurious. Use a cloth dipped in water to which has been added a few drops of ammonia.

##### Care of Tubes

The sack in which the spare tube is carried should be liberally sprinkled with talc.

##### Tire Pump

Don't cuss the tire pump because it doesn't produce sufficient pressure. Probably the leather plunger is dry and requires a few drops of neat's-foot oil to soften it.

##### Spring Shackles

The grooves in a spring shackle bolt will sometimes become clogged with hard grease. Regardless of the pressure exerted, it will be impossible to force new grease into the bolt. A simple remedy for this condition is to heat a large nail and push it into the bolt. The heat will melt the hardened grease and by allowing the nail to remain in the bolt until cool it will heat the bolt sufficiently to soften any hard grease that might be clogging communicating grooves.

##### Spring Lubrication

It is the action which follows the sudden compression of a spring that causes breakage. The compression will not cause the spring to break. From observation it will be noted that the spring leaves slide over each other and for this reason lubrication should not be neglected. If

the leaves are free to slide then the danger of breaking a spring from a rebound is considerably lessened. A mixture of cylinder oil and kerosene is very satisfactory for spring lubrication. If the weight of the car be removed by jacking, the kerosene and oil mixture will readily penetrate. Oil that has been drained out of the motor is also very satisfactory for this purpose. If it is not desired to jack the weight off the springs then it will be a good plan to squirt the mixture between the leaves and rely upon the oscillating action to work the lubricant between the leaves.

#### Proper Oil

"Pour in a quart of oil." "Any special kind?" "No. Anything will do." This is just about the conversation that takes place between some motorists and the man at the filling station. Some of the men who have charge of the station have learned the proper grades of oil to use for different motors and when such is the case it is the owner's good fortune. However, if the man at the station should take the owner at his word and pour in the first grade of oil he should happen to lay his hands on, then it is the owner's misfortune. All motors do not take the same grade of oil. If such was the case there would be no need for the carrying of several grades. You do not want to use an oil that goes to pieces when subjected to intense heat and leaves your cylinder walls a prey to friction. Look through your instruction book for the manufacturer's recommendation regarding the proper oil to use for different seasons. If you do not find it there, write directly to the manufacturer and request a list of oils that are satisfactory for your make of motor.

#### Answers to Correspondents

HARD-STARTING ENGINE.—My 1918 model Maxwell car fails to start with the self starter unless someone cranks the engine at the same time I put pressure on the starter. (Can you tell me what the trouble is, and how to fix it?) Mrs. A. E. M., Buffalo, N. Y. A.—I am of the opinion that there is a misalignment of the starting motor that is causing your trouble. If the Bendix drive is used then there might be a possibility that the shaft is out of alignment which would account for the heavy drag on the starting motor, causing it to stall. The teeth in the flywheel might also be clogged. I would suggest removal of the starting motor and a general checking of the shaft, etc.

ENGINE OVERHEATS AT HIGH SPEED.—I have a 1915 model Ford car. Please explain timing of the engine valves. Please define the Ford starting and lighting system. My car will not run over 18 miles an hour without overheating the engine and I get very loud muffler explosions. May it be due to wrong timing of valves? How should connecting-rod bearings be tightened? If pistons let too much oil through would over-size rings remedy this trouble? How should vibrator blades be adjusted for best results?

J. G. R., R. R. 1, Black, Mo. A.—Providing you have not tampered with the timing gears, it is next to an impossibility for the valve timing to change.

I do not quite understand what you expect when you ask me to define the starting and lighting system. It would require a volume of books to go into the matter thoroughly. Regarding your car not gaining a speed in excess of 18 miles per hour, I would suggest that you try another carburetor adjustment. Possibly the mixture is much too rich, causing the motor to choke. This condition would also cause overheating. It might be well to examine the timer. It may be worn out and require replacing or it might be dirty and need cleaning. The backing in the muffler is usually due to one or more cylinders missing, loading the muffler with gas which is set off by the next hot charge entering the muffler.

To adjust the connecting rods, take off the lower half of crank case. I have seen cars of your make that have shims between the cap and rod. For this arrangement the adjustment is made by removing one or more shims until a proper fit is obtained. I have also seen rods that do not have shims. When such is the case grind off a little of the cap. A rough point or dirty contact will slow a vibrator, therefore, a clean and smooth contact is necessary. All vibrators must be tuned as nearly alike as possible to obtain the best results. Adjust the vibrator until they "sing" at a high pitch.

#### Brainograms.

##### HOW MANY AUTOS DO YOU KNOW?

1. The monarch's.
2. The perfect man's.
3. The archer's.
4. The watchmaker's.
5. The explorer's.
6. The Mason's.
7. The dancer's.
8. The ornithologist's.
9. The Southerner's.
10. The boatman's.
11. The railway engineer's.
12. The astronomer's.
13. The lover's.
14. The diplomat's.
15. The doctor's.
16. The minister's.
17. The aged man's.
18. The vagabond's.
19. The gambler's.
20. The redhead's.

#### Answers.

1. King.
2. Peerless.
3. Pierce.
4. Elgin.
5. Stanley.
6. Templar.
7. Glide.
8. Crow-Eikhart.
9. Dixie Flyer.
10. Pilot.
11. Locomobile.
12. Moon.
13. Kissel.
14. Ambassador.
15. Case.
16. Jordan.
17. Oldsmobile.
18. Roamer.
19. Ace.
20. Auburn.

## Railway Mail Clerks

Get \$1600 to \$2300 Year.  
MEN—BOYS OVER 16  
SHOULD WRITE IMMEDIATELY  
Steady work  
No Layoffs  
Paid Vacations  
Common education sufficient.  
Send coupon today—SURE.

Franklin Institute, Dept. F210, Rochester, N.Y.  
Sire: Send me, without charge, (1) sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) schedule showing places of coming; (3) list of many Government jobs now obtainable.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Men With Autos Wanted



to introduce and take orders for our NEW PROCESS STORAGE BATTERY. Plates cannot sulphate or buckle. No expert attention required.

One-half cup water every 3 months. Made for autos, radios, lighting outfits and all other battery purposes.

### Guaranteed 2 Years

The biggest money maker and greatest business builder ever known. Write today for our exclusive proposition and low wholesale prices.

HARSHA BATTERY CO. Dept. 18, CHICAGO  
21 East Van Buren St.

## STANDARD TIRES LESS THAN 1/2 Price

### Send No Money!

Buy right! Cut your tire cost in two and get a real winner with each tire FREE. We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and Year Money Back! If you don't like them, they can be returned for full refund. If you are ready to be guaranteed for 6000 miles, we are ready to take your tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not second-hand tires, known as the double tread and reconstructed tires.

#### SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Size	Tires	Size	Tires
28x3	\$4.95	34x4	\$9.15
30x3	4.75	32x4 1/2	8.95
30x3 1/2	5.75	34x4 1/2	9.75
32x3 1/2	6.45	36x4 1/2	8.25
34x3 1/2	7.45	36x4 1/2	8.25
32x4	7.50	35x5	8.75
34x4	7.95	37x5	8.95

Remember, a real winner with each tire. When cash is sent with order 5 per cent discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied, return cash at once. Specify straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain wanted.

CLEVELAND TIRE AND RUBBER CO.  
3154 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

## AUTO OWNERS WANTED

To introduce the best automobile tires in the world. Made under our new and exclusive Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process that eliminates Blow-out—Stone-Bruise—Rim-Cut and enables us to sell our tires under a

### 10,000 Mile Guarantee

We want an agent in every community to use and introduce these wonderful tires at our astonishingly low prices to all motor car owners. Write for booklet describing this new process and explaining our amazing introductory offer to owner agents.

Hydro-United Tire Co.  
Dept. 157—Chicago See 7 routes Pittsburgh, Pa.

## AUTO OWNERS AND AGENTS

Wanted immediately to introduce the best

### STORAGE BATTERY

In the world; made under our new and exclusive process, fully covered by patents, have been in constant and successful use for years, every Automobile or Radio Battery.

### Fully Guaranteed for 2 Years

against all battery troubles usually found in other batteries.

We want an agent in every community to use and introduce this wonderful, high-class Storage Battery.

### A "QUAKER CITY" FOR EVERY CAR

Write for booklet fully describing our plan and explaining our amazing offer with 30 days trial at our expense to owners and agents. Write factory direct.

QUAKER CITY STORAGE BATTERY CO.  
E. 115 E. Rittenhouse St., Phila., Pa.

## We Pay \$6 a Day

taking orders for Inside Tires—inner armor for automobile tires. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Work Spare Time or Full Time. Every auto owner buys on account of low price. Enormous demand. Write quick for territory and special terms to County Representatives.

AMERICAN ACCESSORIES CO., B. 1422 CINCINNATI, O.

## Turn Your Old Car

into a practical two or three-plow tractor or heavy truck by simply attaching a STAUDE MAK-A-TRACTOR. Price only \$148.25 F.O.B. Factory. Fits any car. Thousands used. Write for free information. E. C. STAUDE MAK-A-TRACTOR CO. 1389 Univ. Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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The Pathfinder is the Ford of the journalistic world. We put such good stuff in it that it makes good wherever it goes. Nearly half a million people now take it, enjoy it and profit by it every week. We invite you to get acquainted with it. Simply write for sample copies and we will send them without cost to you. You will like the Pathfinder. It costs only \$1 a year and it's the biggest dollar's worth in the world. Send \$1 for whole year—22 issues; or ask for free samples.

PATHFINDER, 1132 Langdon Sta., Washington, D.C.

## WANTED!

U.S. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS

Franklin Institute, Dept. F210, Rochester, N.Y.  
Sire: Send me, without charge, (1) sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) schedule showing places of coming; (3) list of many Government jobs now obtainable.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



## SALESMEN

### Wanted Immediately.

### Spare or Full Time—Big Money

### Writing Orders—Liberal

### Commissions.

Not just an "ordinary" selling offer—this is an OPPORTUNITY such as big, successful men are quick to see and grasp.

Take orders for beautiful memorials by simply showing handsome catalogs—No hard selling necessary—every family desires a memorial—all you do is to help them select the best—you will be welcome in every house—make \$40 a WEEK and UP in SPARE time.

Don't hesitate if you have never sold before. We send you full instructions—and the memorials practically sell themselves.

A little spare time is one qualification—the desire to make money the other. If you have both, write and tell us so, and we'll rush to you the details of this money-making offer. But don't delay—send your inquiry TODAY.

COGGINS MARBLE COMPANY,  
425 Main Street, Canton, Ga.

Only \$2 DOWN  
ONE YEAR  
TO PAY

\$44 Buys the New Butterfly Jr. No. 2

NEW BUTTERFLY Jr. No. 2

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

ALBAUGH-DYER CO. 2102 Marshall St. Chicago

## MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from \$1 to \$2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new, simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting; we teach you how, guarantee you steady work at home no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week.

Full particulars and booklet free.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL  
238 Ryrie Building Toronto, Canada

## Tire

Agents Wanted  
An auto owner in each locality to sell and introduce.  
Selling Extra-Ply and Cord Tires.  
Make big money part or full time. No capital or experience needed. Sample Sections Furnished. GUARANTEED 8,000 & 10,000 Miles.  
FREE TIRES FOR YOUR CAR.  
To one user in each locality.  
Be first to write quick for special Agents Offer and Low Wholesale Prices.  
MELLINGER TIRE & RUBBER CO.  
923 North Oak St., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE TIRES FOR YOUR CAR

## GET-A-WITTE

Kerosene Engine  
Cash or Payments.  
Save \$15 to \$50. Big Catalog sent FREE.  
WITTE ENGINE WORKS  
3641 Oakland Ave., Kansas City, Mo.  
3641 Empire Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## SAY!

Thousands have; why don't you improve your financial condition? Operate a Kingery Popcorn Popper, Peanut Roaster or Popcorn Fritter Outfit. 70 cents profit on every dollar. Many styles and sizes. Popping 40 quarts to 12 bushels per hour. Roasting 12 quarts to 5 bushels. Prices \$40 to \$550. Liberal terms. Catalog free.  
KINGERY MFG. CO., Est. 1881.  
Dept. C. O. CINCINNATI, OHIO

## GIVEN

Moving Picture Machine  
Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Kinetograph. Sell at 25¢ a box, return the \$3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission.  
U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. 850, Greenville, Pa.

## VIOLIN GIVEN

This special sweet toned Violin given for selling two sets of 20 pictures at 10¢ each. Order pictures today. This real darning Gum Set. Ring also given as extra present for promptness.  
RAY ART CO., Dept. 48, Chicago, Ill.

## THIS KNIFE FREE

For selling 5 boxes of ROSEBUD at 25¢ each and remitting \$2.00. Knife has best steel blades, we put your name on. Order Rosebud at once.  
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 232, Woodstock, Md.

## NEW CORD TIRES

\$10.65 TUBE FREE  
30 x 3 1/2  
\$100 REWARD  
To any person proving our tires not to be strictly firsts



### July in the Garden

SEASONS may vary from year to year but we have yet to experience a July without hot weather and hay-making. These two are as sure and dependable as taxes. Nor is it unusual to find Dad and the boys show a marked inclination to linger in the cool and inviting shade of the big maple in the front yard on the rare occasions when there happens to be a full in farm work—even when there is weeding and hoeing to be done in the garden. But think it over. Is it fair to leave such work to the "women folks"? Say, don't we men eat far more than our share of the creamed peas, buttered beets, fresh greens, tomatoes sliced or stewed, wax beans, string beans, salads and a variety of other "goodies" too numerous to mention? Gosh! Almost forgot to include sweet corn, piping hot and dripping butter. Why, it fairly makes one's mouth water just to mention it. Just keep all these things in mind, then help out a bit in the garden when there is work to be done. Remember that you will be repaid in full for your work three times a day at the table. Now, here are some of the things to be done.

### How to Hoe Correctly

Weeds, like the poor, are always with us. They must be fought steadily. In younger growing crops the old-fashioned hoe and the hand cultivator are deadly enemies of weeds—if they are used effectively and frequently. Carry a small file and touch up the hoe occasionally; it is surprising how a good sharp edge will keep away backaches for the hoe wielder. In many localities, and in most all larger gardens, the hand cultivator has supplanted the hoe for keeping weeds in check and preserving the dust mulch between the rows. This handy implement saves time, does efficient work, and is less likely to do damage even if used a bit carelessly than is the hoe. A light hand cultivator is preferable to a heavy one; though the light one may not be so durable, a heavy hand cultivator soon tires the operator. The secret of correct hoeing, whether the common hoe or the hand cultivator be used, is to stir the soil thoroughly and leave the surface fine, loose and level. Many gardeners make the mistake of pulling a quantity of loosened soil on top of an undisturbed area, leaving part of the soil compact. In hoeing, stir the soil closest to you first, then instead of pulling the soil toward you three or four inches, as is commonly done, move it only very slightly. Remove the hoe by lifting it so that at the end of the completed operation the hoe is slightly farther away from you and in position for the next stroke. Thus the loosened soil is allowed to fall back into nearly its original position, making raking unnecessary.

### About Sprinkling

The number of farms equipped with running water from pressure systems or tanks is rapidly increasing and many gardens are no longer compelled to "go thirsty" during the midsummer drought. But watering the garden deserves a word of caution. When watering is done, do it thoroughly. Lightly sprinkling the surface does little good, but can do a great deal of harm by compacting the loosened surface, inducing evaporation and causing caking. For best results do not sprinkle the garden; give it a thorough soaking, moving the hose from place to place only when the soil is saturated six to eight inches deep. The best time to do this is in the evening, though early in the morning on cloudy days is allowable. Never make the mistake of turning a sprinkler on growing plants during the mid-day heat and sun. To do so causes wilting or blanching, for the tiny drops soon become hot enough to scald tender leaves. Even lawns should be watered morning or evening, and less water will be required.

### Pull Large Weeds

Just a word about weeds. The small ones may be receiving their full share of attention, but there is a marked tendency to overlook the big, lusty fellows that show their heads in rows of potatoes and other crops that have been "laid by." Remember that from these weeds, so commonly allowed to thrive and make seed, comes the weed infestation of following years. Hand pulling is the only solution and it is a man's job, indeed, to uproot full-grown ragweed, sour dock, pig weed or several other uninvited garden guests. Don't leave this task to the "missus" and the girls; some night after chores are done go out and have a little surprise party all by your own. You'll find plenty to do among the potatoes, sweet corn, tomatoes, grape vines and berry bushes, or we miss our guess. File all your "pulling" to one side where they will dry out, then burn them. If they are simply pulled and tossed in the rows many of them will still make seed "with their feet in the air."

### Renewing Old Pastures

The first thing to do with old, worn-out, unprofitable pastures is to scarify or disk up the surface soil, since the chances are ten to one that they are "hidebound" from constant tramping, then seed down with a mixture of blue grass, red top and white clover. Use from 20 to 30 pounds of seed to the acre, depending on the amount of surface stirring you have done. A common mixture for this purpose consists of 30 pounds blue grass, 15 pounds red top, and six pounds white clover. Do not make the mistake of using too little seed. A pound or two of seed too much will do no harm, but a "stingy" seeding will give the weeds a chance to gain a foothold. In poor, weedy pastures this treatment is the only certain means of getting a good even stand of grass. Handled as described, old pastures can be cheaply and quickly renewed.

Sometimes it is unnecessary to scarify old pastures. They may have managed to maintain a firm sod and an even stand of grass somehow in spite of neglect. Where this is the case the manure spreader will perform wonders, if given a chance, but if manure is spread as a top dressing during summer it must be done when pastures are not needed for livestock. It has been found that when a top dressing of manure is applied to grass it will not only improve the stand and stimulate growth, but that the land shows the effect for two or three years afterwards. For this reason it is a paying proposition to top dress even temporary pastures that are to be plowed up later and put into crops.

In addition to barnyard manure, acid phosphate is becoming more popular for pasture renewing. Particularly in the East has this been practiced with good result, but recently striking examples of success have been reported in the Middle West following the application of 500 pounds of acid phosphate per acre. The benefits may not be noticeable the first year following its use, but the second season and following years show a marked improvement. Grass grows faster, stronger and closer together, and under test it has been noted that fertilized grass is preferred to unfertilized by livestock. Clover also shows great improvement, growing in much thicker and withstanding severe winters a great deal better. Weeds find it more difficult to compete with and crowd out fertilized grasses than the weak stands upon poor land.

Lime or ground limestone should be used where the land is acid. Perhaps the best indication of acidity is the failure of clover to thrive. Certain weeds such as sheep sorrel also make their appearance when soil becomes acid. Ground limestone should be used at the rate of one to two tons per acre depending upon the needs of the soil. Slaked lime spread at the rate of one-half a ton to the acre will suffice.

### Cowpeas as a Pasture Crop

Good results are obtained by pasturing cowpeas with any kind of livestock, the most common practice, however, being to hog them down. Cowpeas are a good feed for young pigs, but some grain is also required for best results. Hogs will usually feed on the mature pods first, leaving the dried vines and leaves. For this reason it is often profitable to turn cattle or sheep onto fields where hogs have pastured for some time as they will pasture off leaves and stems left by the hogs. Dairy cows show the effects of such pasturing by increased milk flow. Young lambs and wethers thrive well on cowpeas in corn fields, the mixture of cowpea seed and corn leaves making a fine ration.

At the Alabama Experiment Station it was found that pigs fed on corn alone gained 0.36 pound daily, while hogs on cowpea pasture and corn gained 0.97 pound daily, consuming 36 per cent. less corn for each pound gained. The same station conducted a feeding experiment with pasturing for dairy cows, using an upland cornfield from which the ears had been removed and in which cowpeas had been drilled between the rows. The field was first pastured by three milk cows and later by three dry cows, the milk cows in the meantime receiving three pounds of cottonseed meal daily. On the cowpea pasture the yield of milk was 15.8 per cent. greater and the yield of butter 9.5 per cent. higher than when the cows with the same grain feed ran on a good pasture of Bermuda grass, carpet grass, and lespedeza. In addition to the increase in milk and butter the cows gained a total of 85 pounds in weight during the 19 days, and the dry cows gained 53 pounds in nine days.

At the Arkansas Experiment Station steers fattened on cowpea pasture and cottonseed meal made an average gain of two pounds a day for 90 days. As long as the cowpea vines were green and considerable seed was available very little cottonseed was eaten. The cost per pound of gain was only two cents for the cottonseed meal, thus showing the high value of the cowpea pasture. The Oklahoma Experiment Station reports that cowpeas planted in July furnished two grazing periods for milk cows before frost and that the flow of milk was quite noticeably increased.

To use cowpeas strictly as pasture is not considered the best farm practice, but under certain conditions it is advisable and profitable. The best time to turn in the stock is when the crop has reached the stage of maturity best suited for hay—or when the first pods have matured. This practice is not generally followed, however, as it is customary to gather at least part of the seed. When pasturing is delayed for this reason results obtained are not so satisfactory, as the woody condition of stems makes them somewhat less palatable and not so greatly relished by livestock. When cowpeas are grown in corn, pasturing is generally deferred until the corn has been gathered.

### Feeding Sows with Pigs

Many heavy losses among young pigs may be prevented by liberal and careful feeding of sows while they are nursing their litters. According to L. A. Weaver, of the Missouri College of Agriculture, the ration for sows should contain plenty of protein and mineral matter. Milk is high in these nutrients, and unless the sow is liberally supplied with them in her feed, maximum milk production cannot be expected. The ration at this time should be somewhat more bulky than that fed to very young pigs or fattening hogs, and the importance of good and ample pasture such as clover, alfalfa or rape cannot be overestimated. There are any number of combinations that have proved satisfactory for sows that are nursing pigs, of which the following is one of the best: Corn, 50 pounds; shorts, 25 pounds; wheat bran, 15 pounds; linseed oil meal, 10 pounds.

### Avoiding Screw-Worm Attacks

The screw-worm is a native of America and has been causing great damage and serious trouble to stockmen for many years, particularly in the Southwest where screw-worm injury to range cattle is an annual occurrence. Cattlemen in this region accept the pest as a necessary evil, counting on doctoring a certain number of cases every year, but if a few simple steps were taken throughout the most severely infested districts, and certain control measures were consistently practiced, much could be done to eradicate the pest.

In attempting to control the pests, the importance of destroying carcasses of all sorts of animals cannot be overestimated. Careful estimates indicate that as many as a million flies of the variety causing screw-worm infestation of livestock may be produced from the dead body of a single cow. Under ideal conditions the life cycle, or the period required for the development of a mature fly from the newly hatched egg, ranges from one to four weeks, allowing for in-

numerable generations in a single season. Therefore it is of first importance that all dead bodies should be buried as soon as possible after death, though under range conditions this may be difficult. Nevertheless, the complete destruction of all dead animals by burning is by far the best method of control. This precaution not only stops the breeding of all blow flies but helps to prevent the dissemination of such diseases as anthrax, blackleg and hog cholera. When burning is not possible carcasses may be buried. To do this correctly, dig grave deep enough to permit covering carcass with at least two feet of packed earth. Sprinkle inside of grave with lime, cover the carcass with a liberal layer, then cover with dirt.

### Preventing Screw-Worm Infestation

Losses from screw-worm infestation at calving time can be to a large extent prevented if calves come early in the spring. In the Southwest this will mean between December 1st and the middle of April; further North the time of calving may safely be extended until June. As the eggs are laid by the screw-worm flies wherever an abrasion or injury of the skin occurs, it is well to avoid branding, castrating, dehorning and marking while flies are abundant, and to carry on these operations from December to May if possible. A small quantity of cottonseed oil containing four per cent. of carbolic acid applied to branding burns or other abrasion induces rapid healing and protects animals from screw-worm attacks.

Since dense brush and undergrowth are favorable to screw-worm breeding, every effort should be made to eradicate such breeding spots. Though clearing land of brush is more applicable to small pastures, some stock raisers have now cleared thousands of acres of all dense underbrush. This results in increased grass production, makes the finding of dead animals or wormy animals a more simple matter, facilitates the handling of stock on the range, and removes the "screw-worm nurseries" all from one operation.

As a large number of screw-worm attacks follow severe tick infestation, systematic dipping for ticks should be practiced, thus reducing the danger from screw-worms. Heavy infestation of ticks other than the common cattle tick often are followed by screw-worm attacks. This is particularly applicable to the Gulf Coast tick which attacks the inside of the ears of horses, mules and cattle. While the usual system of dipping will not completely destroy these ticks, it will reduce their numbers markedly. Furthermore, where cattle are infested with screw-worm maggots are dipped in an arsenical solution, many of the maggots are killed.

As supplementary measures for reducing the number of screw-worm and other blow fly, fly traps and certain poison baits may be utilized. Full instructions regarding construction of traps and making and placing of baits will be found in Farmers' Bulletin 734 of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

### Foreign Plants Introduced

More than thirty countries are represented as sources of foreign plants and seeds recently introduced into the United States by the Department of Agriculture. The list contains descriptions of 285 new plants brought from all parts of the world by agricultural explorers, many of which may prove to be of great value to American farmers and stockmen. In view of the success of such former introductions as Rhodes grass and Sudan grass, four new forage grasses from New South Wales and a collection from the Belgian Congo should be of special interest, and more will be published relative to these when certain experiments now under way have been completed. Tropical horticulturists may find something of interest and value in various fruits introduced from Guatemala, especially a large form of avocado known in that country as "coyote." Although flavoring plants are not much used in most parts of this country, people in sections where it may be grown may be interested in a tropical vine that imparts the flavor of oysters to milk or potato soup.

Other plants in the new list are house plants that take on a graceful form; small hardy palms with showy edible fruits from Argentina; a tropical black walnut from Porto Rico that may have possibilities for timber production; a tree from Java with nodules imbedded in the leaves that collect and fix nitrogen from the air just as is done by root nodules in legumes; and a flowering cherry from Japan that may be grown in the Adirondack region.

### Late Crops for Winter Feed

In regions where drought has damaged the hay crop there will be a shortage of roughage during the coming winter unless catch crops are immediately planted to offset the scarcity. Though it is growing late in the season, there are a few crops that may still be planted with fair assurance of getting a satisfactory yield.

Early soy-beans will make a good May crop if planted now, provided the ground is moist enough to germinate seed. It is unlikely that soy-beans will reach the full blossoming stage before heavy frost, but they will have made sufficient growth to fill the need for hay in both good quality and quantity. Millet or sudan grass may also be broadcasted on low land and harrowed in with no great outlay of labor, and the chance of a crop is good even this late in the season.

Do not forget the root crops. A few acres of rutabagas, mangels or common turnips will make a surprising yield, and will prove to be a "life-saver" for dairy or beef cattle next winter when a balanced ration will otherwise be impossible for lack of succulent feed. Roots are easily seeded and will grow later than any other farm crop without suffering severely from frost. They may be harvested almost at leisure during late fall after the more urgent fall work is completed, another factor which makes roots well worth considering.

Pumpkins do not receive the measure of credit they deserve as a feed for cattle and hogs. Of course it is now too late to plant them, but they are no doubt growing in innumerable corn fields where they withstand drought admirably. Do not consider them as an ornament. Give them storage room and a place in the roughage ration for winter feeding. They will help overcome the hay shortage, and cows and hogs will show their appreciation in increased production and weight.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farm, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

### Questions and Answers

POTATO SCAB.—My seed potatoes were treated with formaldehyde before planting but I find that my early potatoes are scabby. I am sure I used the right strength solution, one pint to 30 gallons of water. Why didn't it prevent scab? J. M. C., New York.

A.—Sometimes in an old garden patch which has been in potatoes for several years, and which has been heavily manured, such a potato scab will develop in spite of seed treatment. This is because the organism which causes scab lives in the soil from year to year. Soil rich in lime is much more likely to carry infection than sandy soil. Any soil which is alkaline in reaction may carry the disease, but sandy soils which are slightly acid are not common. It is known to show the disease unless it is introduced with the seed. Treatment of infected soils is a difficult matter. Full particulars may be found in special bulletin 85, published by the Michigan Agricultural College.

Berea College, Berea, Ky., has opened a course in dairying. This course is open to men, but the principal object is to instruct its women in practical cattle raising, butter making and milking.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

## The First Step Toward Winter Eggs

**A**S I told you last month, culling is the important work just at this season, for, with the present price of feed, no one can afford to keep "dead-heads."

The indications that a bird is physically qualified to produce eggs are: A clear, full bright eye, the eyelids wide open and not sluggish; a good pair of shanks, with straight, well-worn toe-nails, showing constant use in scratching. Only a healthy fowl is a laying fowl, and such a bird must of necessity have a good appetite. A hen that is laying has an enlarged abdomen, due to the enlarged intestines, ovary and oviduct, and the body is deeper at the rear than at the front of the keel. These points are not so well marked when the hen ceases laying.

In the non-laying hen there is likely to be an unusual accumulation of fat in the abdomen and under the skin of the body, so that a plump appearance presents itself; the fat under the skin of the shanks, especially in the back, causes that part of the leg to have a round appearance. When a hen is in her laying period, the surplus fat to a certain extent is used, and the shanks lose their round, plump appearance, and the same is true of other parts of the body, especially in the region of the pelvis and vent. The face appearing more plump and fat, thin out, and the skin of the face, comb, earlobes, wattles, and also over the body, becomes more soft and pliable as the hen passes for a non-laying period to a laying period. These changes in the comb, earlobes and wattles are sex characteristics, and become changed, as just stated, as the ovary and oviduct become enlarged and active. When the hen passes from a laying to a non-laying state, the ovary and oviduct shrink, and the comb, wattles and earlobes lose their soft, pliable and red appearance, becoming more dull in color, and the comb looks as if it had been powdered.

The pelvic bones are wide apart in the heavy producer, but contract again when she ceases to lay. The fullness of abdomen and the width of the pelvic arch will depend on how heavily the hen will lay during the next two or three weeks. At the same time the pelvic arch enlarges, the abdomen also enlarges, and the vent grows larger and flabbier. A heavy-laying hen has a soft skin all over the body. The non-laying hen has a hard, plump body, with bones not too evident. A pinched body indicates a small capacity and a poor producer. The meat type of bird has a tendency to turn her feed into fat, which is indicated by the thick pelvic arch and a hard abdomen. In the laying hen the ischial bones of the pelvic arch are thin. In the heavy-laying hen there is noted bleached shanks, earlobes, beak, eyelids and vent.

The yellow color is due to xanthopyll, which occurs principally in the green feed; thus the more green feed the bird consumes, the slower will be the bleaching of the parts when the laying period begins. In the heavy-laying hen the capacity will be indicated by the distance from the posterior point of the breastbone to the pelvic arch, which should be three or four fingers' breadth, and the pelvic bones in the region of the vent should be two or three fingers in breadth. In the non-layer these pelvic bones may be scarcely one finger's breadth apart.

And when on the job of culling, don't forget that there are many advantages in the capon over the ordinary roasting fowl. He is much larger, attains weight more cheaply, is always in demand because of a large carcass, and sells at from ten to twelve cents a pound higher than the rooster because of the quality of the meat.

After cockerels have reached the age of four and a half or five months they become quarrelsome, and are hard to keep in flocks of more than four or five, whereas capons can be kept in large flocks, and are as docile as a flock of pullets. Being inactive, they put on weight rapidly, and, although their bodies reach an enormous size, they never become tough.

It is not advisable to caponize the lighter breeds, such as the Leghorns, etc., as the large carcass can never be obtained from such fowls. The American type, such as the Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red and Wyandotte, and the Asiatic type, such as the Brahma and Langshan, are breeds which may be caponized profitably.

Caponizing is not at all a difficult operation; almost anyone of ordinary ability can perform it. Any small, strong table which can be easily moved to a window will do to operate on. The bird should be confined to a clean coop for twenty-four hours without food or drink, to insure the intestines being empty. Prepare two pieces of strong twine, with a slip-noose at one end and a weight at the other. Half a brick or stone will do. We had two old pound weights with slots in them, that fitted over a scale bar, and as they were easily attached to a string, we always used them. The noose should be long enough, after the noose is made and the weight attached, to reach from the center of the table to within a foot of the ground. When you are ready to perform the operation, slip the noose of one cord around the bird's shanks just above the foot, then draw the wings up over the back until they touch, and slip the noose of the second string over the wings, below the second joint. Lay the bird upon its left side on the table, allowing the ends of the strings to which the weights are attached to hang down on each side of the table. This keeps the bird's feet and wings perfectly still and out of the way. Now dampen the feathers on the bird's side with cold water, to keep them flat, and also to check bleeding. Then with the left hand press down the skin toward the leg, and hold it in position whilst with a sharp knife you make a cut about an inch long between the first and second ribs, above the hips, following the shape of the ribs. The bird will start as the cut is made, but will lie quite still the next moment. Of course the point of the knife must be used, and the skin only cut. Place the wire stretcher which comes with the tools in the cut to hold it open. You will then be able to see the white, fiber-like skin which encloses the bowels. This must be at-

tacked with the sharp hook belonging with the kit, and carefully picked open. Naturally every precaution must be taken not to pierce the intestines, but as they will be empty after the bird's long fast, there is not much danger if care is used. As the breaking of this skin causes the bird no pain, there is no necessity to hurry or get flustered, but it is well to work as quickly as you can. After the inner casing is open, one of the testicles will be in sight—a creamy white kidney-shaped membrane lying near the backbone.

Before commencing the operation at all, you must thread the caula with a fine steel wire (both of which belong to the kit), letting the wire form a loop at the curved end, and ends well out at the other end.

Sometimes both testicles are in sight, but not often, as the other usually lies beyond and more to the other side.

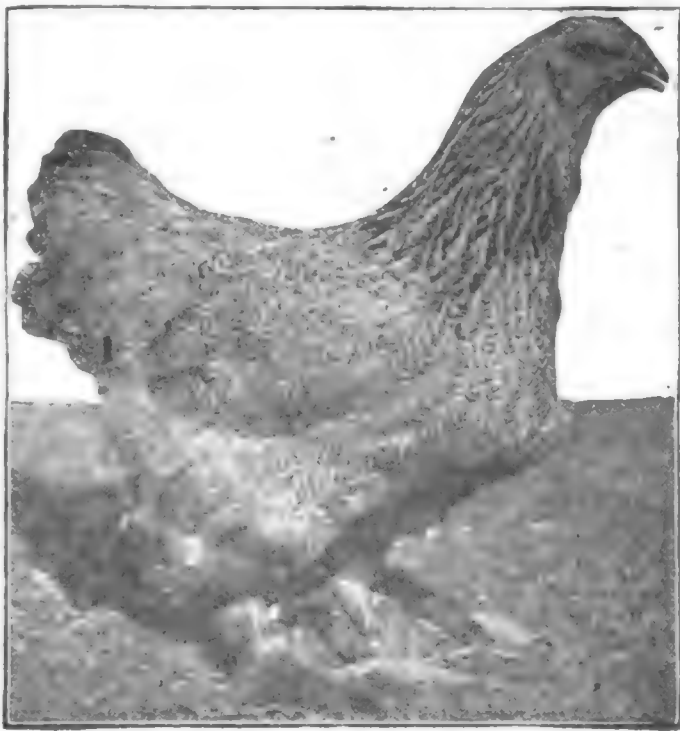
Now comes the only dangerous part of the whole operation—getting hold of and removing the testicles. But with a steady hand and a plenty of light not one bird in a hundred should be lost. Attached to the testicle and lying back of it is one of the principal arteries of the fowl, and this if ruptured, is sure to cause death. It is here that the proper tools prove of the greatest advantage. The wire, being small and very fine, is easily slipped between the testicles and the artery without injury to either, and a clear, clean cut made. Take the caula in the right hand, and adjust the wire in it so that the loop, about one-half an inch long, will extend from the small end of the tube, leaving the two ends of wire extending far enough out of the open end to secure a good hold. Insert the end of the tube that has the loop on it very carefully, and slip the loop over both ends of the testicle and entirely around it; hold end of tube close down to the testicles. When it is entirely encircled by the loop, take both ends of the wire which comes out of the other end of the tube with thumb and first finger, holding it tight, and draw it up firmly but carefully until it is severed; then remove the wire spreader and allow the hole to close in the other skin which you pressed down with your hand at the beginning of the operation, and as the skin resumes its natural place the outer cut will be upwards of an inch above the inner cut; in this way the outer skin makes a covering for the inner cut, and keeps out all dirt and insures its healing quickly.

To complete the operation, turn the bird on its other side and proceed exactly as before. Some experts can work entirely from one side, but it is risky, and difficult for an amateur to try. After the operation, keep the bird in a small coop and feed lightly for a few days, and there will be no ill effects.

## Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

J. Y.—Egg eating is a bad habit, usually starting from the egg being broken accidentally and the birds finding out what good food it contains. Once started, the whole flock soon acquires the taste, and lays in



BRAHMA HEN, THE MOTHER OF MANY CAPONS.

wait for every egg that is laid. The best remedy is to place the nest about two feet above the ground, with the opening facing the wall, and not more than two feet from it. Buy some china eggs, put one in each nest, and throw two or three in the middle of the floor. The birds will spend much time picking at them, and, as they will get no satisfaction, soon tire of the habit, especially if the eggs are gathered several times a day for a few weeks.

L. C.—The pullets are suffering from rheumatism. Possibly the chicken house is poorly ventilated and damp. Even if the ground is dry, the walls and atmosphere may be damp, if the ventilation is not good, especially if the house is small, and the birds are overcrowded on the perches at night. Feed plenty of green vegetables; if you give them the table scraps, be careful that there is a very small percentage of fat in them. As soon as a bird shows any sign of lameness, remove it from the flock and put it in a small coop in a sheltered place. Cover the floor of the coop with a deep layer of cut hay or straw. Rub the bird's feet and shanks with a mixture of sweet lard, or vasoline and turpentine. For internal use add fifteen grains of iodine of potassium to every quart of drinking water. Put a small dish in each coop being used for sick birds, and as a matter of precaution, remove the regular drinking dish from the chicken house, and substitute a small one containing the same mixture for a fortnight at least.

A. M. B.—Please read answer to J. Y. in this issue. J. T.—The Plymouth Rock Squab Company, Melrose Highlands, Mass., is, I believe, a reliable company, but I have never done any business with them, so don't know anything about them from personal experience.

H. D.—We have no stock for sale.

R. B.—Please read answer to J. T.

J. T.—I am inclined to think that you have got some hens in your flock which are slightly infected by one of the spores or mold diseases, for the microbes which cause the disease of the liver, which most frequently attacks turkeys, and is commonly known as blackhead, are parasite microbes. Until the last few years it was supposed that this disease was confined entirely to turkeys, but now we all know that all fowls are subject to attack though they rarely show any outward symptoms, and the disease never gains very much headway with them, though the germs are spread broadcast through the agency of the droppings, and when picked up by young turkeys or chickens, enter the digestive organ with their food and drink, and an inflamed condition of the intestines causes rapid death in the young stock. The condition of the liver in any of these three diseases is caused by the blood carrying germs into the liver, when numerous centers of the disease begin to appear, and show yellowish spots, which, when cut across, will be found to be irregularly globular in shape. It is not positively known whether the germs of these diseases are present in the eggs laid by affected hens or turkeys, but there is no doubt that they are present on the shell, which collects the germs as the egg passes through the egg passage from the bird. It is for this reason that all eggs should be wiped with alcohol before being put under hens and in incubators. The germs of the above diseases are apt to linger in incubators and brooders, and

frequently originate in old hay, moldy ground, or other waste matter. So, as a matter of prevention, incubators should be disinfected after each hatch, and brooders before each new lot of chicks is put into them, and nesting material for setting hens should be clean, sweet hay. As you have a good flock of hens, it seems a pity to part with them, and really not necessary, if you will work along the lines of prevention the coming fall and winter. Thoroughly clean and disinfect all houses at frequent intervals. Have the yards or ground where the hens are in the habit of congregating covered with fresh lime, which should be turned under after twenty-four hours. If it is possible to seed the ground, so much the better—it will sweeten it. As soon as you stop using eggs for hatching, add a thimbleful of permanganate of potassium to every four quarts of drinking water, until November. This will kill the germs which the hens may be carrying. For young chicks attacked there is no cure, though giving them four milk to drink from the time they are hatched is supposed to act as a preservative.

M. G.—Please read answer to J. T. in this issue. Homer pigeons will cost about two dollars a pair.

C. M. V.—Please read answer to J. T.

H. D. McC.—Chicks dying in the shell is one of the most discouraging troubles the amateur chicken man has to face, and apparently the one which mystifies him most. Yet there are several causes for even the strongest chicks dying in the shell. When the incubator has been used, the cause for chicks dying in the shell is usually want of proper ventilation, or the heat running down, or the door being opened during the first forty-eight hours. Ventilation can be best gauged by the appearance of the air cell when the egg is held before the tester. The so-called air cell is the space at the large end of the egg. In a newly-laid egg it is very small. After the egg has been in the incubator for seven days, there is quite a visible space, and as evaporation progresses, it increases until the nineteenth day, when it should occupy one-fifth of the entire shell. If there is not sufficient ventilation in the incubator, evaporation will be retarded, and there will not be sufficient room in the shell for the chick to twist its head and break its way out; and it will die, though fully developed. If the development of the air cell is too slow, the ventilator in the incubator should be opened a little wider, and the eggs aired a little longer each day when you take out the traps to air the eggs. If the development of the air cell is too rapid, reverse the conditions and put a sponge of hot water in the machine on the nineteenth day. After turning the eggs on the morning of the eighteenth day, don't open the machine until the hatch is over, and be very careful that the heat does not run down during that time. It may go up to 104 degrees or even to 105 without doing any harm, but it must not go below 103.

W. J. R.—Without doubt your hens are too fat, and are dying from liver trouble. About chicks dying in the shell, please read answer to H. D. McC. in this issue.

O. A.—Lumber. Tile is likely to be damp.

J. L. M.—Please read answer to J. T. in this issue.

U. R. B.—This letter describes the condition so prevalent in fall and spring, that I am going to answer it very fully, in the hope that it may help many who have not written for advice, as well as those who have. First of all, I want our readers to realize that sudden weakness, staggering about, comb going very dark or pale, twitching of the head, or the head being drawn back from the body or falling down onto the ground, are all symptoms of acute intestinal trouble, and no matter what has caused the trouble, or which special organ may have been attacked, a tablespoonful of castor oil, given without delay, will nine times out of ten prevent the case from becoming dangerous. Poisonous substances, such as paint skins, strong fertilizer, spraying fluids, fresh lime, soda, or washing powder, are some of the unsuspected causes of miseries, illnesses, and sudden deaths in the spring. Stagnant water and moldy bedding, new or moldy grain, decaying or putrid animal matter, are frequently answerable for fall and early winter troubles, for all of the above materials are likely to be within the reach of birds running loose about the back yards and farms. Some of the materials irritate or inflame the crop and gizzard, these produce a condition very much resembling ptomaine poisoning in human beings. But in all and every case, the first step must be to clear the intestines, and if this can be done before diarrhea sets in, a cure can be effected; but if diarrhea has had twenty-four hours' start, it is extremely difficult to save the patient. The castor oil removes the poisonous matter, and is soothing; but the bird must be confined in a clean, sheltered coop, and fed lightly on food that will not irritate. Stale bread, toasted, and then just moistened with milk which has been scalded; rice or oatmeal which has been thoroughly boiled and thickened with milk, are all suitable invalid diet. If the diarrhea has got any headway, give the water in which the rice has been boiled as a drink, and the first day give twenty drops of laudanum to every half cupful. When the diarrhea ceases, the rice water may be replaced by plain water. After a few days give a little ground corn mixed with bread or oatmeal; and gradually bran or green vegetables, until the bird is getting almost ordinary feed before allowing it to return to the flock. Of course, it is a waste of time to doctor sick fowls unless the cause of the trouble is located and removed. In your own and your neighbor's case it was undoubtedly the moldy rotten grain which made the birds sick. Unripened grain of any kind will cause indigestion, and if the supply lasts for any length of time, gastritis or liver complaint.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

I would like to say to Black-Eyed Susan's question: Yes, if you know that the future husband is naturally fond of children he will in all likelihood be good to your children and they really deserve a father and you are too young to live alone the rest of your life. I have seen such marriages happy and successful. I would like to hear from you personally.

Prize Bill Bonnet, I certainly think you deserve your fern back again and a whole bunch of plants besides. You are doing what I would call real, everyday, Christian work. How many of us can say that we have done as much? We can't help a girl who has made a false step if we scorn and shun her. It's up to us to make her feel that she has made a mistake and that we know she will be a good citizen and a credit to her community. You cannot uplift people by trampling on them.

And mothers, right here is where I want to put in a word or two. When we begin teaching our boys that they have no more right to sow wild oats than their sisters have, then we will have fewer girls go wrong. Let us teach them that they cannot commit every crime on the calendar and expect to marry a good, pure girl. That has been the man of the past, but it shouldn't be the man of the future. Let us spend less time praying to save our own little souls and more time teaching ideals to our boys and girls, to respect women and motherhood, and respect is sacred thing. Teach them all that is good and beautiful in life as well as in books. Don't send them to Sunday School and stay home yourself. Go with them. I think if we share in their sports, joys and sorrows they will share with us their little confidences. If we can have them confide in us we have a good chance to help mould their future in a better way.

If any of the sisters care to send this rough-neck Westerner a view postal, will return the favor. With very best wishes to you all, just address MICKY, P. O. Box 503, and I'll get the mail all right.

WISCONSIN.

## DEAR WORRIED MOTHER:

My heart goes out to you in your trouble and I cannot resist the call to write to you, strangers that we are, we are mothers, and if I can only help you I will be so glad and thankful. My dear friend, I, and hundreds of other mothers, have passed through what is before you. My boy, my only one, brought this same trouble to me. It almost killed me, care for him alone kept me, for he called to me for help in his trouble. It was hard to be brave and help him to be brave and do the only many thing he could do—marry the girl, and today she is as dear to me as one of my own daughters. She has proved herself a daughter in every sense of the word and I am repaid by her care of me for all I did for her. Dear friend, don't scorn this girl. She needs you. Make her your daughter in every sense of the word. Help your boy do his duty by her. It is the only just thing for him to do. She has made this mistake but has not sinned alone. Should she suffer alone? I know it is hard but the fault is your boy's as much as hers and if you condemn her, you must condemn both, both are equally to blame, and the girl suffers most for the boy will soon be looked at the same as before he sinned but the girl must always bear the brand of shame if they do not marry. Can your boy expect a good girl to marry him after his betrayal of this girl? He, or any boy, cannot expect to be blessed with the love of a good, true girl, knowing she has committed this sin and not done the right thing by the girl. Marry and protect her. I hope, dear friend, you will be given the strength and courage to do your duty by this unfortunate girl. It is your flesh and blood you are protecting, remember, just as near to

## MINERALIZED WATER ROUTS CHICKEN LICE

Tablets Dropped into Drinking Fountains Banish Vermin, Make Fowls Grow Faster and Increase Egg Yield.

Any poultry raiser can easily rid his flock of lice and mites, makes chickens grow faster and increase their egg yield by simply adding minerals to the fowls' drinking water. This does away with all bother, such as dusting, greasing, dipping and spraying. The necessary minerals can now be obtained in convenient tablets, known as Paratabs. Soon after the fowls drink the mineralized water,



all lice and mites leave them. The tablets also act as a tonic conditioner. The health of the fowls quickly improves, they grow faster and the egg yield frequently is doubled. Little chicks that drink freely of the water never will be bothered by mites or lice.

The method is especially recommended for raisers of purebred stock, as there is no risk of soiling the plumage. The tablets are warranted to impart no flavor or odor to the eggs and meat. This remarkable conditioner, egg tonic and lice remedy costs only a trifle and is sold under an absolute guarantee. The tablets are scientifically prepared, perfectly safe, and dissolve readily in water.

Any reader of this paper may try them without risk. The laboratories producing Paratabs are so confident of good results that they introduce them to every poultry raiser they offer two big \$1 packages for only \$1. Send no money, just your name and address—a card will do—to the Paratab Laboratories, Dept. 869, 1100 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the two \$1 packages, enough for 100 gallons of water, will be mailed. Pay the postman \$1 and postage on delivery, and if you are not delighted with results in 10 days—if your chickens are not healthier, laying more eggs and entirely free from lice and mites—your money will be promptly refunded. Don't hesitate to accept this trial offer as you are fully protected by this guarantee.

## Science Discovers Greatest Lice Killer

Changes Old Methods. No Dusting or Spraying. Birds Delouse Themselves. Gives Lasting Relief.

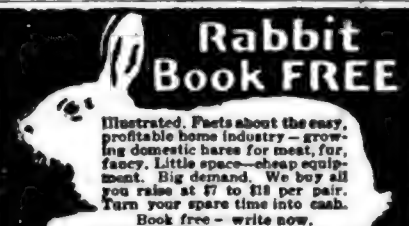
A recent discovery promises to revolutionize all the methods accepted up to now for keeping poultry free from lice and mites. This wonderful lice killer keeps the birds always lice free without the poultry raiser doing any work. It is the simplest, easiest, surest and best method ever discovered.



Hick's Lice Kill, which is the name of this sensational lice killer, is added to the drinking water. The medicine taken into the system of the bird comes out through the pores and every louse or mite dies or leaves the body. It does not injure the hatchability or flavor of the eggs or meat; is harmless to chicks and does not affect the plumage. A few days treatment at the start and then a little in the drinking water each month.

## A Trial Costs You Nothing

So confident is Mr. Hick that Hick's Lice Kill will kill every louse or mite, that he is making a special guaranteed offer of two regular full sized, double strength, \$1.00 bottles and a regular \$1.00 package of Hick's Egg-Lay Tablets all for \$1.00. Use one bottle yourself and sell the other at one dollar, thus getting your own free. Send \$1.00 today (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. M. Hick & Co., Dept. 1178, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. If you prefer, send no money, just your name and address, and pay postman \$1.00 and postage on delivery. If after two weeks trial you are not absolutely satisfied, write Mr. Hick and your money will be refunded.



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you as any grandchild, if you have any. I hope and pray you decide for the girl's protection.

FROM A MOTHER WHO HAS BEEN WORRIED.

ST. LOUIS, 4225 Lindell Blvd., Mo.

TO WORRIED MOTHER, TENNESSEE:

I read your letter in COMFORT regarding your son. I must say you are a great deal like a lot of other women, in other words you are not thinking from the right standpoint, and your mind can only be changed by associating with people who are broad minded and look at things from different angles. I know how sincere the Southern people are, as I am a Southerner myself, but have lived in St. Louis long enough to realize that there is harm in anything if you wish to make it so. In the city of St. Louis there are 1,115 illegitimate children in the eight public institutions here. Of this number there are only 173 father's caring for their illegitimate children. Of course this does not include any illegitimate child that is not in a public institution, of our greatest men of the world were born out of wedlock. Children born

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)





Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

**T**HERE were so many questions this month that my intentions were to say "Howdy" and then go to work, but I can't across a letter from a girl in Nebraska, whom we will call Edna, just to be friendly and to show that we are sorry for her, which she asks me to print as a warning to other young girls. Here it is. Think it over.

I wasn't quite seventeen years of age when I married a man of twenty-five. He left me after we had been married a few months but I let him come back to me, then he left me again after my baby was born. He wouldn't work very long at a time. I took him back again but he didn't stay with me. He would just walk out as though he was going to work and I wouldn't hear from him for a month and then I'd learn about him from someone else. I stayed with my folks until I was able to get a job. I don't get very big wages but I'm better off this way than living with him. He wants to come back again but I won't have him. I think my experience would be a good lesson for other girls. Go to school, or work at something, and keep boys out of your mind until you are old enough to know what you are doing, never under eighteen at the least. I wish someone had given me this advice. Edna.

**IRISH, Mo.**—You shouldn't be held to an engagement made when you were only fourteen and the man, being nine years older than you, shouldn't have bound you by any promise at that age and should release you now if you wish it. Naturally, as eighteen years is now, you are too young to marry, anyway. Why not have another talk with him and tell him you want two or three years of freedom in which to meet other men as an unengaged girl. You may decide before the end of that time that he is the one and only and he may meet another girl that he likes better than you for, of course, he is to be as free as you are, unless he wishes to show his love by patiently waiting for you, and men, as a rule, aren't good waiters.

**E. L., Kansas.**—If you do not love the man you are engaged to, break the engagement. At his age he should have acquired a job and not have to depend upon his parents for everything. Don't let the material possessions of the other fellow influence you unduly for No. 1 may be all right once he starts in. Sometimes fellows make a good job in order to make them amount to something and fear of losing you may be just the job he needs. Being naturally tender hearted and sorry for the other girl, I dislike to advise No. 2 to break the engagement. That's something he will have to decide for himself, taking into consideration the length of time he has been engaged and the time he has kept other fellows away from her, and her claim on him. On the other hand, if he doesn't care for her it would be kinder to tell her so. I hope everything is settled by this time and that all are happy.

**KIND HEARTED, Ga.**—See above answer to Irish, Mo. **JOE, Tenn.**—If you had complained that your sister had more advantages along educational lines than your parents have given you then I'd have stood up for you, strong, but when your chief grievance is that your father doesn't allow you to go to social gatherings and buggy riding with boys, then I'm not so sorry for you. He doubtless knows that is best. Both amusements are all right unless made the chief interest in life. I don't know why your father should consider buggy riding with a boy worse than walking with the same boy unless there is a danger of going farther. Tell your parents that if they will give you the same opportunity for an education that they gave your sister to see if they will let you go. If they won't, then you'll find out that you are too young to take your love affairs seriously. Love at your age is more or less like mumps, acute while it lasts but of short duration.

**PAULINE, Va.**—You are too young to have a beau. Mind your father.

**CATHERINE, Pa.**—If your hair is the fine, soft kind that clings closely to your head, don't have it bobbed. If it is curly, or the fluffy, wavy kind, it would be more likely to look good but that depends upon the shape of your face and various other qualities.

**BELLE, Va.**—Under the circumstances it would be better to write to him and tell him that your mother has changed her mind and will allow you boy callers this summer. That would be better than accepting the attentions of outlandish, giving him reason to think you had been untruthful to him.

**OKLAHOMA SCHOOL GIRL.**—Your "hand wringing" might indicate that you had finished grammar school but your spelling "doesn't." You should not be cross with your fiancé because he "talks" to a girl you do not like; maybe common courtesy demanded it and merely speaking to her isn't anything. He should not be particularly interested in her, though, especially if her reputation isn't good. Maybe that's why he is. You are too young to take your love affairs seriously. Love at your age is more or less like mumps, acute while it lasts but of short duration.

**ANNA, Va.**—The dime may have slipped into the envelope by accident and he didn't know anything about it. You should have given him a chance to explain. My, what a hair-trigger disposition you must have to get cross over one thin dime. Give him a chance to make up if you still love him.

**ALABAMA BEAUTY.**—Don't marry him if he plans to go away to school and don't let him know anything about it. He doesn't impress me somehow, as one who would make you happy. He's rather selfish, isn't he?

**BLISS BELL, Strawberry Plains.**—From his actions it would seem that he cares for you only as a friend so think of him in the same way.

**POLLY, Fla.**—You are sure right—don't let him come to see you until he gives up the disreputable girl and I don't believe I'd have him anyway if I were in your place. Probably he isn't any better than she is.

**BLUE EYES, Okla.**—Don't be a piker, Blue Eyes. You wanted to get married and you did. Now that you have a home and baby to care for you want to be single and have a good time, and ask me if you should leave your husband. He is kind to you and you have a good home. In that respect you are more fortunate than a number of girls who marry as young as you did, so appreciate your blessings and don't be a rattle-headed little idiot. Maybe he is beginning to find out how shallow and worthless you are and wouldn't mind so very much if you did leave him. Try and make your husband adore you because you are such a good wife and mother rather than care less for you because you are trying to shirk the duties and responsibilities you brought upon yourself. You needn't give up the society of young people. Invite them to your home and go with them occasionally to dances and picnics. See that your husband has a good time on these occasions and he will be more anxious to go. If he isn't, tell him that you enjoy such things, that they make you happy and ask him to go with you. Don't get in the habit of going with his men friends, even if he isn't jealous. It is more or less dangerous and very likely to cause gossip. Read the letter from "Edna" at the beginning of this column.

## The Famous Wing Piano—At Factory Price

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The Book of Complete Information About Pianos Sent to you free with our reduced factory prices and easy terms. WING & SON (Est. 1868) Dept. 287, 9th Ave. & 13th St., NEW YORK

**EDWARD, Iowa.**—Sorry, Edward, but it is out of the question for me to furnish you with the names and addresses of twenty girls. This isn't a matrimonial agency and while I'm plump, I'm no Mrs. Cupid and besides I don't know you. You might be a horse thief or a dish washer for all I know.

**BROWN EYES, Ky.**—I'm not taking your letter seriously for this time you have changed your mind and the future doesn't look so black and old maidly as it did when your sweetheart married another. Stick to your resolution, though, about not having anything to do with married men. Your life may not be all pleasant at home but it might be as bad, or worse, away from home. Better stay where you are and study hard until you are older and better fitted to care for yourself. Get all the education you possibly can.

**JAZZ HEARTS OF INDIANA.**—Just "Thank you" is sufficient in both cases. (2) The most suitable style in engagement rings is what the man can afford. A plain gold band is always good for the wedding ring though the newer rings are of green or white gold or of platinum, engraved or set with diamonds. (3) It is proper for an engaged couple to kiss each other.

**MATTIE, Ark.**—I hope I'm not mercenary but if he has his mother and sister to support and only a little money, you'd better look around for a man with more money or no dependents, who could care for you and your children, should there be any.

**IDA, Wis.**—It isn't always a question of how much money a man earns as how much he saves. If this boy has been working steadily for three years, with only himself to care for, and has no money saved, I don't blame your parents for objecting to him. However, you are young and can afford to wait a couple of years or longer, and if he really cares for you he will begin to save money and prove to your parents that he is capable of caring for you.

**MARY, Texas.**—You'd better forgive and forget if he is truly sorry, and don't do anything just for spite or to get even. That isn't showing a very generous spirit. Maybe I've used this quotation before, but it is a favorite one of mine.

"Be polite and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

Hoping you are all the same,

COUSIN MARION.

## How to Overcome Sleeplessness

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**I**F you are a sufferer from that distressing complaint, insomnia, if you go to bed tired expecting and perhaps desperately needing a good night's rest and lie tossing about on your bed unable to get even a wink of sleep until the small hours, do not take drugs to put you to sleep. Such things should never be resorted to except in desperate cases and by the advice of a skilled physician. Perhaps there are reasons for your sleeplessness which if corrected would gradually overcome the difficulty. The first thing to do is to thoroughly review your mode of life and try to discover what you are doing or leaving undone that could have caused this condition.

Do you eat indigestible suppers late at night? Do you get so tired every day that you can hardly drag one foot after the other when you get into bed? Are your hands and feet cold a good deal of the time thus showing poor circulation or do you suffer from dyspepsia or intestinal indigestion or worse than all have you let yourself get into the bad habit of worrying? All these things will produce insomnia. If you drive your self day in and day out the brain becomes so full of fatigue toxins that sound, restful sleep is difficult, nearly impossible. The remedy of course is to take things a little easier in the daytime. But the sort of fatigue that causes insomnia is always mental, not physical. In fact one of the commonest causes of insomnia is lack of exercise in the fresh air. Sometimes a short walk just before going to bed or even sitting on the piazza in the evening will entirely cure incipient cases of insomnia if the bedroom window is also kept wide open so that you will get plenty of fresh air every night.

Another cause of sleeplessness is going to bed with the stomach too empty. When more than four hours have elapsed since the evening meal, either dinner or supper, a cup of hot milk just before retiring is often a great help or, if milk does not agree with you, take a cup of bouillon or some light soup with a cracker or a piece of toast. When sleeplessness is caused by indigestion or poor circulation a hot-water bag at the feet or a bag that is just pleasantly warm, not hot, placed across the stomach often effects a cure. A hot bath taken just before getting into bed is also extremely soothing.

Sleeplessness is not only a very distressing condition in itself but if continued for any length of time leads to all sorts of bodily ills. It is not really a disease but rather a symptom of some physical disturbance or mental strain. It is, as a famous physician calls it, "an invaluable danger signal the prompt heeding of which will save us many a breakdown. The average individual in good health requires about eight hours of sleep every night in this respect, some people requiring a little less while others need more, nine or ten hours. Children should have from ten to twelve hours. One of the puzzling things about insomnia is the difficulty of discovering exactly how long the sufferer has slept for it is exactly possible to hear the clock strike every hour and yet to have dozed off a good deal between times.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

this way are usually brighter for the simple reason that at that time of connection the boy and girl are in love, while when people are married, their children are born whether they love each other or not.

Do you think any girl could have a child alone? The girl is censured and condemned for a misstep, while it is as much the father's fault as it is the girl's. You should not scold this little girl, but you should talk seriously with your son for having taken such liberties as he has and insist that he shall act honorably. This little girl has as much right to do what she did as your son had to do what he did. It is your son's place to take her and take care of her and love her for the wrong he has done her, and he could never, if he lived a thousand years, right the wrong he has done her and her name. Your son is not one bit better than this girl. If you are a Christian woman, then you know your duty. None of us appeal to the devil for help. I can name a dozen girls that I have known who have been unfortunate but the boys were manly enough to take the girls and give them a home. You can help this little girl by helping her to help herself.

I am a girl 25 years of age. I have made a good honest living since I have been working, which is five years, and I live my life to suit myself, as my life does not concern any one else. I am usually broad minded and what other girls do, does not concern me or other people. Think of what I have written you and remember that you can always help some poor soul out of the gutter by kind words and good cheer and not by tramping them further in. Good Christian people live to help others and not to throw them down. That is what our churches are for, to help others, and they are open to all, good or bad, and we need the good people in the church to lead the bad

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ones to a better life. I haven't time to write more now on this subject, but if you ever get an opportunity to read any of Senator Reed's articles on the Maternity Bill, please do not pass them up. This would improve your mind considerably.

Very truly yours, CORINE J. ROBERTS.

OURAT, UTAH.

DEAR COMFORT FAMILY:

I am a lonely woman, living away out on Green River, six miles from the postoffice and on the Ute Reservation. I have my husband, two sons and a daughter and it is a comfort to work for those we love. I make pin money selling cakes and pies to the Indians, who are the only neighbors I have.

I enjoy COMFORT and especially the Sisters' Corner and it is a great help to me.

I am going to ask a favor. Can someone give me the address of a bead factory where I can buy beads for fancy work, the kind the Indians use?

Your Comfort Sister, MARY M. BARNET.

A PENNSYLVANIA HILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I talk for a few moments to Worried Mother? Don't worried Mother has your boy confessed how many hours of coaxing and promising and love making it took to get the girl to be "that sort?" No, no, boys don't do that.

When I was fourteen years of age I met a boy whom I came to care for very much and we were engaged. I remember quite a few of our arguments but I forgot all about these when I told him my secret. I was only fifteen, no mother. No one knows the hours I childishly lay crying, praying for death. At last my baby came, a dear little thing. Then he came back and we were married. He now loves me as much as a man possibly could but I remember the tears and heartaches and how he failed me when I needed him the most.

I now have boys of my own and if ever they deceive a girl and I cannot make them realize their duty, it is the girl who will get my sympathy.

ONE OF "THAT SORT."

DENVER, 115 Sherman St., COLORADO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Since my letter condemning the immoral motion pictures was printed in the August, 1921, issue of COMFORT, there have appeared a few letters (in the Sisters' Corner), of disapproval, criticizing my letter, and it is evident that I have been misunderstood; I didn't wish to convey the idea that the indecent motion pictures were to blame for all the arguments but I forgot all about these when I told him my secret. I was only fifteen, no mother. No one knows the hours I childishly lay crying, praying for death. At last my baby came, a dear little thing. Then he came back and we were married. He now loves me as much as a man possibly could but I remember the tears and heartaches and how he failed me when I needed him the most.

I now have boys of my own and if ever they deceive a girl and I cannot make them realize their duty, it is the girl who will get my sympathy.

Since the World War, it seems that our moral standard has lost its equilibrium; the majority of people are particularly the male sex—have allowed their modesty, self-respect and better nature to deteriorate. They have been overburdened with sorrow, sickness, worry, strife and all manner of unpleasant conditions. Indeed, civilization has gone through the greatest change of conditions that has ever taken place in history, during which time the majority of Americans have lost their development of their moral nature so long that they have lost their desire for many of the really good and worthwhile things of life. Therefore, under those circumstances, is it any wonder that our moral standard has degenerated?

And we must not place too much blame upon the movies, dance halls, card and joy rides, prohibition, sex and low-necked dancing. True, they have some evil influence upon the morals of the young people, but they alone are not the fundamental cause of our present low standard of morals.

My opponent, "M. M.," says that I should spend several years among the South Sea Islanders, stating: "I want to tell Mr. Smith that the sin there is in a film show is in the minds of the spectators and not in the films. There is beauty in everything that God made. If you don't see goodness in a beautiful woman or a strong man, the devil has infused your mind with immoral thoughts and you are weak enough to listen to him."

I certainly do agree with what my opponent says. I can see goodness in a beautiful woman, and I know that the sin "is in the minds of the spectators and not in the films." But I wish to make this clear: my mind is not infused with immoral thoughts. Certainly, I said the movies are immoral, but they are only immoral as long as people think they are; but since the majority of people will not change their thinking, as long as they continue to indulge in salacious thinking and demanding "smutty things," some pressure should be brought to bear whereby these carnal temptations will be (to a certain extent) taken away from the general public. In other words, as long as the young boys and men (and others) have lustful minds and cannot look upon the opposite sex dressed in a semi-nude costume without immoral thoughts, we should establish a more modest style of dress for young girls and women; and the producers of motion pictures and plays wherein women pose in semi-nude costumes. Indeed, it is our duty, as American citizens, to resort to such drastic measures in order to protect our children from their evil influence; for if most of the young men cannot see purity instead of evil in a beautiful girl or woman, if they haven't enough moral backbone to resist evil temptations, then the temptations should be removed from their sight.

The causes of all the evil existing today are varied and too numerous to mention, but suffice it to say that the fundamental causes are: heredity, lack of proper training in childhood, wrong environment, and our abominable double standard of morals. And we need not anticipate any marked decrease in crime and immorality until a single standard of morals is established—until parents teach their boys that what is wrong for a girl is wrong for a boy, for purity and modesty are redeeming qualities of character that belong to boys as well as to girls. In other words, if parents should place as much stress upon the training of their boys as their girls. Furthermore, parents should not allow their boys to think it is wrong for them to become "sissies," for if there were more so-called "sissy" boys there would be less crime and immorality, because the so-called "sissy" boys are more modest and reserved—more like girls—and, therefore, they are not involved in every manner of mischief and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



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Embroider beautifully. Give your other garments, cost suits, dresses, aprons, a beautiful chain of beautiful needlework. Embroiders chain stitch and French knot. Send only \$1.00 for holder, three size needle points and full directions. Money back in three days if not satisfied. Terms to agents with first order. BROTHERFAST SALES CO., Dept. 1, Fort Worth, Tex.

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## Birthstone Brooches

OUR illustration does not show the real beauty of these dainty brooches, with the correct birthstones for the twelve months of the year. Each brooch is exact size of illustration, 10-karat gold-filled, warranted for five years. The design is the very latest—one which we selected from a large number of fashionable patterns submitted to us by a leading jewelry house. The twelve different stones, the corresponding months and their symbols are as follows:

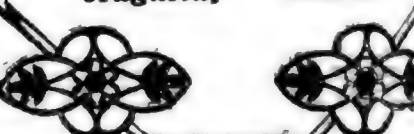
No. 9732—January	The Garnet
No. 9742—February	The Amethyst
No. 9752—March	The Bloodstone
No. 9762—April	The Diamond
No. 9772—May	The Emerald
No. 9782—June	The Agate
No. 9792—July	The Ruby
No. 9802—August	The Sardonyx
No. 9812—September	The Sapphire
No. 9822—October	The Opal
No. 9832—November	The Topaz
No. 9842—December	The Turquoise

The above stones are perfect imitations of the real gems. So true to nature are they that very few could detect the difference. The brooch itself is genuine gold-filled, looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each brooch for five years.

Brooches are extremely fashionable now. Therefore we know that our women and girl readers will appreciate this offer. We will send you one of these handsome brooches set with your own birthstone or with the birthstone for any month on the terms of the following special offer:

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will mail you your choice of any one of these gold-filled birthstone brooches free by Parcel Post prepaid. When ordering be sure to specify number of brooch wanted.

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## Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT requests the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column. To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will assure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at \$5.00. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert three-line notice stating not over \$2 worth in this column by securing only one new subscription at \$5.00. A larger notice is required and one 50¢ subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Silas W. Bullock last heard from at Pueblo, Colo., 1897, please notify his sister, Mrs. Ellen Fox, Moore, R. R. 8, Okla.

Mrs. W. S. Riblett, Johnstown, R. R. 2, Pa., would like information of Beaumont Hare, last heard from at Barks Dale, Texas, October, 1921.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Royal Barlow, please communicate with his mother, Etta Barlow, Grand Chain, Ill. He is 16 years old, has dark hair, eyes and complexion; tall, and has deep scar on back of head, and defect under one eye. Left home on July 15th, 1921, and has not been heard from. Grand Chain, Ill. broken-hearted mother, Etta Barlow, Grand Chain, Ill.

Anyone knowing anything about Elizabeth Adolph Apitz, please write 287 Maud Ave., San Leandro, Cal. Mother dead, please answer. Sister.

Wanted: Information of Bernita or Leslie Smith were in Orphans' Homes, Jackson, Miss., July, age ten and eight. Sallie Smith, Glancy, Miss.

Mattie E. Wing, Independence, 707 Center St., Iowa wishes to hear of her niece, Etta V. A. Vaughan, last from an orphanage at Saint Paul, Minn., in 1916.

Where is T. Vance Harvey? Last heard of at Pocatello, Idaho. Write W. M. R. Evansville 707 Sixth St., Indiana.

Would like to hear from my sister, Mrs. Emma McFarlen, last heard of at Los Gatos, Calif. Write William H. Derrall, Lorelei, Oregon.

(Correction.) Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, South Haven R. R. 2, Minn., would like to have information of her father, Thomas Lenz, age about 63 years. Last heard 24 years ago.







## Antique Jewel Box

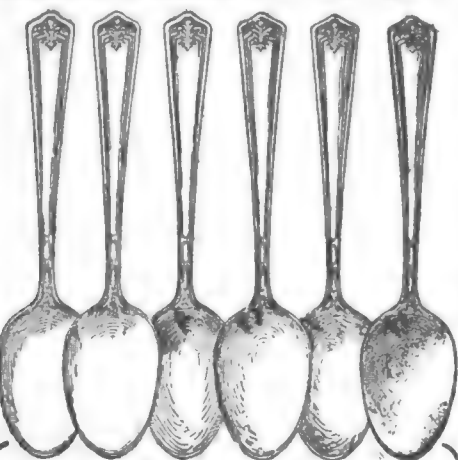


## For A Club Of Two

It seems hardly necessary to describe this beautiful Jewel Box as our illustration speaks for itself. It is made entirely of rich oxidized silver which will never tarnish. It is heavily embossed on all sides and on the cover. It is silk lined throughout and sufficiently large for all kinds of small articles of jewelry, trinkets, etc., measuring four inches in length, two and a half inches wide and two inches high.

Every girl and woman delights in the possession of a real jewel box for her dresser and our offer places this one easily within the reach of all. Like everything else, they cost a good price in the stores but we buy direct from the factory, hence we are able to make the following very liberal offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this handsome Jewel Box free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9852. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

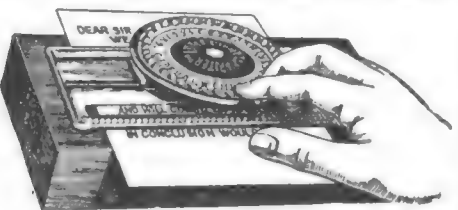


## Six Silver Teaspoons

The Ever Popular "Avon" Design BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, made of pure nickel-silver, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Avon" deeply embossed on the handles.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offered in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

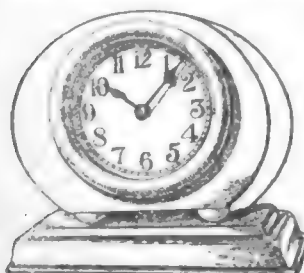
**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Nickel-Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9852. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

**Given To You!** For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. Reward No. 8853. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Ivory Boudoir Clock

Reward No. 7638

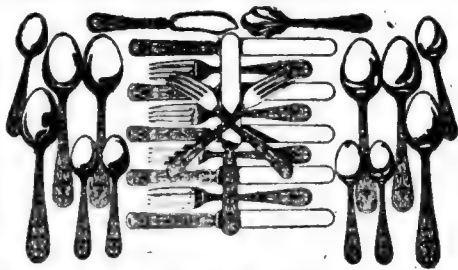
## For A Club Of Eight

FOR sleeping-room, living-room or desk this white ivory clock is not only a beautiful ornament but a reliable timekeeper. It is 3 1/2 inches high, with a 3 1/2-inch base and pure white dial with large, easily-read figures. It is fitted with an American movement, fully guaranteed. The design is one of the latest styles that are now being shown in all the leading jewelry stores of the big cities.

We guarantee you will be pleased with this clock as well as surprised to learn that we can give such a splendid value in return for so few subscriptions. Buying in large quantities direct from the factory enables us to do it. We will give you this clock, exactly as described, free upon the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this beautiful, white ivory clock, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7638. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## 26-Piece Table Set



## Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7825. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### "Peggy" The New Summer Doll

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

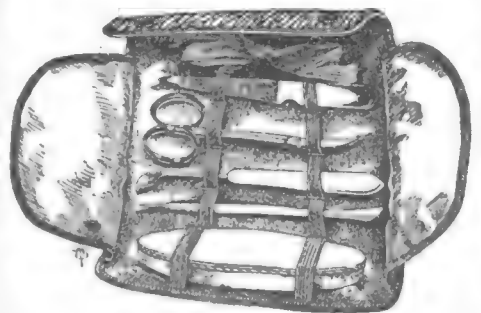
She doesn't care where she lives so long as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in at once.

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

**Given To You!** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8621. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



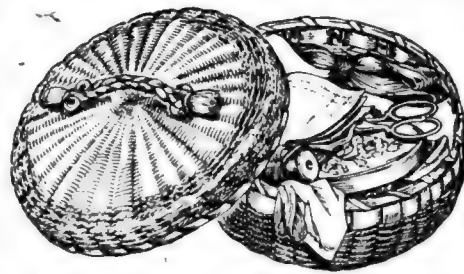
## Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3 1/2-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4 1/2-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, genuine leather case, measuring 5 1/2 inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5 1/2 x 2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

**Given To You!** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8124. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Sweet Grass Basket



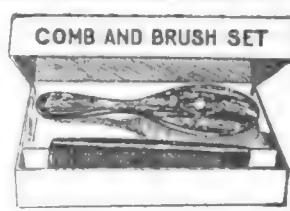
## For Your Sewing And Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "just love" these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of sweet grass? Their delightful fragrance which is practically everlasting is like that of flowers; they are handsome in appearance and very strong and serviceable, being hand-woven by the St. Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world.

Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along your sewing or fancy work when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room. The Indians sell these Baskets for \$2.00 and \$3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

**Given To You!** For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8084. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## 2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silver shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. Reward No. 9982. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### New Thin Model The Leonard "Earl" Watch



believe it is the best watch in the world for the money. The case is composition nickel-silver which wears as well as solid silver, a 12 size, open face, thin model, with antique bow and flat crown. The movement is guaranteed American made, stem wind, pull-out pendant set, with pure white dial and plain, easily-read Arabic numerals. As shown in our illustration, the "Earl" has the classy appearance of a \$25.00 watch, and after testing it we find it to be an excellent timekeeper. We therefore feel no hesitancy in recommending the "Earl" to any man or boy who wants a watch that is not only a good timekeeper but a "good-looker"—a watch that you can show your friends and carry anywhere with pride and satisfaction. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Leonard "Earl" watch free by parcel post prepaid. With it you will also receive a factory guarantee allowing you to exchange it for a new watch if it does not prove entirely satisfactory. Reward No. 7557. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

## For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6 1/2 inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and it will not leak. Also please notice that this is a self-filling pen. You can fill this fountain pen in less than 10 seconds by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen free of charge.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8873. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Ladies' Wrist Watch

With Silk Ribbon Bracelet



For A Club Of Only Ten

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to wear and to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

**Given To You!** For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 75110. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7 1/2 inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 3 1/2 inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5 1/2 inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4 1/4 inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets. It is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7786. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Silver Bonbon Dish



THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9942. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### The Latest Vanity Case



Reward No. 1152

## For A Club Of Two

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed all-ver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3 1/2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror, and two dainty powder puffs. This new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Vanity Case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1152. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. E. H. B., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the man who died left no will, and that if his only relatives were a daughter and a brother and sister, his daughter would be his only heir at law and would receive the whole estate to the exclusion of the brother and sister.

X, Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the man who died left no will, and that if his only relatives were two children and a sister, his two children would be his only heirs at law, and would receive the whole estate to the exclusion of the sister.

Mrs. E. H. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the property of an intestate decedent is distributed if there is no child or descendant of a child, and no parent, brother or sister, or descendant of a parent, brother or sister, or no widow or surviving husband, to the next of kin in equal degrees (computing by the civil law), there being no representation among collaterals, except with descendants of brothers and sisters, and no distinction being made between kindred of the whole and the half blood.

Mrs. G. E., Ohio.—We think the laws of your state provide for a tax when the succession of the property comes by will or by the intestate laws of your state from a resident thereof and in some cases from a non-resident, if the property is within your state, this inheritance tax law provides for a graduated scale of taxation and exemption depending upon the relationship of the person receiving the property to the decedent, and depending upon the amount received. There is also a Federal law providing for an inheritance tax upon estates exceeding \$50,000; this is also a graduated scale, depending, however, only upon the amount of the estate, and running from one per cent. on the first \$50,000, above the exemptions and deductions to 25 per cent. on the excess above ten millions above such exemptions and deductions.

Mrs. W. C. H., West Virginia.—If, as you state, your grandfather died intestate as to portion of his property, we think same should go to the persons entitled to receive same under the intestacy laws of the state of which he was a resident. We think this property, as well as the property disposed of by his will, should be administered by the executor of the will if there was an executor named in the will who qualified thereunder.

Mrs. C. E. P.—You should submit your address with your inquiry.

Mrs. B. C., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your father, without a will, your mother, in addition to her homestead rights, if any, and certain small allowances from the personal property, was entitled to a child's part in both the real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

Mrs. L. B., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, after payment of debts and expenses, in addition to her homestead rights, if any, would receive all of the personal estate, absolutely, and dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, the balance of remainder of his real estate going to his heirs at law. The dower interest in the real estate is without abatement for his debts, except such mortgage or other debts as she may have released from her dower claim.

Mrs. M. H., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we are of the opinion that the man you mention has a legal right to leave his whole estate to his wife if he elects, and that such a will would be a valid one provided the testator, at the time of executing same, possessed testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence was exercised upon him, and provided the will was legally drawn and executed and expressed testator's true intent.

Mrs. W. M. A., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, her surviving husband would receive one-half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate, absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses.

Mrs. C. P., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think your children have any interest in your husband's property; we think such property as you may own will, upon your death without a will, leaving a surviving husband and children by a former marriage, after payment of debts and expenses, go one-quarter to your surviving husband, and the balance in equal shares to your children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

Mrs. F. P., Minnesota.—We think that in order to make your adoption a legal one it will be necessary for your foster parents to procure a court order or decree for your adoption.

K. M., Oklahoma.—We think the wife of the man you mention should proceed against him to compel him to properly support her and his small children; we think she should make a complaint against him to some local magistrate or justice of the peace if he continues to beat and ill-treat her.

A. L., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your neighbor has no legal right to divert the water of the stream you mention so that it overflows your land; we think you can collect such damages as you have suffered by reason thereof in the proper action brought for the purpose.

Mrs. J. C., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled to receive the whole of the personal estate, and that she would also be entitled to dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and her homestead rights in the homestead if any.

Mrs. W. N. P., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and no child nor descendant, his widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled, absolutely, to such of the personal property as shall have been acquired by the intestate in virtue of his marriage with her prior to April 4, 1877, and remain in kind at his death; she shall also be entitled to one-half of the residue of such surplus after payment of debts and expenses, and to dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate.

Mrs. M. E. G., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, and no parent, his widow would inherit the whole estate, in case she survives him; we do not think the child who lives with this man and wife would have any interest in their estate, unless some provision is made for her by will or unless she is legally adopted under the order or decree of some proper court. We think that if this man survives his wife and dies without a will, his own relatives will inherit his estate to the exclusion of the child you mention.

Mrs. A. E., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the wife is necessary to the deed of conveyance of the property of the husband in order to release her inchoate right of dower in such property.

S. I. A., Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion that the laws of your state exempt to the debtor from levy under execution property, either real or personal, to the value of \$300, but that no exemption is allowed upon judgments of \$100 or less obtained for wages for manual labor, nor for judgments obtained for board for four weeks or less.

G. F., Ohio.—Under the laws of Michigan, we are of the opinion that the husband of the woman, you mention, would have no interest in her separate property during her lifetime; we think that in case he survives her, and she leaves no will, he would be entitled to a share of her estate.

Mrs. C. A. McC., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the judge of your county courts have a legal right to pass sentences upon those who have been convicted in their courts.

Mrs. I. E. P., Missouri.—We think it will be necessary for the woman whose husband continues to beat her, after being put under bond to discontinue doing so, to bring him before the magistrate again for such punishment as may be necessary to teach him better habits.

Mrs. A. H. B., North Carolina.—We think that the life insurance upon your brother's life, upon his death, became payable to the beneficiary named in the policy.

### Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

#### My Friend

How restful in the hour of need,  
When all the world seems drear,  
When life is very sad indeed  
And everything's devoid of cheer—  
How fine, how dear, my loyal friend,  
To have your faith until the end.

Your handclasp and your sympathy,  
Your gentle words, so true,  
Make me feel the world's a friend,  
Of life—and I have hope anew.  
I will not flinch—I will not bend  
So long as you're my loyal friend.

I count myself among the blest,  
For you have made me feel,  
In spite of every acid test,  
This life is beautiful and real.  
My bitter thoughts have changed their trend  
Since you believed in me—my friend.

Oh, may I be a friend to you,  
And to all human kind;  
For somewhere, somehow, sometime, too,  
Someone will need us, we will find  
In strong and weak—alike—my friend,  
We will have faith until the end.

By Clara Mieh, in The Country Bard.

#### The Dead Pussy Cat

You're as stiff as an' old as a stone,  
Little Cat!  
Dey's done frownded out and left you alone,  
Little Cat!  
I's a strokin' you fur  
But you don't never purr,  
Nor hump 'n' purr, my dear,  
Little Cat!

Is you's purr'n' and humpin' up done?

An' w'y fer is you's little foot tied,  
Little Cat?  
Did dey put a rummick inside?  
Little Cat?  
Did dey pound you wif bricks,  
Or wif big nasty sticks,  
Or abuse you wif kicks,  
Little Cat?

Tell me dat,

Did dey holler 'n' crier you cried?

Did it hurt werry bad w'en you died,  
Little Cat?

Oh! W'y didn't you wun off and hide,  
Little Cat?

I is wett in my eyes

'Cause I almos' always cwies

When a pussy cat dies,  
Little Cat!

An' I's awfully solly besides.

Dest lay still dere in de sof gwown,  
Little Cat!

W'ile I tucks de green gwass all awoun,  
Little Cat!

De can't hurt you no more

W'en you's tired an' so sore—

Dest sleep twiet, you pore

Little Cat!

W'it a pat,

And ferdget all de kicks of de town.

Sent in by Mrs. C. T. E.

#### Our Parents

##### When Pa Is Sick

When pa is sick,  
He's scared to death,  
An' ma an' us  
Just holds our breath.

He crawls in bed,  
An' puff an' grunts,  
An' does all kinds  
Of crazy stunts.

He wants "Doc" Brown,  
An' mighty quick;  
For when pa's ill,  
He's AWFUL sick.

He gasps an' groans,  
An' sort o' sighs,  
He talks a queer,  
An' rolls his eyes.

Ma jumps and runs,  
An' says, "Oh, no!"

An' all the house  
Is in a fuss.

An' peace an' joy  
Is mighty scarce—

When pa is sick,  
It's somethin' fierce.

##### When Ma Is Sick

When ma is sick,  
She pegs away;  
She's quiet, though,  
Not much 't say.

She goes right on  
A doin' things,  
An' sometime laughs,  
Er even sings.

She says she don't  
Feel extra bad,  
But then she jinx  
A kind o' spell;

She'll be all right  
Tomorrow, sure,  
A good old sleep  
Will be the cure.

An' pa, he sniffs,  
An' makes no kick,  
For women folks  
Is always sick.

An' ma, she smiles,  
Let's an' us, glad—  
When ma is sick,  
It ain't 't bad.

—Charles Irvin Johnson, in the Century.

#### This Life Is What We Make It

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,  
And rarer of the bad ones,  
And sing about our happy days,  
And not about the sad ones.  
We're not made to fret and sigh,  
And when grief seizes us, let it  
Bright happiness is standing by—  
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,  
Or be believers in it;  
A light there is in every soul  
That takes the pains to win it.  
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,  
And we perchance may wake it;  
Our hands contain the magic wand:  
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts  
Shed light and joy about them!  
Thanks be to them for countless gems  
We ne'er had known without them.  
Oh! this should be a happy world  
To all who may partake it;  
The fault's our own if it is not—  
This life is what we make it.

Author Unknown.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

degradation; it is usually the "boy boys" who develop into bad boys and often criminals. Of course, one must also bear in mind that there are always exceptions in all cases.

Before closing this letter, permit me to say this to the parents, mothers especially: All your boy's heart with love, let him know that he can always come to mother with his problems and you will guide and direct him in the right way, and above all else, don't let him think for one moment that he is—or ever will be—too big to receive your love and caresses. True, many say that too many caresses "spoil" children, but they do not; for it is the lack of discipline that "spoil" them. The child can be the recipient of many caresses and yet be taught to obey and respect his parents.

Inculcate ideas of purity, modesty, honesty—and other kindred qualities of character—into the mind of the child, especially the boy; provide him with clean, wholesome literature; select his playmates; give him a sufficient amount of constructive work, play and exercise, and then your "boy problem" will certainly be nearer a sane solution. Of course, the same applies to a girl, but I have placed so much stress upon the training of the boy because so many boys just "grow up" without scarcely any training at all. So many parents seem to think because he is "just a boy" he doesn't require so much care and attention as a girl. True, even though many parents do their part in training their children, the child often steps from the path of rectitude, but this is because all parents do not do their part; or because the child is influenced in the wrong way, by others, or because some children have inherited an immoral or criminal nature. Nevertheless, we can certainly improve the human race by the proper training in childhood.

Sincerely, Roy E. Smith.

VERMONT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I enter your circle? Many years ago I did and I still feel that I know you all.

Heartbroken Wife, I have been through this heart-breaking sorrow and while what I am going to say may sound unreasonable it is true nevertheless. Nearly every man, after he has been married for some time, thinks he falls in love with another woman, but it is seldom more than an infatuation or some charm about the other woman that appeals to him. I am speaking from experience. A while ago a woman came to this town and soon she and my husband were great friends. Their names were mentioned together and finally I would-be friend called me on the phone and asked if I knew my husband called on Mrs. — every evening. I told an untruth to the woman (but I am not sorry I did), that I knew where my husband was and that we enjoyed Mrs. — very much and were quite congenial in our triangular friendship. Then I made friends with her to let her know that I had not attracted my husband. It was a simple little thing—she never talked of herself but was always ready to listen to his side of the story. It was just a sweet, sympathetic disposition. After that I tried to do the same almost without his knowing it he stayed home more and talked more to me and finally forgot all about his little love episode with another woman. I don't think leaving a husband forever or for any time helps. He needs you now more than ever. But find what power this other woman has over him and use it yourself. There are many men unkind to their wives; if you have a kind husband, keep him.

#### Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Molasses will remove grass stains.  
Bake cookies on the bottom of tins and they are less likely to burn.

Use borax for cleaning aluminum, or boil rhubarb or tomato in aluminum dishes that are stained.—Mrs. Roy W. Belshe, Henley, Mo.

A slice of lemon put in with clothes when boiling, will remove stains and prove a wonderful whitener, without harming any white fabric.—A Missouri Sister.

TO CLEAN PIANO KEYS.—(Requested) Alcohol is excellent for cleaning piano keys. In using be careful that none gets on the wood. Wipe the keys with a soft cloth dampened in alcohol, wipe with dry cloth and polish with chamolade.—Mrs. J. H. Mills, Morilton, Ark.

Put oranges in the oven before peeling. The tough, white skin will then come off with the outer skin.

After plucking ducks or geese, rub with cornmeal to remove down.

To remove a good stamp from an envelope, cut a piece of blotter size of stamp, soak this in cold water and lay over stamp for a few minutes. Remove blotter and stamp will come off as good as new.—Mrs. John C. Schweitzer, Abington, Md.

When drawing threads from linen, rub soap on the cloth and the work will be accomplished more easily.

Before working in the garden or doing other rough work, rub under and around the finger-nails with soap. This will prevent the soil or dirt from getting under the nails and when the hands are washed the soap comes off, taking the dirt with it.—Mrs. Mary Floyd, Brainerd, Minn.

When making lemonade, run the lemon through the food chopper and the juice will be so strong that it will go twice as far and have a better flavor.

If you plunge fish in boiling water, you will be surprised to see how quickly the scales will come off.

When sweeping, sprinkle a little kerosene on broom and there will be less dust.—Miss Anna Hensick, Willard, Wisc.

#### Requests

How to dye furs.

Poem, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

How to make floor covering of sacks and paint.

How to remove mending tissue spot from wool serge.

How to make "Everlasting" or "World's Fair" yeast.

How to remove finger-marks from piano with fumed oak finish. Also what kind of varnish to use for golden oak furniture.

Mrs. Long, Cumberland, R. R. 3, Box 34, Wisc., would like to have the April, May and June issues of COMFORT for 1920.

Mrs. W. R. Brown, Powell, P. O. Box 124, Wyo., wants to know where she can buy the "Hubbard Long Book," used in singing schools.

Mrs. Harry F. Robinson, Akron, 1091 Grant St., Ohio, Jan., Feb. and Mar., 1922. Also letters from sisters living in Idaho and Washington.

Paul Wilson Booher, Piney Flats, Tenn., a young COMFORT brother, desires cards on his birthday (Jan. 17th). Views rather than birthday cards.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Write first.

Miss Alida Stakston, Westby, R. R. 1, Box 79, Wisc., August, 1911; April, 1916; Sept., 1912; Jan., 1921, and March, 1922.

Mrs. Minnie Harmon, Wille, Ark., August, 1921.

Miss Edith Milliken, Winchester, Ill., March, April and May, 1922.

Miss Grace McCaskill, Hickory Valley, Tenn., Jan., Feb. and March, 1922.

Miss Helen C. Wetzel, Glen Ullin, R. R. 2, N. Dak., February and March, 1918.

#### Remedies

ACUTE INDIGESTION.—One-half pint water, one tablespoon aromatic spirits of ammonia, one teaspoon bak-

ing powder, and one teaspoon essence of peppermint. Shake well. Dose: One tablespoonful, repeat in fifteen minutes.—Mrs. John C. Schweitzer, Abington, Md.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.—Pick fresh, green leaves from raspberry bushes. Wash and steep in water enough to cover. Drink tea.

BURNS.—Put yolk of egg in bowl and beat until light. Add one-half cup of linseed oil and apply to burn. This relieves pain almost at once and burn will heal quickly.—Mrs. H. Griswold, Oakville, Wash.

STINGS.—For stings of wasps and bees, apply iodine at once and it will kill the poison.

Use hot water and turpentine to draw soreness from wounds caused by sticking nails, wires or needles into hands or feet. Use one teaspoon of turpentine to one quart of hot water and soak wounded part in this one hour once or twice daily.—FOSTER MOTHER.

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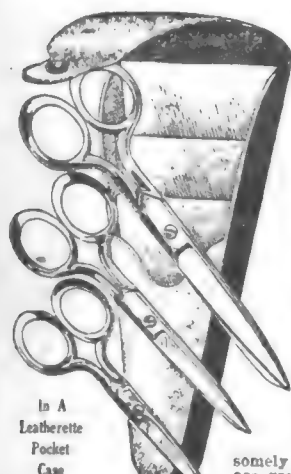
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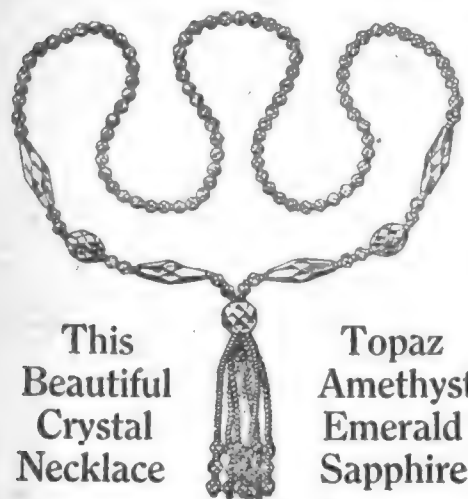
### 3-Piece Scissor Set

Reward No. 9093

#### For A Club Of Three

THIS useful 3-piece Scissor Set is just what every woman needs. It consists of a pair of 6-inch scissors, a pair of 5-inch scissors and a pair of 4-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and handsomely nickel plated. They are ground to a keen cutting edge that will last a long time without resharpening. The complete assortment comes in an attractive leatherette case which fastens with a ball-and-socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all three pieces in the pocket or in a shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful rewards we have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among COMFORT's lady and girl readers who have a lot of sewing and dressmaking to do. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 3-Piece Scissor Set in a fine leatherette case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9093. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Beautiful Crystal Necklace

Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

### For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its actual color because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornaments and tassels. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT's women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 1142. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

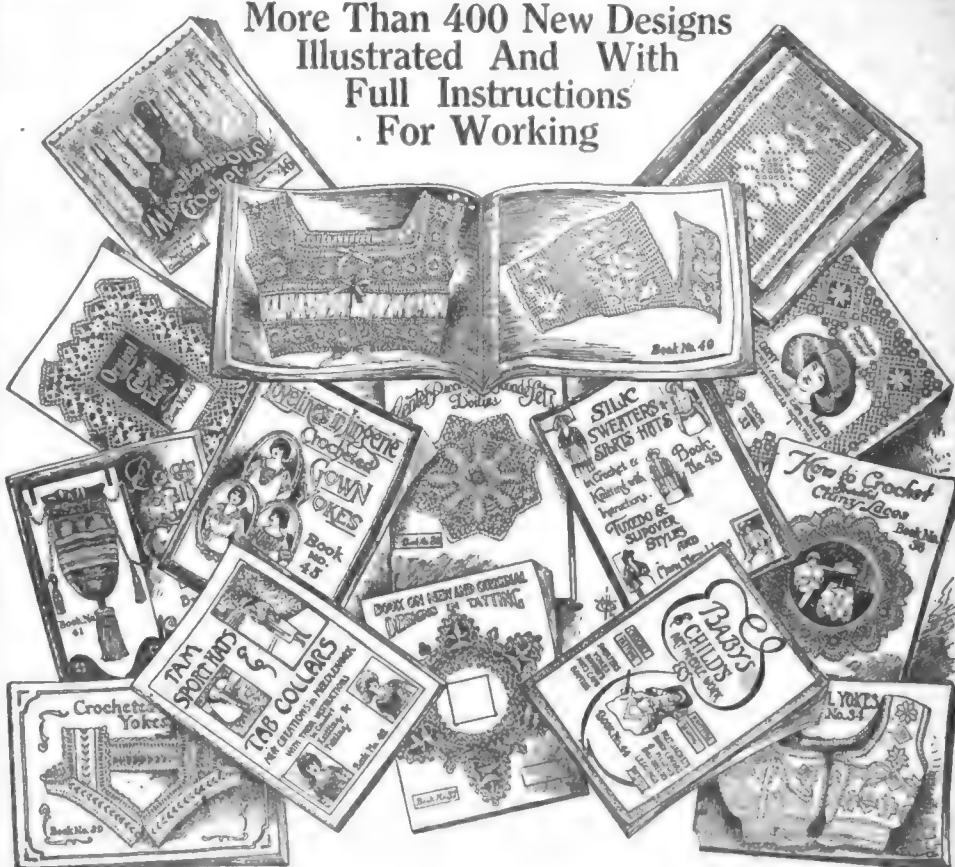


### 31-Piece Dinner Set

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple wood violets surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live (if it is not outside the United States), we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges, but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

**Given To You!** For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. Reward No. 76610. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### More Than 400 New Designs Illustrated And With Full Instructions For Working



### If You Are A Woman Who Loves Crochet And Tatting Here Is A Set Of Books You Will Be Delighted To Own!

ANY ONE of these books is a veritable treasure house of the newest, most beautiful designs. The fifteen books combined form a complete library in which you will find any pattern in crocheting, tatting and knitting you could possibly ask for. You will fairly revel in the many handsome designs shown. The illustrations are actual photographs of the finished work and show every thread so plainly that they are almost as good to work from as the directions themselves. The directions are adapted for either beginner or expert. They tell stitch by stitch how each pattern is worked, also the quantity and size of material required and the correct sizes of hooks to be used. Each book is 8 by 11 inches in size and most of them contain 32 pages. Following is a brief description of what you will find in this wonderful library. When ordering please give the number of each book wanted.

**Volume 33** Twenty-one new, beautiful designs in Cluny lace, including lamp shades, curtains, bungalow sets, hats, yokes, collar and cuffs, pin-cushion, door panel, flower basket, baby cap, bib, dolly, pillow-case, corset-cover, boudoir cap and corners and edges for handkerchiefs, napkins, etc. 32 pages.

**Volume 34** Fourteen handsome crochet yokes, medallion pointed wheel, Irish rose, shell, polonetta, cupid, wheel, Grecian, spider, small shell and novelty braid. 32 pages.

**Volume 35** Fifty-three different crochet edges for every purpose—children's clothing, handkerchiefs, towels, dollies, scarfs, etc., etc. 32 pages.

**Volume 36** How to crochet beautiful Cluny laces—thirty-two different designs for library scarfs, curtains, yokes, sofa pillow, centerpieces, collar and cuff set, combination, dolly, boudoir caps, corset-covers, combing jacket, novelty braid and towel edge and ends. 32 pages.

**Volume 37** Thirty-six new, original designs in tatting. Edges, insertions and motifs for yokes, handkerchiefs, towels, luncheon sets, piano scarfs, curtains, cushions, medallions, etc. 32 pages.

**Volume 38** Twenty-eight lovely designs in crocheted centerpieces, lemonade sets, dollies, luncheon sets, lunch cloths, etc., etc. One of the very latest books to be published. 32 pages.

**Volume 39** Twelve beautiful designs in crocheted yokes for slip-covers, corset-covers and nightgowns. Large, magnificent, full-page illustrations showing every stitch with complete directions for making and kind and quantity of material required is fully explained. 16 pages.

**Volume 40** A continuation of Volume 39, showing twelve more exquisite yokes for corset-covers and nightgowns. Full-page illustrations. Full directions. 16 pages.

**Volume 41** Crocheted bags are now all the style and this book shows twenty-nine beautiful designs for hand bags, party bags, afternoon bags, work bags, laundry bags, opera, evening and vanity bags and coin purses. 16 pages.

**Volume 42** Tam sport hats and tab collars in crochet, knitting and tatting—twenty-nine designs and every one a beauty. Illustrations show large-sized finished work as well as being worn by living models. 32 pages.

**Volume 43** Twenty-nine lovely silk sweaters and sport hats in crochet and knitting, including the Delmar, Pershing, Rosedale, Kingsbury, Waterman, Westminster, MacPherson, Hamilton and many others. Every design is shown on a living model. 32 pages.

**Volume 44** Art needle work for baby and the children. Forty-four beautiful designs in crochet and tatting for sweaters, yokes, bonnets, hats, caps, booties, fllet jackets, buggy covers and pillows, bibs, dresses and leggings. 32 pages.

**Volume 45** Crocheted nightgown yokes—thirteen handsome designs in clover medallion, Cluny scallop, pansy medallion, fllet and spray, butterfly spray, daisy spray, iris in cross-mesh fllet, polonetta and wild rose spray. 32 pages.

**Volume 46** Twenty-one designs in miscellaneous crochet including many novelties not found in other books, pillow cases, portieres, Cluny door panels, tray-cloths, crochet ball holder, tumbler dollies, and edges and medallions for scarfs, tea or luncheon cloths, napkins and pillow cases. 12 pages.

**Volume 47** New ideas in crocheted edges and insertions suitable for handkerchiefs, underwear, dresses and a multitude of other uses—forty-eight different designs in all. 12 pages.

**Offer No. 8681.** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you any four books free and prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

**Offer No. 1172.** For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you any nine books free and prepaid. Mention numbers of books wanted.

**Offer No. 9103.** For three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you the complete library just as described above—fifteen volumes in all, handsomely bound, printed on high-grade paper and containing more than four hundred beautiful photographic illustrations of all that is new and pretty in crochet, knitting and tatting with complete directions for working. When ordering please be sure to mention number of each book wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Antique Wall Clock

Reward No. 8194.

#### For A Club Of Four

If you like things unique, you will be charmed with this novelty clock which is very similar in design to those used in some parts of Europe in the Eighteenth Century.

As shown in our illustration, which is greatly reduced in size, the face of the clock consists of a beautiful landscape hand painted in four colors, beneath which is a metal dial with large, easily-read figures. Then there are the brass chains and weights and brass pendulum with regulator which give the clock that antique appearance so much in demand nowadays.

This clock is useful as well as ornamental, being an excellent timekeeper. It has a fully guaranteed brass movement, key wind, in a polished nickel case. This movement is regulated by the disk on the pendulum which is easily adjusted to make the clock run faster or slower as desired. A hanger attached to the back of the clock enables one to hang it on any desirable location on the wall.

We were so sure that our club readers would be pleased with this clock we had a large quantity imported for us at a special low price. We are now giving them away free on the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this unique novelty clock exactly as illustrated and described free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8194. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Needleworkers' Companion

142 Needles For Every Possible Need. Arranged In A Handsome Leatherette Case

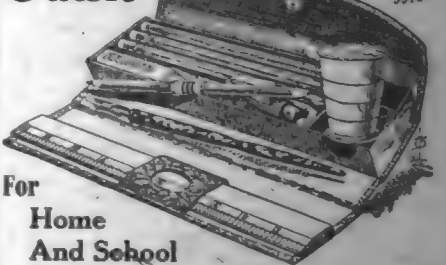
EVERY woman wants this big-value needle assortment—a needle for every need—142 needles in all, in a handy case of leatherette. The assortment contains 75 gold-eyed sewing needles, 15 silk and cotton darning needles, 15 milliner needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 rug or tapestry needles, 3 chenille needles, 1 steel attleto, 1 steel tape or ribbon, 2 steel crochet needles, 1 steel bodkin or tape, 1 punch-work needle, 2 medium yarn darning, 2 medium and 2 fine cotton darning, 2 medium and 2 fine wool darning—142 useful needles in all, enough to last for several years.

The case is handsomely bound with leatherette, is 5 1/4 inches in size when open and 3 1/2 inches closed. All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gaged, and are far ahead of ordinary needles usually sold in stores. We will make you a present of this fine Needle Case if you will accept the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Needle Case exactly as described free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1132. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Writing And Drawing Outfit

Reward No. 9972



For Home And School

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big-value outfit of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10 1/2 inches long and 2 1/4 inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil holder, two pencils in a combination holder, one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who are children going to school, and of course it is just handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

**Given To You!** For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9972. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!

WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the smallest half hour's work you ever did.

**We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery**

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it free of charge.

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

**Club Offers.** For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. (Reward No. 8883). Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of either the Pickle Dish (Reward No. 9402), or the Spoon Tray (Reward No. 9412). Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. (Reward No. 7457).

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Two Stylish Bags

Take Your Choice For A Club Of Four



HAND bags are more popular than ever this season so we take pleasure in offering our lady and girl readers either of the two handsome styles shown herewith.

The Bag illustrated above (Reward No. 8204) is the newest "Kodak" shape, 6 1/2 x 1 1/4 inches in size, made of genuine leather, pin seal finish, in a beautiful shade of brown. It has two large side pockets, a smaller pocket which holds a dainty mirror and a middle coin pocket with metal frame and clasp. It is handsomely lined, has a 14-inch leather handle and closes with a polished nickel ball and socket fastener.

The Bag illustrated below (Reward No. 8214) is 6 1/2 x 4 1/4 inches in size, made of genuine leather, sea lion finish, color black. This Bag, also, has two large side pockets, a mirror pocket with mirror, and a middle pocket which fastens together for the protection of money and valuables. It is nicely lined, closes with a nickel fastener and has a 13-inch leather handle.

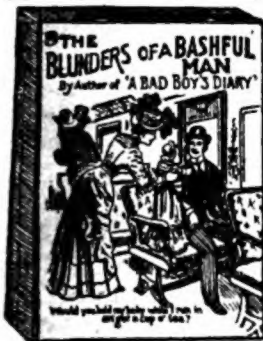


You can have your choice of either of these two stylish Hand-Bags upon the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you either Bag free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention reward number of Bag wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



### "The Blunders of a Bashful Man"

Reward No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dispelling gloom and banishing trouble you will find it better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world and it has the circus and vaudeville beaten a mile. This great story is the world's champion funny book, and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly bashful young man who stumbles on through a succession of astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of exploding from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib-tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.

**Given To You!** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and prepaid. Reward No. 8221.

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## Artist's Paint Box

For A Club Of Only Four

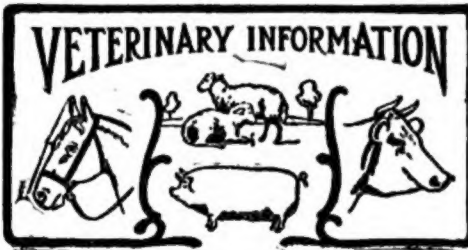


27 Colors Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8 1/2 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains eleven regular colors in pans and sixteen moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Any one who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

### Worm Capsules for Horses

THE newest and it is said the most successful treatment for worms of the horse is to administer oil of chenopodium (American wormseed) in gelatin capsules. The horse is first starved for 18 to 24 hours; then the veterinarian administers 15 to 20 "mils" of the drug mentioned. A "mil" amounts to 16 drops and a dram to 60 drops, so one can calculate the dose in measures more commonly understood by the farmer. The 15 mil dose amounts to 240 drops, or four drams, or half an ounce, and the 20 mil dose to 320 drops, or five and one-third drams. Oil of chenopodium is strong stuff and therefore has to be given in a capsule or in oil. The capsule is the handiest method of administration but the amateur will have to give it by means of a balling gun. The expert gives it by hand, protected by a glove. The dose of chenopodium is at once followed by a quart to a quart and one-half of pure raw linseed oil. Colts take from 10 to 15 mils of the drug and it has even been given to a pregnant mare without causing ill effects. This treatment will remove all sorts of worms from the horse, but it is not considered effective for bots in the stomach. To dislodge those parasites the modern and only effective treatment is to give bisulphid of carbon in capsules. One bran mash or more is given, without hay; then the veterinarian gives a gelatin capsule containing aloin or an ordinary dose of Barbadoes aloes to clear the bowels. When the physic has ceased to operate he gives at 6 A. M., in a gelatin capsule, two or, at the most, three drams of bisulphid of carbon and repeats the dose at 7 and 8 A. M. This is for an adult horse. Give a yearling half as much bisulphid. Treatment with the capsules mentioned may be repeated in two weeks if thought necessary.

**BLACK TEETH.**—Will you put this in COMFORT for Mrs. A. M. T.? Do you examine your hog's mouth? I have often found black teeth when they won't eat. They get black teeth sometimes from eating corn. Get some one to pull them out and they will go to eating.

**It has been proved at all agricultural experiment stations that the black color of the teeth in little pigs has no special significance, but as such teeth often are very sharp and lacerate the sow's teats or the mouths and faces of the pigs, it is therefore well to snip them off at birth provided it can be done without bruising or lacerating the gums.**

**POLL EVIL.**—I have a horse that has poll evil on his head. I would like to know what is good for it.

**A.**—If pus is discharging from pipes of sinuses in a bunch or abscess behind and between the ears, constituting a "poll evil," it will be necessary to have a qualified surgeon open up the cavities and pipes to secure free drainage for pus and at the same time cut out dead or diseased cartilage or other tissue. It would be very dangerous for one not acquainted with the anatomy of the part to attempt such cutting. Meanwhile syringe out the openings once daily with a solution of one dram of chlorid of zinc and one ounce of sulphate of zinc and one pint of soft water. Clip off the hair and apply a blister if the bunch has not opened to discharge pus.

**SCOURS.**—My pig, six months old, ate heartily and did fine until a month ago when it took a turn and grew stiff in its limbs. I have given liniment and stock powders but they didn't do any good. I feed corn bread, mush and buttermilk. A remedy will be appreciated.

**A.**—Do not give liniment to animals. It is for external use only. If directed for internal use it is not a true liniment. Neither should stock powders be used. If an animal is sick it should be given medicine for the ailment present. Animals that are not sick should not be given medicine of any kind. Feed the pig milk containing an ounce of lime-water per pint. Gradually add wheat middlings. If scouring persists, give 20 grains of subnitrate of bismuth twice for three times daily in any way found most convenient.

**DISEASED COWS.**—I have had three cows, one about two years ago, another one year ago and one recently, after freshening their breath came hard. The first two came all right. The last one died in three days. She ate everything that was given her.

**A.**—There can be little question that the cows have tuberculosis which is incurable. To find out you should have each of them tested with tuberculin. The milk of an affected cow is dangerous for use by persons or animals. A swallowed nail, wire or other sharp object penetrating the wall of the second stomach, diaphragm and sac of the heart might cause similar symptoms. That, too, is incurable. We are taking it for granted, of course, that the cows were not choked with feed.

**SORE FEET.**—My dog has had sore feet for nearly one year. Lumps form between the toes then they break, discharging, and look as though they had been scalded.

**A.**—Twice daily immerse the feet for five minutes or more in hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve, then dry gently and apply compound sulphur ointment. If that does not suffice, apply a mixture of one part of compound tincture of benzoin and three parts of glycerine after the immersion. A mixture of one part of balsam of Peru and three of alcohol is also healing in such cases. Boots of light leather or strong duck or canvas may be put on the feet if the dog is used for hunting.

**SHRINK IN MILK.**—My cow is in good condition and gives about three gallons of milk a day. She is going very fat in one test. She has plenty of feed such as shorts, bran chop and hay, also runs on pasture. She is milked regularly twice a day.

**A.**—It usually proves impossible to stop such a quarter from becoming permanently dry. Germ infection and garget cause the condition. Try the effects of milking and massaging that quarter every two hours and in the evening rubbing in warm melted unsalted lard or sweet oil.

**SICK HOGS.**—Please tell me what is the matter with my hogs. They won't eat and seem short of breath. Their sides thump and they lie around for days. Some have a swollen foot—the leg that is affected is furred up and the hoofs come off. Before dying, the nose turns a purplish red nearly to the eyes. Please tell me what to do.

**A.**—Always screen ground oats to remove hulls if it is to be fed to pigs; also make bran a very small part of the ration. Allow remaining pigs clean colony houses and let them graze a succession of green crops and also feed mixed meals including digester tankage from a self-feeder. Keep them absolutely away from old hog houses, yards, wallows and other places polluted by adult swine. Filth and the germs it contains cause most of the symptoms described but swine plague may be present and should be vaccinated against by the veterinarian. The symptoms are similar to those of cholera, but vaccination is not so effective as for humans. Cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the old hog houses. Flow, crop and seed down the old hog yards, lots and pastures.

**DEATH OF COW.**—Can you tell me what caused the death of my cow affected as follows: She was as well as usual at milking time in the morning, but at night was not able to get up and died before midnight. Lying on her side, she would almost go into convulsions, pawing the air and bellowing. Raising her off her side, she would become easier. There were no other symptoms. The veterinarian thought it was milk

fever. She had been fresh one month and there was no swelling in the udder.

**F. K. A.**—Milk fever sometimes occurs a month after freshening but that is rare. Still, it would have been well to have inflated the udder with air as is done to cure milk fever. We think it much more likely that the cow was attacked by hemorrhagic septicemia for which there is no successful remedy, but it may be prevented by hypodermic injection of a special bacterin with a fair degree of success. Bloody froth issues from the nose or mouth after death, and sometimes from other natural openings of the body, when hemorrhagic septicemia has been present. That also happens after death from anthrax. Again consult the local graduate veterinarian about the matter. It may be added that heart disease caused by a swallowed sharp object may also cause such a sudden death.

**STUDYING VETERINARY SCIENCE.**—Please send me your terms on veterinary schooling as I am going to study veterinary.

**J. M. A.**—In order to obtain a veterinary diploma from a recognized veterinary college you will have to attend such an institution for four sessions of nine months each and pass all examinations. The entrance requirement is graduation from a high school or the equal of a similar course of instruction in some other recognized school. Particulars regarding fees, etc., may be learned by writing to the various veterinary colleges. A list of accredited veterinary schools may be had on application to the Bureau of Animal Industry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

### Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

In the air your time has not been lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

For the young to learn to write, Helen, is largely a matter of practice. Hawthorne locked himself in a lonely room at Salem and plugged away with pen and ink. Stevenson tells us how long he played "the sedulous ape" to various authors before he stepped forth to fame himself. You will be helped, Helen, by continual and omnivorous reading which will furnish you a background of thought, of vicarious experience and a vocabulary. When you read, strive to keep to the best—that best which has received the verdict of time. There are many good books on journalism which you can find on the shelves of any large library. Read these and put your precepts into practice. But do not spend all your time on reading. Write articles for your home paper and those in nearby towns. Get jobs of reporting local social events and other happenings of news interest. Write as much, as often and as well as you can—and all the time your dream may be coming truer and truer.

OKDALE, TENNESSEE.

**DEAR UNCLE LISHA:** If you will turn your face this way a minute, I think that Billy and I do not know what we will look like when I come out on the other side, but I'll assure you that Billy will have to be going some if he heads me off. I think Billy is like one of your New England senators: he wants to chew up everything that comes along. I believe he would devour the Peace Treaty if it should fall into your hands. I visited in New England a few summers ago. One of your leading intellectuals said of her senator: "I think he is an old fossil!" I don't think it is nice of New England people to talk so about one another. While I was in Boston the police went out on strike. And just between you, Billy and the writer, I don't believe that any inhabitant in the neck of the woods are "little angels" by any means. I have heard that education would solve all problems. By the eternal! It didn't solve them in Boston, the intellectual hub of the universe. And I returned to my home in the Tennessee mountains, where you find Nature in her wildest dress and most romantic mood, feeling that we have about as good a country as the sun ever shone upon—"Sunny Tennessee." And here in the mountains we are several hundred feet above the Troubles of the World.

Truly yours, JAMES BURTON.

I agree with you, Cousin James, that there is no place like a mountain top from which to look serenely down upon the Troubles of the World. Petty details are blended into the valled landscape, and the wide outlook helps to wide views both in front of the eyes and behind them. You are fortunate to be able to look forth from your eyrie in Sunny Tennessee and contemplate the troubles of Boston. I'm sorry, James, that you were discouraged by Boston in your little journey into New England; but you are not the first to be worried by present conditions and by the things that go on right under the shadow of the State House's Golden Dome surmounted by the Sacred Codfish. One of our magazines has been publishing articles entitled "What is the Matter with Boston?" and other investigators, both American and European, have rushed into print crying that the old New England is no more. Ancient Puritan stock and traditions are said to have become swallowed up in the rising flood of the New World generations that have been brought into New England to serve overlords of loom and spindle, and the sons and daughters of these overlords are often those who now cry, "Americanization, or we perish!" Bristol, R. I., one of the oldest of New England's seaports, once beautiful with century-old homes looking out on Narragansett Bay, has now a population of about ten thousand, some six thousand of whom are Italian and Portuguese. This is a typical condition of what industrial wealth made in New England has brought in the way of shifting populations and living standards. Perhaps you are more lucky than you know, James, when no whirl of spindles and no sound of mill whistles come up to echo among your mountain gaps and coves.

I am glad you did not go into details about exactly which New England senator was in danger of becoming a geological specimen, James. Such things have been known to happen, but when known, it is best to keep the story in the dark, stony secret. The trouble with the fossilizing process is that it starts within and works out. It can go on for some time without being evident on the surface, except to a discerning eye. However, if you fellows in the South keep on sending up lively-mannered legislators to Washington, perhaps things can be kept moving fast enough so that any senatorial petrification can be slowed up, if not entirely stopped.

As to education, James; don't let anyone fool you by saying it can solve all problems. Not our present higher education, at least. Some one has wisely hinted that to be "civilized" is another name for having become irritated, and there is more in this than a clever remark. Our higher education today—the institutions from which we look to get men to strive with our higher human problems—are not particularly interested in turning out the men that our human difficulties demand, but rather in sending for those who can fit the most successfully into the peculiarly organized society of which our higher educational system is a product and part. The heart has always to use what the brain has been taught, and it is the thinking which is done in the heart that makes the man. We fool ourselves a lot, James, as we judge such terms as education and progress; but the men who have brought what has meant the most for humanity into the world have never been themselves products of highly-organized educational systems. And they have generally been sufferers under, or martyrs of, what the world of their day has chosen to call "progress." James, I am sure you have a lot of time to think about these and other things, as you sit up among the sunny mountains of Tennessee and gaze, with an expansive smile, upon the fossils rising up from the landscape to the northward.

BELT, BOX 236, MONTANA.

**DEAR UNCLE LISHA:** I thought I would write you a few lines explaining the West. I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade. I hope to finish school this year. It is a stormy month here now and the weather is very stormy. I have about a mile away from me a trap wild animals and snare and hunt rabbits. I can ride horses and get the cows from pasture. I live on a farm of four hundred acres. I have a pet

horse. It is quite small and it is tamer for me than for any one else. I have had a lot of experience with wild animals. I will tell you one: One time when I went to look at my traps, there was a large wildcat in one of them. I shot once at it from quite a distance, but the bullet went through the hip and it didn't die. Then I sent another shot which hit on the neck, and the wildcat fell on its nose. But when I came up to look at the trap, it jumped at me and nearly caught me by the foot. I had to spring quickly aside, and I fell right on some porcupine quills. Then I got up again and shot it through the head. I had a hard time getting it home because it was so heavy.

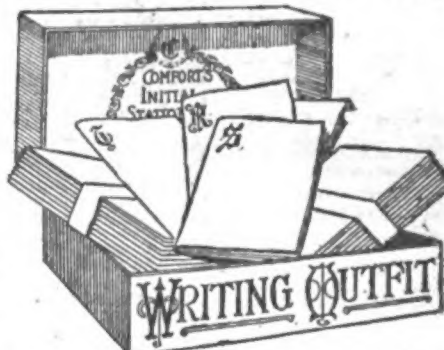
If Billy the Goat is close by, don't show this letter to him, please. I will close now.

Your loving nephew, MATT KOSKILA.

I am not sure if I quite like the way you have of "explaining the West," Matt. As you tell about it, the West seems to be a place altogether too full of wildcats for my quiet tastes. Our tame Brooklyn cats are bad enough and the city government, alas, will not allow Bill and me to set any traps on the backyard fences from where we get nightly serenades. There is one tortoise-shell soprano who can do warblings

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

## Box Of Initial Stationery



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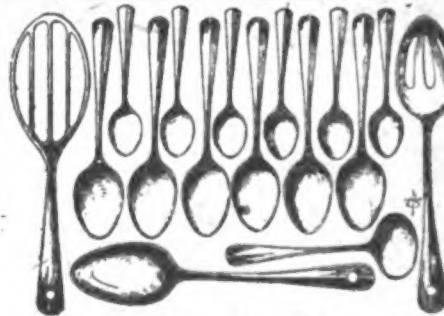
There are Two Dandy Fish Lines, one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinker all ready for business, and the other is a Special Braided Line. Then there are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing, 6 High-Grade Smoked Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber," and 1 King Sinker—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this outfit to be good quality.

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As shown in our illustration, this big-value Kitchen Set consists of the following named pieces, all pure aluminum—16 of them in all: Six Teaspoons, Six Tablespoons, One Whole Mixing Spoon, One Ladle, One Slotted Mixing Spoon and One Cake Beater.

Please bear in mind that each and every piece is of standard size for every-day use in the home and the set as a whole is in every way equal to those sold at high prices in the retail stores today. We buy direct from the manufacturer, however, and in large quantities, thereby securing the lowest factory price. As a result, we can afford to give away this set for a very small club of subscriptions.

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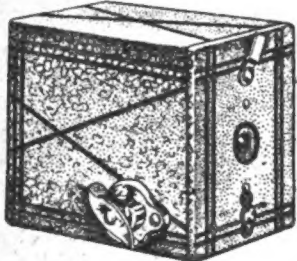
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### Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

and trills in a manner that convinces me she must be a prima donna in the Brooklyn Cat Opera Company, and she is always willing to grant any number of encores. But I'm hoping that all of the West is not so full of ferocious felines whose motto is "Never say die," and that it is because you live in the wildest belt, Matt, that nine-lived and bullet-proof mountain pussies are so numerous.

Matt, you are polishing off school in quick shape by finishing up lessons when you are only twelve years old. You must be a good knowledge trapper, too. But why not keep at this game of capturing wisdom a few winters more? The best open season for knowledge is when one is young, Matt. The mind's steel springs are strong and quick then, and you can sell at a good price in later years all the knowledge you are able to tack up on your brain walls during these trapping days. My advice is not to hang up your traps yet; there are too many years ahead of you in which they might grow dull and rusty. Keep 'em shining and active for a few years more, Matt, old boy.

Your little pet horse, Matt, who is tamer for you than for anyone else, is something like Billy in this. For Billy is quite tame to me, while he might act like a genuine Montana wildcat when some cousin sends in letter written in pencil and with six misspelled words to the square inch. No trap could hold Billy then! You wrote a good letter, Matt, but you did spell one word in a very funny way. I corrected this and did not show it to Billy. For if I had, Matthew, all your experience as a trapper and animal tamer would have been useless. Your letter would have vanished between Billy's steel jaws and been torn to shreds by his sharp pivot tooth.

### League Shut-in and Mercy Work for July

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Warren B. Woodruff, Delaware, R. R. 2, Ohio. Asks financial aid that will enable her to secure proper treatment for her two-year-old crippled son. Well recommended. A genuine chance for greenbacks to get in good work. W. S. Roberts, Indiana, R. R. 6, Box 16, Pa. Long a helpless shut-in with no means of support. Often lacks even food. Mrs. Mathilda Higgins, care of Mrs. M. V. Hartman, North Branch Depot, Somerset Co., N. J. A shut-in of seventy-six years of age. Asks for a postcard shower of cheer. This is easy, cousins. Get out your fountain pens. Mrs. Rosella Daniels, Lassiter, N. C. Has but one arm to support three children of nine to fourteen years. A dime shower will give her real help and renewed strength in her struggle with poverty. Miss Dilly F. Dolan, Endicott, Va. Her mother asks for cards, picture books or quilt scraps to cheer the lonely hours of this invalid girl. Money is not asked. Jesse Trotter, Rockwood, R. R. 3, Tenn. Send a shower of dimes to this orphan boy of fourteen who has lost his right leg above the knee—and add a word of cheer. Mrs. Mary J. Overby, Brooklyn, Md. Has a paralytic husband and four children to support. Surely aid is needed here. E. D. Beard, Charles City, Iowa. A boy of fourteen who has been an invalid for eleven years. Send him some

sunshine by mail. Miss Rosa Watts, care of Rosa Eller, McAdenville, N. C. An orphan girl stricken with a serious disease. Described by those who know her as "a true object of charity." Aid of any sort will be welcomed. W. B. Balew, Sparta, Tenn. Second-hand clothing or money will help this man, himself an invalid and partial shut-in, and with a sick wife on his almost useless hands. Miss Margaret Bowen, Tomahawk, Ky. Completely blind, and without parents to comfort and aid her. This is a case that is pitiful indeed. Walker Turner, Ft. Wayne, Ala. This is a crippled boy who sends a happy letter of gratitude for the flood of postcards and letters of cheer sent him by members of our League. Good work, cousins!

Longer than usual this month is the list of those who need so sorely the aid our League generously gives to its unfortunate members. Give them the boosts of cheer and dimes, of happiness and greenbacks, that will make their lot a little easier for a time at least. The light that we can shed in the darkest places is the best light of all. With your hearts as warm and open as the summer sun, cousins, help these shadowed lives to carry on.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

### Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C."—a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

#### How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League membership certificate and a League button. You will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.



### Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

R. A. Gould, Okla.—The address of the headquarters of the Girl Scouts, Inc., is 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

E. L. A. Roanoke Rapids, N. C.—There is a difference in the cubic capacity of a dry and a liquid quart. What this is you will learn by filling a dry quart measure level full of beans and then attempting to put these into a liquid quart. You will find the beans will considerably more than fill the liquid measure. Many people, like yourself, are ignorant of this difference and often accept cranberries, beans, and other dry commodities which have been incorrectly measured in tin liquid measures. The use of a tin liquid measure for such dry commodities is now illegal in most communities.

H. W. Kevil, Ky.—The National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America are at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

P. A. Brush Creek, Tenn.—Write to the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., and ask that particulars be sent you of such positions as are open in the U. S. Forestry Service and in the National Parks.

I. A. U. North, S. C.—In the millinery trade positions for "learners" and apprentices are frequently open in the big and little shops of the larger cities. If you already have some experience in the trade, there is no reason why you might not obtain one of these jobs, although it would mean that you would have to move to a city and make direct personal application for work. No girl should leave her home and move to a city with the intention of supporting herself there, unless she has friends or relatives in the city who can help her to "leg her bearings" and aid her by hints and instructions in her new surroundings. She should also have a sufficient sum of money to care for her support until she has succeeded in gaining work. City living is fiercely competitive and there are always many eager hands reaching for every job offered.

Miss R. E. B., Oakland, Me.—Your dimes of various dates are worth no more than their face value. A silver three-cent piece of 1872 would be valued at from twenty to forty cents according to condition. Three-cent pieces command a premium in the price-lists of all coin dealers—some of whom are COMFORT advertisers. Write to them about your coins.

R. K. W. Franklin, N. C.—There are several large and good correspondence schools in this country, all of which offer courses in electricity. We believe you might gain a good knowledge of the subject, particularly the theoretical work, from one of these courses. We would not care to make any recommendation of any particular school, and this would require an expert comparison of the matter of the home study courses offered. (2) The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., and the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., are perhaps the two best-known schools of their class in the country. You have a mechanical school in your own state at West Raleigh.

J. C. Trenton, Tenn.—There is no article of mystery and magic which will "find hidden treasure," and so we cannot give you the name of any firm that could supply you with such a remarkable product. We have stated this fact many times in this column. If such "rods" or "needles" are offered for sale, it is only with the object of deluding foolish buyers who have not yet found out that there is no short cut to wealth or treasure, and that the road of thrift and industry is the surest and safest path to riches.

J. J. Roberts, Mont.—While the raising of such fur-bearing animals as silver foxes and skunks is profitable when successful, the successful ones in this mode of farming are few. You would be interested in reading Farmers' Bulletin No. 587. You can obtain this from the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

In the central place of our hearts is a wireless station. So long as we receive messages of beauty, hope, courage and power from God and from our fellow-men, we may know the current comes clear.

### You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purse, Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The Kanibas Bead Loom



### For a Club of Four

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple Bead Loom with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, etc. In fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom. Anybody can use the "Kanibas" Bead Loom—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit. Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one "Kanibas" Bead Loom, five packages of beads in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special bead needles (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared waxed bead thread, and a 44-page instruction book containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

**Special Club Offer.** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8234. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7696

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, and that will keep time.

It has a handsome polished nickel case; the movements are American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain. If you will accept the following

**Club Offer.** For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy



the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9912. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

*Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress*

## AGENTS WANTED

**Agents—200% profit.** Wonderful little article; something new; sells like wildfire; carry in pocket; write at once for Free sample. Albert Mills, Gen. Mgr., 5819 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**We Start You In Business,** furnishing everything; men and women. \$30 to \$100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillier Bagdale, Drawer 8, East Orange, N. J.

**Agents—Write for big soap offer.** Quick Seller. Big Money Maker. Ho-Bo-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

**We Start You without a Dollar.** Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

**Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour.** Sell Mendota, a patent patch for instantly mending holes in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Astoria, N.Y.

**Sell Necessities.** Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared \$500.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.

**Agents: \$50 a week** taking orders for guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and latest line of silk hose. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 219 Dayton, Ohio.

**Agents! 1922's Greatest Sensation.** 11-piece toilet article set selling like blazes at \$1.75 with \$1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

**Big Money and Fast Sales.** Every owner buys Gold Inside for his sale. You charge \$1.50; we \$1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

**Introduce Whiz!** delicious beverage. Great demand. Big Repeater. Hundred other fast sellers. Fine Profit. Write at once for terms & sample. Newton & Co., 63 Main St., Newark, New York.

**Agents—\$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto.** Big weekly Bonus \$1.75 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Outfitter Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 32-A, Chicago.

**Agents—\$5 to \$15 Daily** Introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery—latest modes and shades—Nude, camel, silver, etc. Big Profit. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—We Deliver and Collect. Experience unnecessary. Outfits contain all colors and grades including silks. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 647, Cincinnati, O.

**300% Profit: Easy Seller.** Kleanrite. Washes Clothes Without Rubbing. Samples Free. Bestever Prod. Co., 1946-W Irving Park, Chicago.

**Sell Minutemend For Tires And Tubes** cost 2c; repair: surpasses vulcanizing, saves 500%. Every auto and accessory dealer buys. Profits amazing. Shaw made \$21 first day. Hart \$185 first week. Particulars and free sample. The Colonial Rubber Co., Dept. 96, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Earn money in spare time** selling Silk Neckties. Latest styles, good profits, send for particulars. H. Lutz, 1363 College Ave., N.Y. City.

**Make \$50 to \$75 weekly** selling Pennsylvania Silk knitted neckties and guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. Write for free catalog D. Pennsylvania Hosiery Mills, 20 So. 17th St., Philadelphia.

**Large Shirt Manufacturer** wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearers. Exclusive territory. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

## AGENTS WANTED

**Be successful Agent!** Free sample outfit—worth \$2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 308 Loganport, Ind.

**Agents—New Invention.** Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

**Wonderful Seller.** 56c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Head Factory Co., 3421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

**A Business Of Your Own—Make** Sparkling glass name plates, Numbers, Check-boards, Medallions, Signs. Big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, O.

**Agents—Best seller;** Jem Rubber Repair for tires and tubes; supercedes vulcanization at a saving of over 500 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 508.

**Sells like hot cakes.** New Ironing wax pad and asbestos iron rest. Clamps board. Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manufacturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Agents Sell Neverfail Iron Rust And Stain Remover.** Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford Seal Co., Inc., Newark, N. Y. Dept. D.

**Your chance to make big money** silvering mirrors, auto reflectors, metalplating. Outfit turn. Write for particulars. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 311 Fifth Av., New York.

**We pay \$8 a day** taking orders for Inside Tyre. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., 8220, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

**I Made \$25,000 with small Mail Order Business.** Sample article & plan 5c. Free Booklet. Tells How For Stamp. A.C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

## FARMS FOR SALE

**\$750 Secures 250-Acre Farm,** 10 Cows, Poultry, Horses, Implements, crops included; near town; 10-room house, 50-ft. barn. All \$3500, only \$750 cash. Page 35 Free Catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150 RG Nassau St., New York City.

## MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

**\$10 to \$50 Down!** Starts you on 20, 40 or 80 acres near hustling city in Mich. Balance on long time. Get a farm home of your own. Write for big Free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago.

## FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

**Ladies do hemstitching and picotting at home.** Attachment fits any machine \$2.00. Button-hole \$3.00. Hand embroidery \$3.50. Agents wanted. E. Stephenson, 22 Quincy St., Chicago.

## MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

**Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies.** \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

## STAMPING NAMES

**Stamp Names on key checks.** Make \$19 per 100. Send 50c for sample and inst. Either Sex. O. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**Remnant Store,** 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

**Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment** until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

**Switches made from combings.** The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

**Hemstitching and Picotting Attachment** works on any sewing machine, easily adjusted. Price \$2.50 with full instructions. Oriental Novelty Co., Box 11, Corpus Christi, Texas.

**1 Pr. rubber heels and 1 Pr. rubber soles** all for 15c. 8 combinations \$1.00. Joe Cerf, Corbin, Ky.

**Hemstitching and Picotting Attachment** works on all sewing machines, easily adjusted. Price \$2.00 with instructions. Ladies Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

**Ladies—Why pay high prices for toilet articles.** Make them yourself. List free. Southern Formula Co., Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

**\$6-\$15 a dozen** decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

**At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies** to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$40 to \$75 a week. R. E. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Neb.

**Women—Girls. Learn Millinery** Designing at home. \$125 month. Sample free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 900, Rochester, N. Y.

**Women—Get Government** Clerical positions \$95 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F9, Rochester, N. Y.

**Women. Become Dress** Designers. \$35 week. Learn while earning. Sample free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F501, Rochester, N. Y.

## MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

**\$35.00 Profit Nightly.** Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

## SALESMEN WANTED

**Only One Policy A Day Means \$130** Per month profit; same on renewals. Policy pays \$5,000 Death; \$25 weekly benefit for injury or sickness. Premium \$10 yearly. Full or spare time. Easy seller. Write quick for territory. Underwriters, Dept. F33, Newark, N. J.

**Salesmen given** protected territory to sell Doublewear shoes direct from factory to wearer. Our new measure board insures perfect fit. Write for particulars and list of open counties. Doublewear Shoe Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

## SHORTHAND

**Shorthand—How we remember** applied to learning Pitman's Shorthand alphabet. My book makes the best system easy and interesting. \$5.00 postpaid. O. E. Shirley, Box 1146, Salt Lake, Utah.

## AUTO SUPPLIES

**Cylinder regrinding** not always necessary. New Invention, saves Dollars, time engine trouble. Write Quick. Hoess Brothers, Dept. A, Hammond, Ind.

## AUTOMOBILES

**Automobile Mechanics, Owners, Garage-men, Repairmen,** send for free copy America's Popular Motor Magazine. Contains helpful instructive information on overhauling, ignition wiring, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest 556 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

## PATENT ATTORNEYS

**Patents—Write for free Guide Book,** and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 441 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

**Inventors—Desiring to secure patent** should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

**Patents Secured.** Submit sketch or model of your invention for examination. Write for Record of Invention blank and valuable book. Free. J. L. Jackson & Co., 230 Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

**Patents—Send for free book.** Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 403 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**Patents Promptly procured.** Moderate fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-J, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

## MALE HELP WANTED

**All men, women, boys, girls, over 18,** willing to accept Government Positions, \$133, write immediately. Oment, 104, St. Louis.

**\$5-\$10 hourly** during spare or full time laying Stamo Marbleized Flooring. No experience necessary. Indestructible, noiseless, waterproof. Most substantial and ornamental interior flooring for homes, public buildings, etc. All colors, easily prepared and applied. One job brings many. Enormous profit. Field unlimited. Write for full particulars and sample. Stamo Products, A 2412 Ogden Ave., Chicago.

**Be a Railway Traffic Inspector!** \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-5. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men,** Sleeping car, train porters (colored). \$140-\$200. Experience unnecessary. 528 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

**Boys—men. Become Automobile experts.** \$25 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. F 410, Rochester, N. Y.

**Government needs Railway Mail Clerks,** \$133 to \$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

**Ladies—Earn Money** Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**Increase your family income** knitting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most productive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you \$1.75 for every dozen pairs and furnish all worsted. Enormous demand. Free instruction anywhere. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co. 203 State Street, Rochester, New York.

## HELP WANTED

**\$133-\$192 month.** Become Railway Mail Clerks. Men over 17. Common education sufficient. Steady. List free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. F12, Rochester, N. Y.

**Men, women, over 18,** desiring Government positions, write immediately. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. E, Keener Bldg., Chicago.

## PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

**Wanted—Men and women** ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

## PHOTO FINISHING

**Special Trial Offer.** Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 3c each. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Better Pictures—Your kodak film** developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—Satisfaction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Kodak Finishing.** Not the cheap way, but the most reliable. Our Quality Work insures best prints from every negative. Get particulars and List of Prices. Send us your orders. Moon Photo Service, 15-A, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

**Faded Pictures, Tintypes, Daguerreotypes** restored and enlarged. New Process. Perfect results. Reasonable cost. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 523 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

**Trial Offer—30 cents** for developing any film or six negatives any size, including six prints. Other charges proportionate. 24-hour service. Splendid work. \$25,000 plant. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 523 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

**Kodak Prints: 3c,** postcards 5c, development 5c. "Quality and service." Altina Photo Co., Dept. A, 1887 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

**Perfect Pictures—Films** developed 4c. Prints in our exclusive superlens 2c each. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Acme Photo Finishing Co., 128 Opera Place, Cincinnati, O.

**Films developed 5c—prints 3c each.** All prints glazed. Photo Shop, Dept. C, Station D, Cincinnati, O.

**Films developed 5c roll—prints 3c each.** Not ordinary kind—special studio finished. Reliable Studio, Station D, Cincinnati, O.

## STORY WRITERS WANTED

**Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays** etc., are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

## HELP—MALE & FEMALE

**Earn \$25 Weekly,** writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 461, St. Louis, Mo.

**Government Positions** Are Fine: \$1400, \$1600, \$1800 at start, up to \$2300 and \$2800. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

## HOME WEAVING

**Looms—Only \$9.90—Big Money** in Weaving Rugs, Carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rags and waste material. Weavers are rushed with orders. Send for free loom book, it tells all about the weaving business and our wonderful \$9.90 and other low-priced, easily-operated looms. Union Loom Works, 273 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

## FARM WANTED

**Wanted To hear from owner** of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

## POULTRY

**Baby Chicks; 8c up.** 1,000,000 for 1922. 13 Best breeds Purebred. Greatest layers. Catalog free. Booth Hatchery, Box X, Clinton, Mo.

## FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

**Make Money With Your Camera.** Information for stamp. Lancaster Studios, 409AG Wright-Caldwell Building, Los Angeles.

## Three Wheel Chairs in June 646 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three June wheel chairs go to Amy Belle Singer, Union Bridge, Md., 163; Claude Wilson, Vanceboro, N. C., 80; Dwight T. Crow, Jamestown, Ala., 74. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Amy Belle Singer, age 14, for three years past has been and still is crippled



MARY A. LAYNE ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

by severe pain and swelling of the joints to a degree that renders her almost helpless in all ways. She is suffering from a spinal trouble and these distressing symptoms accompany it in her case. Her mother writes that the much needed wheel chair will be a great help in caring for this unfortunate girl.

Claude Wilson, age 28, is so crippled that for nine years past he has not been able to walk; before that he could get about on crutches, but now is almost helpless.

Dwight T. Crow, age 7, has been an almost helpless invalid from birth. His

head is too large and his limbs undersize and weak. Until three years old he could not hold his head up, but since then has been getting better and his limbs are slowly developing. The wheel chair will be a source of joy to him and a great help to his parents in caring for him, and I hope it will be instrumental in improving his health.

Don't relax your efforts in behalf of our Wheel-Chair Club during the hot season. Bear in mind that, if the weather is too warm for your comfort, the heat must be oppressive to the crippled shut-ins who are suffering from the open air because they are in need of a wheel chair.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, and in either single or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do.

Surely Enjoys Her Comfort Wheel Chair Pine Grove, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Gannett: I take pleasure in writing you to let you know that I am still able to enjoy my Comfort wheel chair, and here is my picture after so long a wait for it. I surely do enjoy my wheel chair and feel that I could not do without it. I thank you for your kindness in helping me to get it. I love to read COMFORT and have been a constant reader of it for many years. I surely admired Uncle Charlie for his fine Christian character and the great good that he did. I trust that God will bless you in your good work, and that some day we shall all meet on the other shore where the troubles of this life will be over.

Sincerely,  
Mary A. Layne.

## COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during

the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Guy Singer, Maryland, for Amy Belle Singer, 156 subs and \$1.35; Mrs. Melvin C. Peacher, Fla., for Mrs. Zannie Peacher, 25 subs; Dwight Thomas Crow, Ala., for own, 24 subs and \$3.75; Mrs. Julia Bobb, Missour, for Mrs. Mary Hazel, 22 subs; Melvin Kilby, Ga., for own, 20; Mr. Daniel James Richey, Texas, for Inez Armstrong, 20; Mrs. A. F. Derington, Texas, for Beatrice Alston, 15; Mrs. Louise Martin, Ga., for Jessie Lee Martin, 12; Miss Alice Fuller, Ohio, for Mrs. Fannie Selph, 12; Mrs. J. H. Martin, Texas, for own, 10; Mrs. Ella Anderson, Miss., for Mrs. Fannie C. Womack, 9; Mrs. J. L. Chamberlain, N. C., for A. V. Matheson, 8; Mrs. McGee Johnson, Kansas, for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 8; Mrs. Louise Anderson, Okla., for Ira B. Norton, 6; Mrs. A. Hoke and Mrs. C. W. Humphrey, Mo., for Velma Irene Hough, 6; Ida Straube, Nebraska, for general, \$5.00.

## Wedding Rings

In Norway marriage customs are very peculiar. As soon as a young man and woman are engaged betrothal rings are exchanged. These rings are worn over afterwards, by the men as well as the women, consequently you can always tell a married man, or at least an engaged man, in Norway, in the same way you can tell a married woman in England. Another feature is that as soon as a man is engaged he has calling cards printed with the name of his fiancée immediately beneath his own.

In Russia the bride wears her engagement ring on the third finger of her right hand, instead of on the left, as we do. She will also wear her marriage ring there.

The German women, according to the custom of their native land, wear a ring on the third finger of their right hand. The brides and wives of Switzerland wear a ring on the third finger of the left hand, but if overtaken by widowhood the ring is exchanged to the right hand.

During her engagement the Swiss bride, to be, wears the wedding ring with a jeweled ring under it, after the wedding ceremony the wedding ring is placed underneath. The married man in Switzerland is required by custom to wear a wedding ring.

## Some Profiter

Mrs. Schoppen—"I want five pounds of sugar, please."



Grocer—"Yes'm; anything else?"  
"No, that's all; I'll take it with me if the package isn't too heavy."  
"Oh! It'll only weigh three or four pounds, ma'am."—Philadelphia Press.

## Resented Impertinence

Mike went to the telephone—"Is this Miller & Jones?"

"Well, you send up six bags of oats, and hurry up with 'em."  
"All right; who are they for?"  
"Arrah, now, don't you get gay; for the horses, to be sure," and Mike rang off.—Exchange.

## An Apt Answer

"Water," said the temperance orator, "is nature's own beverage. It comes to us from the clouds. If, instead of water, it were to rain beer—"  
"You would be too full for utterance," interrupted a voice from the gallery.—Chicago News.

## Deaf to the Answer

A woman of ample proportions was giving a lecture on the human form divine. Her manner was of the type familiarly known as "highbrow;" it was, in fact, irritatingly supercilious and lofty.  
"For example," said she, "twice round my thumb"—she held it up—"once round my wrist; twice round my wrist, once round my neck; twice round my neck, once round my waist."  
Here she paused, and a shrill voice from the audience exclaimed:  
"Twice round your waist, once round Hyde park."

The lecturer hastily passed on to another branch of the subject.—London Tid-Bits.

## Why Not?

"Papa," said Tommy Tredway.  
"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Tredway, "I shall answer only one more question today. So be careful what you ask."  
"Yes, papa."  
"Well, go on."  
"Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?" Household Words.

## Had Set Her Cap

Ada—"Why does Alice speak of Tom as her intended? Are they engaged?"  
Berice—"No; but she intends they shall be."—Tid-Bits.

## Too Competent

The warden had just received the new prisoner.  
"If you are skilled in some particular pursuit," he said, "we shall be glad to let you follow it here."  
"Thank you very much, sir," said the prisoner. "I'm an aviator."—C



# Cubby Bear's Fourth of July

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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**D**R. Squilly Porcupine had been called to the West Forest to see Bob Catt, who had a carbuncle on his left hind paw. Squilly had washed, and lanced, and bandaged it, and was washing his paws, getting ready to go home again.

"Dear me, dear me!" groaned Bob Catt. "A carbuncle is a very painful thing, I can tell you! For four nights I have hardly slept at all!"

"Did you see any colored stars flying around last night, while the pain kept you awake?" asked Squilly.

"There were no stars to be seen at all, for the night was cloudy," answered Bob Catt; "but there were fireflies dancing all around."

"No, no!" said Squilly Porcupine. "I mean Fourth of July stars."

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Bob Catt. "Stop a while, and tell me about it."

"Yes, I will tell you the whole story," agreed Squilly, and sat down on a mossy log. "Just before you sent for me this morning," he began, "I was at Mamma Bruin's house, to see Cubby Bear. But that is not where my story commences, so I will start with the night before last. Some of us were out enjoying the beautiful summer evening, when Wollie Woodchuck came hurrying along, on his way home from the farmer's garden. He was terribly upset with fright, and his heart palpitated strangely."

"He told us of wonderful doings in the farm-house dooryard—flashes of fire, loud explosions, lights sailing up high in the air, some of them bursting and sending down red, and blue, and yellow stars. Wollie was afraid they would fall on him, and ran all the way home."

"Of course we were all talking about it—some believed what Wollie said, and some did not. Then, yesterday morning, Shinyblack Crow told the same story. Furthermore, Shinyblack Crow had made an early morning trip to the farm, where the children were touching lights to some little things which burst with a loud bang! Then he went from there to the village, where he saw great doings."

"It is the Fourth of July," he told us.

"What might that be?" asked Cubby Bear.

"Shinyblack Crow said he did not know exactly, unless it was the day to make all the noise one could. He said he had seen Fourth of July celebrations in other years—crowds of people filling the village streets, bands making loud music, flags of red, white and blue waving, horses frightened and prancing, and noise, noise everywhere!"

"Is it all over?" Billy Bluejay wanted to know.

"Oh, no, indeed!" Shinyblack Crow told him; "it will last all day, and far into the night."

"Then he told us he had come back to the forest to see if anyone was brave enough to go to the village with him, to see the fun. Redtop Woodpecker, Robbie Reddie and Billy Bluejay all said they would go with him. Little Chirpy Chipmunk was the only animal who ventured to go. 'I am not afraid,' he said. 'I am so quick, I can skip out of anyone's way, and so small, I can hide anywhere.'"

"I think we all worried a little about them through the day, but at sunset, back they came, all but Chirpy Chipmunk, who was having too good a time to leave; and what do you think they wanted?"

"I cannot say," answered Bob Catt, with a painful grimace, "but I know what I want, and that is, to be rid of this carbuncle!"

"Have patience," chided Squilly, "and do not whine like a sick kitten. Your paw will soon be well again. Shall I go on with my story?"

"By all means," answered Bob Catt; "what did they want?"

"Well," pursued Dr. Squilly, "Shinyblack Crow said to us: 'We have come back to coax all of you animals to go to the village with us—or as near to the village as you dare to go—and see as much of the fun as you can.'"

"And did you go?" asked Mrs. Bob Catt, who was listening breathlessly.

"Indeed we did," answered Squilly proudly, "all but Bunny Rabbit, who is a most timid creature,

and Wollie Woodchuck, who had been too badly frightened the night before. On our way we met little Chirpy Chipmunk, coming slowly along the road."

"Did you come to meet us?" asked Cubby Bear. "No, I did not!" he answered sharply. All the friskiness had gone out of him, and he did not smile once.

"Poor little Chirpy!" went on Dr. Squilly Porcupine. "I offered to go back with him, but he said all he wanted was to get home, and get to sleep. So we kept on our way to the village. 'We kept outside the village until after dark—a cloudy night, as you said—then crept through back yards and sheltered places, keeping out of the brightly-lighted streets. But we could hear and

then scattered and fell. We could not help feeling a little frightened, though we knew it was all for a celebration; but, oh, I could have watched it all night!"

"I wish I might have been there to see it all!" sighed Mrs. Catt.

"It was worth seeing," Dr. Squilly Porcupine told her, "but at last the fun was over, the crowds of people went away, and the streets were quiet. We passed through some of the deserted streets on our way out of the village, and Cubby Bear picked up a pretty little bright red stick which he saw lying on the ground. It had a white string hanging out of one end."

"I am going to keep it to remember my Fourth of July," he said.

"The rest of us looked for some, too, but could find only scraps of red paper, all torn and ragged. You have never been to the village, have you?"

"No, oh, no!" answered Bob, with a slight shiver.

"Well, the streets are smooth and level, oh, a beautiful place to play, or to run races, and Shinyblack Crow, who is a daring fellow, said: 'Who will play a game of hopscotch here with me, before we go home?'"

"Of course nobody did?" asked Mrs. Catt.

"We did!" declared Squilly. "That is, most of us did. Oh, it was a grand celebration! All my life, I think I shall laugh aloud when I think how surprised the village people would have been if they had looked out of their windows and seen a group of the forest-birds and animals playing hopscotch in their streets, all in the silent night!"

"You might have had a surprise, too!" said Bob Catt.

"Yes," admitted Squilly, "we might. It was beginning to grow light when we got back to the Pleasant Forest. As you know, the days are very long now, and the dawn comes early."

"But you have not told us yet why you were called to see Cubby Bear," said Mrs. Catt. "Did he get sick, too, like Chirpy Chipmunk?"

"I am coming to that," answered Squilly Porcupine. "Cubby Bear went home, and went to bed, but it seemed as if he had been asleep only a few minutes, he told me, when he was awakened by hearing Mamma Bruin in the next room, getting breakfast."

"He went out where she was at work, to tell her all about the celebration. She had a fire, and was cooking flapjacks, to eat with fresh blueberries, for she had spent the Fourth of July berrying. He brought out the little red stick to show her, and somehow it slipped from his paws and fell into the fire."

"Cubby tried to pick it up, out of the fire, but the little white string burned with a hissing sound, and then the red stick burst with a terrible noise!"

"Mamma Bruin had stepped back, and was not hurt, though her fur was singed quite a bit. Poor Cubby Bear's paw was badly burned, his nose is blistered, and the fur on his face was partly burned off."

"They sent for me at once. Robbie Reddie was near by, singing his morning song, and he flew swiftly to my house to tell me what had happened. Of course I got there as soon as possible, and did the best I could to make Cubby Bear feel better."

"When the stick exploded, fire and ashes went all over the room. Mamma Bruin was cleaning up the place. No trace had been found of the flapjacks when I came away, though Grandma Bear was searching for them. I think they must have fallen in the fire, and been burned up!"

"Cubby will soon be all right again, but he will be wary of little red sticks with a short string hanging out of one end if he ever happens to find one lying on the ground again!"

"Ah, well, it was a great time, and when the Fourth of July comes next year, I, for one, shall go to the village to celebrate, and so, I am sure, will the others."

"Oh, let us know when the time comes," begged Mr. and Mrs. Bob Catt, "for we want to go with you, too!"



THE RED STICK BURST WITH A TERRIBLE NOISE.

"Are you tired?" I asked him. "I am tired, and I am sick!" he said. "I ate too many peanuts. I kept finding them on the ground, where careless children had dropped them. After eating what I wanted, I shelled some and stuffed my cheeks with them, to carry home, but there were too many, and I didn't want to leave them, so I ate, and ate, till I could eat no more. And now I am going home."

see plenty of the celebration. It would have been excitement enough to be so near to such crowds of people, who might, of course, discover some of us at any time—and then there was the fizz, pop, bang! all the time, the loud music, and all the things Shinyblack Crow had told us about. "But the grandest, loveliest part of all was the shining, bright-colored stars, and the wonderful flashes of fire that went up, up, up in the sky."

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will entertain, amuse and edify our readers with a choice collection of seven short stories, all complete, and the first part of as thrilling and unique a two-part story as we have seen in a long time.

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"The Winning Gamble" The stake was a woman's heart—a proud, devoted, desperate woman. Part I in August.

"Mrs. Skaggs as Spook" It is a hard game in which one has to die to win. Mrs. Skaggs solves the problem.

"The King's Jester" A modern Cinderella unconsciously develops a charm more potent than beauty.

"Who Is Sylvia?" Mystery of the heart-breaking sylph who vanished from the masquerade when the theft of the jewels was discovered.

"Fear" An uplifting romance in which bravery that overcomes fear in great peril wins fair lady.

"The Captive" The girl armed with a rifle has captured and bound the man and is spiriting him away in her boat—whither and why?

"Cubby Bear Speaks a Piece" Tells how the crow saved the pick-anney from the alligator.

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July, 1922.

## Crumbs of Comfort

Strive and serve.

Do not deal in gloom.

Youth is the fire of life.

Having is not happiness.

We are as old as our doubts.

Idle wishes cannot fill dishes.

To know God is to be educated.

Do not make a pet of your stomach.

Consider well and then decide positively.

To be serious it is not necessary to be sad.

In our highest moods we can meet few men.

Even Nature sometimes weeps for gladness.

Study for wisdom and pray for common sense.

Speed up your brain and slow up your tongue.

Rewards of selfishness are not rewards at all.

Love is that breath which makes man a living soul.

One who hates his duties often loves his rights the most.

Man is a social creature and we are made to help each other.

Experience teaches today what yesterday should have known.

The only safe way to destroy an enemy is to make him your friend.

Knowledge is the freest; the most inexpensive thing in the world.

The unspoken word is your slave; the spoken word is your master.

Man is only great according to the Heaven which is within himself.

When we are carried away with our work we are being carried ahead.

Nations must learn to act as one if civilization is to keep men civilized.

Great men are often known to the public only through a fictitious personality.

To help others best, we must first put down what we hold in our own hands.

Only one thing we need fear, and that is the consequences of our own sins.

We should honor best not those who are achieving, but those who have overcome.

Many people have all the qualities of success except the courage of their convictions.

There are plenty of things in this world that do not matter as much as we think they do.

The body is like a piano and happiness like music; it is needful to have the instrument in good order.

The world is blessed most by those men who do the things, not by those who merely talk about them.

If we read too much, we have only the thoughts of others; if we read too little we have only our own.

It is wrong schooling which has for its primary object the fitting of the pupil for taking, not giving.

The world puts on a glory for him who with a fervent heart goes forth under the bright and glorious sky.

All the places that are worth having in life are further up our road than the part of it we may now be traveling.

Life is a great and noble calling, and not a mean and grovelling thing to be gone through carelessly and with haste.

Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud when danger is distant, but when hard pressed by the enemy she gladly leaves the battle's brunt to be borne by her humble companion religion.